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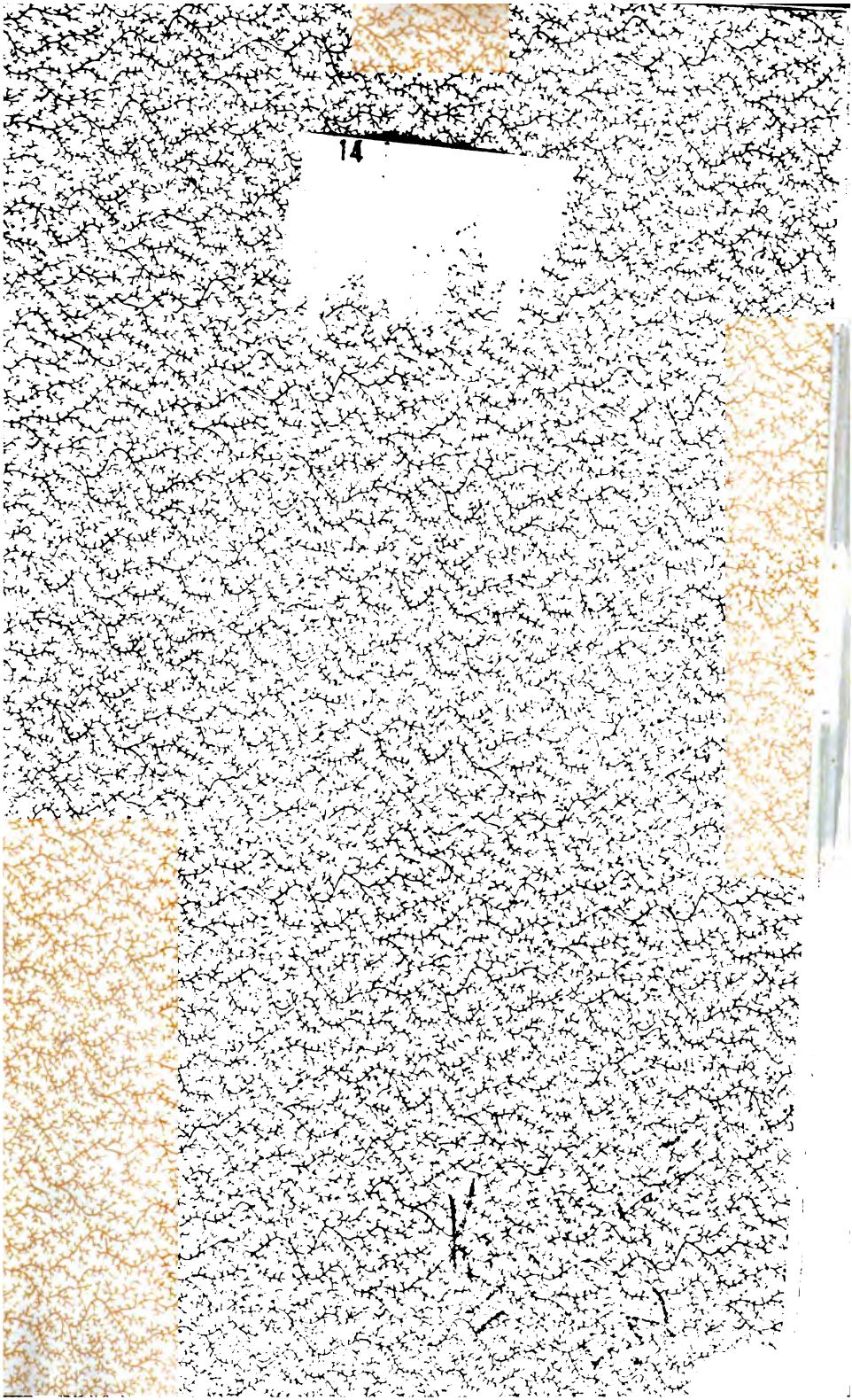

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HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

AN

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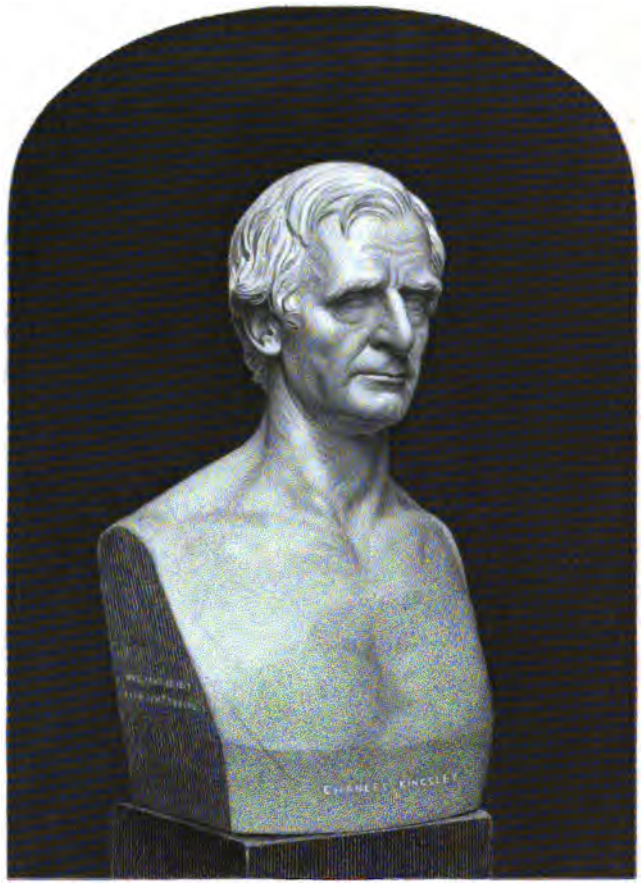

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST BY T. BRUCE

"Fame for which he cared so little has come to him. His Bust stands in the Baptistery of Westminster Abbey, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice; and in the Temple of Fame which will be consecrated in the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley the author of "Alton Locke and Hypatia"

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HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."
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407

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVI.

PAGE

THE FATHER IN HIS HOME—AN ATMOSPHERE OF JOY—THE OUT-DOOR NURSERY—LIFE ON THE MOUNT—FEAR AND FALSEHOOD—THE TRAINING OF LOVE—FAVOURITES AND FRIENDS IN THE HOUSE, IN THE STABLE, AND ON THE LAWN 1

CHAPTER XVII.

1857.

AGED 38.

"TWO YEARS AGO"—THE CROWDED CHURCH—UNQUIET SUNDAYS—LETTERS TO MR. BULLAR—REV. PETER WOOD—DR. RIGG—MR. TOM HUGHES, PIETISTS AND *θυμός*—LETTER FROM A NAVAL CHAPLAIN—LECTURE AT BRISTOL—MARK IX. 44—INDIAN MUTINY—TEMPORARY FAILURE OF ASSOCIATIONS—THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE . . . 13

CHAPTER XVIII.

1858.

AGED 39.

EVERSLEY WORK—DIPHTHERIA—LECTURES AND SERMONS AT ALDERSHOT—BLESSING THE COLOURS OF THE 22ND REGIMENT—STAFF COLLEGE—ADVANCED THINKERS—LETTER FROM REV. G. D. BOYLE—POEMS AND SANTA MAURA—LETTER FROM DR. MONSELL—LETTERS TO DR. MONSELL, MR. LEWIS, DEAN STANLEY, &C.—LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CONGREVE—BIRTH OF HIS SON GRENVILLE—SECOND VISIT TO YORKSHIRE—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. HULLAH ON SONGS—THE LAST BUCCANEER—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP—A HAPPY CHRISTMAS—LETTERS ON MIRACLES TO SIR WILLIAM COPE 45

CHAPTER XIX.

1859.

AGED 40.

PAGE

SANITARY WORK—FIRST SERMON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—QUEEN'S CHAPLAINCY—FIRST VISIT TO WINDSOR—LETTER FROM COLONEL A. JONES—LETTER TO AN ATHEIST—CORRESPONDENCE WITH ARTISTS—CHARLES BENNETT, FREDERICK SHIELDS—ARCHIDIACONAL ENCROACHMENTS—LETTER TO THE RURAL DEAN AND THE BISHOP—LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION—LETTER FROM JOHN STUART MILL—LETTERS TO MR. SHIELDS, MR. BULLAR, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU—LETTERS ON MARRIAGE 69

CHAPTER XX.

1860.

AGED 41.

PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY—DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND OF MRS. ANTHONY FROUDE—PLANTING THE CHURCHYARD—VISIT TO IRELAND—FIRST SALMON KILLED—WET SUMMER—SERMON ON WEATHER—LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES LYELL—CORRESPONDENCE—RESIDENCE IN CAMBRIDGE—INAUGURAL LECTURE IN THE SENATE HOUSE—VISITS TO BARTON HALL—LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES BUNBURY 99

CHAPTER XXI.

1861—1862.

AGED 42 TO 43.

CAMBRIDGE—LECTURES TO THE PRINCE OF WALES—LETTER FROM REV. S. HANSARD—ESSAYS AND REVIEWS—LETTERS TO DR. STANLEY—BISHOP OF WINCHESTER—MR. TOM HUGHES—CAMPBELL OF ISLAY—TRACTS FOR PRIESTS AND PEOPLE—DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT—LETTER TO SIR C. BUNBURY—BLUE ROCK DOVES AT THE GRANGE—THE WATERBABIES—INSTALLATION ODE AT CAMBRIDGE—VISIT TO SCOTLAND—BRITISH ASSOCIATION—LORD DUNDREARY—LETTER TO PROFESSOR ROLLESTON ON DEGRADATION THEORY—COTTON FAMINE IN LANCASHIRE 123

CHAPTER XXII.

1863.

AGED 44.

PAGE

FELLOW OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY—WORK AT CAMBRIDGE—PRINCE OF WALES'S WEDDING—WELLINGTON COLLEGE CHAPEL AND MUSEUM—LETTER FROM DR. BENSON—LECTURE AT WELLINGTON AND MEMORIAL—LETTERS TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, TO MR. PENGELLY, ON BEEKITES—TO MR. BATES, ON MOCKING BUTTERFLIES—WHITCHURCH STILL-LIFE—TOADS IN HOLES—D.C.L. DEGREE AT OXFORD—BISHOP COLENSO—SERMONS ON THE PENTATEUCH—THE WATERBABIES—LETTER ON THE ARTICLES—FAILING HEALTH 151

CHAPTER XXIII.

1864—1865.

AGED 45 TO 46.

ILLNESS—CONTROVERSY WITH DR. NEWMAN—APOLOGIA—JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—BIARRITZ—PAU—AN EARTHQUAKE—NARBONNE—THE SCHOOLBOY'S SEA—BEZIERS—PONT DU GARD—WILD FLOWERS—NISMES—AVIGNON—SERMONS IN LONDON AND AT WINDSOR—ENCLOSURE OF EVERSLEY COMMON—DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS ERSKINE—UNIVERSITY SERMONS AT CAMBRIDGE—MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY AND CHIVALRY—MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S LONDON COMMITTEE—LETTER ON THE TRINITY—HON. STEPHEN SPRING RICE—LETTER ON SUBSCRIPTION—SAVONAROLA—LUTHER AND DEMONOLOGY—VISIT OF QUEEN EMMA OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO EVERSLEY RECTORY AND WELLINGTON COLLEGE—THE LITERARY WORLD—WESLEY AND OXFORD—THE MAMMOTH ON IVORY—BEWICK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—DEATH OF KING LEOPOLD—LINES WRITTEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE 189

CHAPTER XXIV.

1866—1867.

AGED 47 TO 48.

CAMBRIDGE—DEATH OF DR. WHEWELL—THE AMERICAN PROFESSORSHIP—MONOTONOUS LIFE OF THE COUNTRY LABOURING CLASS—PENNY READINGS—STRANGE CORRESPONDENTS—LIFE OF BEWICK—LETTERS TO MAX MÜLLER—THE JEWS IN CORNWALL—THE METEOR SHOWER

PAGE

—Letter to Professor Adams and Sermon in the Chapel Royal —The House of Lords—A Father's Education of his Son— "Fraser's Magazine"—Bird Life, Wood Wrens—Names and Places—Darwinism—Beauty of Colour, its Influence and Attractions—Flat-fish—Ice Problems—Bagshot Sands—St. Andrew's and British Association—Abergeldie Castle—Scottish Antiquities—Horace Field's Heroism—Rules for Stammerers . 225

CHAPTER XXV.

1868.

Aged 49.

Attacks of the Press—Lectures on Sixteenth Century—Lilly's Euphues—Lay-help—Mr. Longfellow—Letters on Emigration and Colonization—On Military Education—Newman's Dream of St. Gerontius—Sandhurst—Comtism—Sir Henry Taylor on Crime and its Punishment—Letter from Mr. Dunn—Proposed Visit to West Indies—Ice Action in Scotland—Letter from Rev. William Harrison 263

CHAPTER XXVI.

1869—1870.

Aged 50 to 51.

Resignation of Professorship — Women's Suffrage Question — Letters to Mr. Maurice, John Stuart Mill, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Lionel Tollemache—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—Letter from Dr. E. Blackwell—Medical Education for Women—West Indian Voyage—Letters from Trinidad—Return Home—Eversley a Changed Place—Flying Columns—Heath Fires—The Bramo Somaj—Letters to Sir C. Bunbury—Mr. W. H. Callcott—First Residence at Chester—Botanical Class—Field Lectures—Human Soot—Women's Suffrage—Letters on Botany—Franco-Prussian War—Wallace on Natural Selection—Matthew Arnold and Hellenism—Babel and Assyrian Cities 289

CHAPTER XXVII.

1871.

AGED 52.

PAGE

LECTURE ON "THE THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE" AT SION COLLEGE—DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS—EXPEDITIONS OF THE CHESTER NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY—LECTURES ON TOWN GEOLOGY—A LUMP OF COAL—THRIFT DISTRIBUTION—*LA PETITE CULTURE*—THE TRAINING OF LANDLORDS—THE FRENCH PEASANTRY—PEASANT PROPRIETORS—RACE WEEK AT CHESTER—LETTERS ON BETTING—CAMP AT BRAMSHILL—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EVERSLEY—PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS—SERMON ON LOYALTY AND SANITARY SCIENCE—LECTURE TO ROYAL ARTILLERY OFFICERS AT WOOLWICH—LETTER FROM COLONEL STRANGE, R.A. 343

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1872.

AGED 53.

OPENING OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL NAVE—DEATHS OF MR. MAURICE AND NORMAN MCLEOD—LETTERS TO MAX MÜLLER—MRS. LUARD—MRS. H. V.—MRS. TAYLOR—DEAN GOULBURN—NOTES ON MODERN HYMNOLOGY—LECTURE AT BIRMINGHAM AND ITS RESULTS—LECTURE ON HEROISM AT CHESTER—A POEM—CORRESPONDENCE ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED—LETTER FROM DR. KARL SCHULZE . . . 377

CHAPTER XXIX.

1873—1874.

AGED 54 TO 55.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL—CANONRY OF WESTMINSTER—HIS SON'S RETURN—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH—PARTING FROM CHESTER—CONGRATULATIONS—SERMON AND LETTERS ON TEMPERANCE—PREACHING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—VOYAGE TO AMERICA—EASTERN CITIES AND WESTERN PLAINS—CANADA—NIAGARA—THE PRAIRIE—SALT LAKE CITY—YO SEMITE VALLEY AND BIG TREES—SAN FRANCISCO—ILLNESS—ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND COLORADO SPRINGS—LAST POEM—RETURN HOME—LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER 403

CHAPTER XXX.

1874—5.

AGED 55.

PAGE

RETURN FROM AMERICA—WORK AT EVERSLEY—ILLNESS AT WESTMINSTER —NEW ANXIETY—LAST SERMONS IN THE ABBEY—LEAVES THE CLOISTERS FOR EVER—LAST RETURN TO EVERSLEY—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH—LAST ILLNESS AND DEPARTURE—HIS BURIAL—SERMONS AT CHESTER, EVERSLEY, AND WESTMINSTER—MEMORIALS—LETTERS OF SYMPATHY—THE VICTORY OF LIFE OVER DEATH AND TIME 447

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUST, BY WOOLNER . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

FAC SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE THREE FISHERS PAGE 60

THE STUDY WINDOW, EVERSLEY RECTORY 284

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S GRAVE, EVERSLEY CHURCHYARD 479

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FATHER IN HIS HOME—AN ATMOSPHERE OF JOY—THE OUT-DOOR NURSERY—LIFE ON THE MOUNT—FEAR AND FALSEHOOD—THE TRAINING OF LOVE—FAVOURITES AND FRIENDS IN THE HOUSE, IN THE STABLE, AND ON THE LAWN.

"COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions which have vexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the Eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of Morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

* * * * * * *

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the wind are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead!"

LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"CHEERFULNESS or joyousness," said Jean Paul, in his 'Levana, or the Doctrine of Education,' "is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives. All new-born creatures require warmth, and what then is warmth to the human chicken but happiness? One has but to give them play-room by taking away what may be painful, and their powers shoot up of themselves. The joyousness of children! Should they have anything else? I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child!"*

AND with this atmosphere of joyousness the parents tried to surround the children at the Rectory, and that not only as a means of present enjoyment, but as a tonic to strengthen the young creatures to meet the inevitable trials of the future. We must pause a moment in the midst of the father's work and letters; we have seen him in his church and parish, and now must see him in his home, where his children had the best of everything; the sunniest and largest rooms indoors, and because the Rectory was on low ground,—the churchyard six feet above the living rooms, and the ground sloping upwards on three sides,—he built them a hut for an outdoor nursery, on the "Mount," where they kept books, toys, and tea-things, spending long happy days on the highest and loveliest point of moorland in the glebe, a real bit of primæval forest; and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a

* "Levana, or the Doctrine of Education," chap. 2.

choice wild flower or fern, or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them lessons out of God's great green book, without their knowing they were learning.

And then the Sundays, the hardest day of the week to him, were bright to the children, who began the day with decking the graves in the dear churchyard, an example which the poor people learnt to follow, so that before Morning Service it looked like a flower garden; and when his day's work was done, however weary he might be, there was always the Sunday walk, a stroll on the moor, and some fresh object of natural beauty pointed out at every step. Indoors, the Sunday picture books were brought out. Each child had its own, and chose its subject for the father to draw, either some Bible story, or bird, beast, or flower mentioned in Scripture. Happy Sundays! never associated with gloom or restrictions, but with God's works as well as His word, and with sermons that never wearied.

Punishment was a word little known in his house. Corporal punishment was never allowed. His own childish experience of the sense of degradation and unhealthy fear it produced, of the antagonism it called out between a child and its parents, a pupil and its teachers, gave him a horror of it. It had other evils, too, he considered, besides degrading both parties concerned. "More than half the lying of children," he said, "is, I believe, the result of fear, and the fear of punishment." On these grounds he made it a rule (from which he never departed,) not to take a child, suspected of a fault, at unawares, by sudden question or hasty accusation, the stronger thus taking an unfair advantage of the weaker and defenceless creature, who, in the mere confusion of the moment, might be tempted to deny or equivocate. "Do we not pray daily, 'Lord, confound me not,' and shall we dare to confound our own children by sudden accusation, or angry suspicion, making them give evidence against themselves, when we don't allow a criminal to do that in a court of law? The finer the nature the more easily is it confounded, whether it be of child, dog, or horse. It breaks all confidence between parent and child."

"Do not train a child," he said to a friend, "as men train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the *first* announcement of his having sinned. If you do, you induce two bad habits; first, the boy regards his parent with a kind of blind dread, as a being who may be offended by actions which to *him* are innocent, and whose wrath he expects to fall upon him any moment in his most pure and unselfish happiness. Alas! for such a childhood! Εἰδὼς λέγω! Next, and worst still, the boy learns not to fear sin, but the *punishment* of it, and thus he learns to lie. At every first fault, and offence too, teach him the principle which makes it sinful—illustrate it by a familiar parable—and then, if he sins again it will be with his eyes open!"

He was careful, too, not to confuse or "confound" his children by a multiplicity of small rules. Certain broad, distinct laws of conduct were laid down. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say, "without making an eleventh in every direction." This, combined with his equable rule, gave them a sense of utter confidence and perfect freedom with him. They knew what they were about and where to find him, for he had no "moods" with them, and if they had, he could be pitiful and patient. Like a brave man as he was, he kept his feelings of depression, and those dark hours of wrestling with doubt and disappointment and anxiety, which must come to every thinking, feeling human being, within the sanctuary of his own heart, unveiled only to one on earth, and to his Father in Heaven. And when he came out of his study, and met his children and guests at breakfast, he would greet them with bright courtesy and that cheerful disengaged temper acquired by strict self-discipline, which enabled him to enter into all their interests, and the joy and playfulness of the moment. The family gatherings were the brightest hours in the day, lit up as they were with his marvellous humour. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any other home in England as in ours." He became a light-hearted boy once more in the presence of his children, and still more remarkably so in that of his aged mother, when he saw her face clouded with depression during her later years, which were spent under his roof. He brought sunshine

into her room whenever he entered it, as well as the strong spiritual consolation which she needed, and received in his daily ministrations by her bedside morning and evening.

The griefs of children were to him most piteous. "A child over a broken toy is a sight I cannot bear," and when nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to the study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears. He held with Jean Paul Richter again, that children have their "days and hours of rain," days when "the child's quicksilver" falls rapidly before the storms and cold weather of circumstances, and "parents should not consider or take much notice, either for anxiety or sermons," * lightly passing over these variations of temperature, except where they are symptoms of coming illness. And here his knowledge of physiology and that delicate organization of brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood, made him keen to watch and detect such symptoms. Weariness at lessons, and sudden fits of temper or obstinacy, he would say, often spring from physical causes, and must not be treated hastily as moral, far less spiritual delinquencies, being merely, perhaps, phases of depression, which pass over with change of occupation, air and scene, and the temporary cessation of all brain work.

Justice and mercy, and that rigid self-control, which kept him from speaking a hasty word or harbouring a mean suspicion, combined with a divine tenderness, were his governing principles in all his home relationships. It has been said of Sir William Napier's expression of countenance, in words that perfectly describe Charles Kingsley, "This tenderness was never so marked as when he was looking at or talking with little children. At such times the expression which came over his face was wonderfully beautiful and touching. Towards these little creatures he had an eager way of stretching out his hands, as if to touch them, but with a hesitation arising from the evident dread of handling them too roughly. The same sort of feeling, too, he manifested in a minor degree, towards small animals, little dogs, kittens and birds." †

---

* "Levana," chap. 8.

† Life of Sir W. Napier.

And he respected as well as loved his children, from the early days when "Heaven lay about them in their infancy," and he hung with reverent and yet passionate wonder over the baby in its cradle, to grown-up years when he looked upon them as friends and equals. Home was to them so real a thing that it seemed in a way as if it must be eternal. And when his eldest son, in America, heard of the father's death, and of another which then seemed imminent, and foresaw the break up of the home, he stood as one astonished, only to say, in the bitterness of his soul:

"I feel as if a huge ship had broken up piece by piece, plank by plank, and we children were left clinging to one strong spar alone—God! . . . . Ah, how many shoals and quicksands of life he piloted me through, by his wonderful love, knowledge, and endurance—that great father of ours, the dust of whose shoes we are not worthy to kiss." . . . .

Nearly two years have passed since that bitter day, and his son, now at home once more, adds his memories to the many in this book of memories.

"'Perfect love casteth out all fear,' was the motto on which my father based his theory of bringing up his children; and this theory he put in practice from their babyhood till when he left them as men and women. From this, and from the interest he took in all their pursuits, their pleasures, trials, and even the petty details of their everyday life, there sprang up a 'friendship' between father and children that increased in intensity and depth with years.

"To speak for myself, and yet I know full well I speak for all, he was the best friend—the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers—fatherly in that he was our intimate friend, and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked that fear and restraint that make boys call their father 'the governor.'

"I remember him as essentially the same to all of us always: utterly unchanged and unchanging since the time that he used to draw Sunday pictures for us to the time when he treated us as men and women of the world.

"Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favouritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took an equal pride, while he fully recognised their different traits of good or evil; for, instead of having one code of social, moral, and physical laws

laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and its little 'diseases *au moral*,' as he called them, were treated differently according to each different temperament.

"The time above all others in which he opened out his heart to us, I think, was walking over on Sunday evenings to the services held in the little school-room at Bramshill.

"I can *see* him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'No! go home, Sweep!' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope, that he might be allowed to come on. I can *feel* him striding by me in the narrow path, while from the bright sky and the look of the country he drank in nature, till his eye lit up, his chest expanded, his step grew elastic, and he was a boy again with me. I can *hear* him tell me, at the bottom of the field, of a heavy fall out hunting over the fence into the meadow, and his ringing laugh at the recollection of his own mishap. His cheery 'Good afternoon' to the cottager at the corner; the 'Well-done, boy,' and grim smile of approval, with which he greeted a jump over the gate at the top of the hill, on which he sits a moment to take in the long sweeps of purple heather running down to the yellow corn land—the brown roof of the Rectory bursting up among its trees—the long flats of the little valley, with its greens and cricketers. 'For cricket,' he used to say, 'is better than beer, and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-day: but remember *you* do.'

"And then the walk on over the moor, chatting gaily of the fox's earth hard by, the green tiger-beetle that whirred from under our feet, the night-jar (goatsucker) that fluttered up from a sandy place in the path, and swooped madly away among the fir trees, while ever and anon some thought would strike a deeper chord, and a few words would put something that mayhap had been an old stumbling block, into an entirely new and true light.

"All his deepest teaching, his strongest influence was, in a way, of the negative kind, inasmuch as there were no long lectures, no pithy arguments, but in his own life he showed, spoke, and lived his doctrines, so that his utter unselfishness, his genial tenderness towards their mother and themselves, gave the children an example that could not be past by unnoticed, however unworthily followed.

"The only thing that he really required of us was reverence and respect for people older than ourselves, which was also one of the most strongly marked traits in his own character, and one which made him entirely ignore himself and his own superiority, in most cases, in speaking to men older than he was.

"This required reverence, however, on our part, never created any feeling of restraint when with him; too true a friendship existed, and perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now—that we can all look back to is—not the eager look of delight with which he used to hail any of our little successes—not any special case of approval, but it is the drawing-room at Eversley in the evenings when we were all at home and by ourselves. There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work and worry in leading our fun and frolic, with a kindly smile on his lips, and a loving light in that bright grey eye that made us feel that, in the broadest sense of the word, he was our father."

"To see him with you and the children," said a friend, "was to know what the *man* was. I made that remark when the children were young, and how tenfold more was this the case when they grew up around him."

But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it, and understood his voice and eye. He was a perfect horseman, and never lost his temper with his horse, talking to and reasoning with it if it shied or bolted, as if it had been a rational being, knowing that, from the fine organization of the animal, a horse, like a child, will get confused by panic fear, which is only increased by punishment. His dog Dandy, a fine Scotch terrier, was his companion in all his parish walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and the children's friend for thirteen years. He lies buried under the great fir trees on the Rectory lawn, with this inscription on his gravestone, "Fideli Fideles," and close by "Sweep," a magnificent black retriever, and "Victor," a favourite Teckel, given to him by the Queen, with which he sat up during the two last suffering nights of the little creature's life. Cats, too, were a continual delight to him; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, and he never tired of watching their graceful movements. His love of animals was strengthened by his belief in their future state—a belief which he held in common with John Wesley, and many other remarkable men. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter jacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same

hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He had two little friends in a pair of sand wasps, who lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry; and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children, who came out of, or returned to the same crack. The little fly-catcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him. He had also a favourite slow-worm in the churchyard which his parishioners were warned not to kill, from the mistaken idea prevalent in Eversley that slow-worms were poisonous. All these tastes he encouraged in his children, teaching them to love and handle gently without disgust all living things, toads, frogs, beetles, as works and wonders from the hand of a Living God. His guests were surprised one morning at breakfast when his little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "Oh! daddy, look at this *delightful* worm." He had but one aversion which he could never conquer—to a spider, and it was of himself he spoke in 'Glaucus,' after saying "that every one seems to have his antipathic animal;—I know one bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting, and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling, and petting, and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider?"

But, after all, a bird, he often said, was to him the most wonderful of God's creations; he watched for the arrival of the birds of passage every spring with a strange longing, and seemed less restless after the swallow had appeared at Eversley. His eyes would fill with tears at each fresh arrival, and again each autumn as he grieved over their departure. He knew their every note, and was never tired of watching their character and habits.

"I know not how much variety of character there may be between birds of the same species; but between species and species the variety is endless, and is shown, as I fondly believe—in the difference of their

notes. Each has its own speech, inarticulate, expressing not thought, but hereditary feeling; save a few birds, who, like those little dumb darlings, the spotted fly-catchers, seem to have absolutely nothing to say, and, accordingly, have the wit to hold their tongues, and devote the whole of their small intellect to sitting on the iron rails, flitting off them a yard or two to catch a butterfly in air, and flitting back with it to the nest." . . . .

"Listen to the chorus of birds in every sequestered woodland on a bright forenoon in June. As you try to disentangle the medley of sounds, the first perhaps that will strike your ear will be the loud, harsh, monotonous, flippant song of the chaffinch; and the metallic clinking of two or three sorts of titmice. But above the tree-tops, rising, hovering, sinking, the woodlark is fluting, tender and low. Above the pasture outside the skylark sings—as he alone can sing; and close by, from the hollies, rings out the blackbird's tenor—rollicking, audacious, humorous, all but articulate. From the tree above rises the treble of the thrush, pure as the song of angels: more pure, perhaps, in tone, though neither so varied nor so rich as the song of the nightingale. And there in the next holly, is the nightingale himself; now croaking like a frog; now talking aside to his wife on the nest below; and now bursting out into that song, or cycle of songs, in which if any man finds sorrow, he himself surely finds none."

Again,

"What variety of character, as well as variety of motion, may be distinguished by the practised ear in 'a charm of birds' (to use the old Southern phrase), from the wild cry of the missel-thrush, ringing from afar in the first bright days of March, a passage of one or two bars repeated three or four times, and then another and another, clear and sweet, and yet defiant—for the great 'storm-cock' loves to sing when rain and wind is coming on, and faces the elements as boldly as he faces hawk and crow—down to the delicate warble of the wren, who slips out of his hole in the brown bank, where he has huddled through the frost with wife and children, all folded in each other's arms, like human beings, for the sake of warmth. . . . .

"Yet even he, sitting at his house door in the low sunlight, says grace for all mercies (as a little child once worded it), in a song so rapid, so shrill, so loud, and yet so delicately modulated, that you wonder at the amount of soul within that tiny body; and then stops suddenly, as a child who has said its lesson, gives a self-satisfied flirt of his tail, and goes in again to sleep. . . . .

"Of old, said St. Guthlac in Crowland, as the birds sat upon his knee, 'He who leads his life according to the will of God, to him the wild birds draw more near.' St. Francis, too—he called the birds his brothers. Perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, he thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in mortal flesh, and saw no degradation in claiming kindred lovingly with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven."*

* A Charm of Birds. Prose Idylls.

CHAPTER XVII.

1857.

AGED 38.

"TWO YEARS AGO"—THE CROWDED CHURCH—UNQUIET SUNDAYS—LETTERS TO MR. BULLAR—REV. PETER WOOD—DR. RIGG—MR. TOM HUGHES' PIETISTS AND *θυμός*—LETTER FROM A NAVAL CHAPLAIN—LECTURE AT BRISTOL—MARK IX. 44—INDIAN MUTINY—TEMPORARY FAILURE OF ASSOCIATIONS—THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"THERE is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into his master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continents beyond the sea; a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven, things which the Angels desire to look into."—RUSKIN.

"I HAVE boundless faith in 'time and light.' I shall see what is the truth some day, and if I do not *some one else will*, which is far more important. . . . ."

C. K.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE year 1857 opened brightly on Charles Kingsley, for it found him, for the first time for three years, in his own home for the winter at Eversley, with his wife and his three children.

"I am writing nothing now; but taking breath, and working in the parish—never better than I am at present; with many blessings, and, awful confession for mortal man, no sorrows! I sometimes think there must be terrible arrears of sorrow to be paid off by me—that I may be as other men are! God help me in that day!"

He writes in January to his friend Mr. Hughes:—

"The book is done ('Two Years Ago'); the last proof going through the press now, and I know *you* will like it. . . . I am better off now than I have been for years! God be thanked, and God grant, too, that I may not require to be taken down by some terrible trouble. I often fancy I shall be. If I am, I shall deserve it, as much as any man who ever lived. I say so now—justifying God beforehand, lest I should not have faith and patience enough to justify Him when the punishment comes. . . . Many thanks for your wholesome letter—the rightest letter I have had for many a day. It has taught me a great deal, dear old man; and you are nearer to God than I am, I see well. . . ."

The "terrible trouble" came,—but not in the shape of personal grief or domestic affliction; and, till the awful news from India burst upon England, all went well. He was made this year a Fellow of the Linnean Society, which had been one of the ambitions of his life. Two visits from his dear friend Max Müller (soon to be more nearly related to him), refreshed his spirit. Mr. Chadwick, with whose kind assistance he was hard at work on sanitary and educational subjects, came to discuss these questions with him, and a strange medley of visitors pro-

posed themselves, and were made welcome, at the Rectory. One day, a Unitarian minister,—clergymen of the Church of England, Dissenters, Americans—all came on missions of their own, and opened their hearts to him as they could to no other man. And on the lawn, under the old fir trees on long summer days, he and his guests discussed all things in heaven and earth.

Sunday after Sunday he had the keen delight of seeing Crimean officers from Aldershot and Sandhurst in his congregation. Among others one who had been dangerously wounded in the Redan, at Sevastopol, and who, when lying between life and death at Scutari had read "Yeast," and determined, if he ever came back alive, "to go and hear the clergyman preach who could give such a picture of a hunting scene as the one in the opening chapter." One Sunday he came—while still on crutches—a stranger to Mr. Kingsley, but soon to become a friend, a constant attendant at church, and always a welcome guest at the Rectory early Sunday dinner.

Each day the post brought some letter either of thanks for his books or asking counsel. He preached a series of sermons on the Creed, and one, by request of a member of the congregation who wrote anonymously, on the Intermediate and Future State, when he ventured to speak more plainly than he had yet done in the pulpit on the subject so near his heart. The little church was often full of strangers, and one Sunday, when twelve carriages were standing in and outside the stable-yard, the sexton was heard to say, he could not think why there was "such flitting to and fro to our church on Sundays." Having heard the same preaching for fifteen years himself, he could not think that that was the attraction. To the rector this growing notoriety was simply painful: "I cannot bear having my place turned into a fair on Sundays, and all this talking after church." So to avoid the greetings of acquaintances and the observation of strangers in the churchyard, he had a little back gate made into his garden, and escaped after service through the vestry door. His whole soul and energy were thrown so intensely into the services of his church, that when they were over he found quiet essential to help him to calm down from the excitement of his own earnestness.

In the summer the news of the Indian mutiny came, which absorbed and depressed him; and some friends, knowing how hard-worked and sad he was, invited him to go with them to the Manchester Exhibition, then open, with all its glorious pictures: but when the day came he could not make up his mind to leave a poor sick man, who he felt would miss his daily visits. With his keen love of art, it cost him a pang to give up the sight of such a collection of pictures as might never again come together in England during his lifetime; but he said he could not have enjoyed them while a parishioner was counting on seeing him. This trifling incident is mentioned to show how thorough and unselfish he was in his parish work, which in this case could so easily have been passed over for three days to any neighbouring clergyman.

He seldom went to London; and to a friend who pressed him to come up and hear one of his own songs finely sung there, he refused. "I love home and green fields more and more, and never lust either after Babylon or the Continent . . ."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *Jan.* 23, 1857.

"Of such atoms is life made up! and so cautious ought one to be, lest one wrong at once one's neighbour and one's self. The thing you speak of is clean gone from my mind, and sounds like a fiction out of a book. All I do recollect is, that when I saw you first I was afraid of you. For you must know that I am—for reasons which I can't explain to myself—afraid of men whom I suspect to be experienced, sober, self-possessed people; above all, afraid of lawyers; (Mr. Bullar was a London lawyer); and there was a reverend look about you which made me shy. You must know, too, that the fearful curse of stammering, now, thank God, all but gone, which has been my misery from childhood, has always made me avoid an introduction to men, to whom (I could see by one mesmeric glance) I should inevitably stammer. I suppose that I saw that in your case, and was afraid of venturing near you. However, that is a sorrow of the past, thank God! and I entreat you, forgive and forget any rudeness of mine. Little did I know then and there (wherever it was, for I forget) what manner of man you were, and how strangely your inner heart and mine answered each other. I suppose there was some divine good reason why I should not then.

If I have neglected answering your notes, forgive me. I have been careless! but I have been harried, living my double life of writing and parish work, and were it not for my guardian angel of a wife I should never *write* an answer to a letter though I walk about with the answer in my head for a week. But now the weary book is done; have patience with me, and try me again. I have been reading Watson's notions on brain disease. A clear-headed, wise, genial man of science he seems."

Jan. 27, 1857.

"... Physiognomy, which has been a study of mine for years, gave me certain opinions of * * * the first day I ever saw him, which said, 'That man and I, unless utterly changed—more changed, perhaps, than he ever will be in this mortal body,—never can be friends. God forgive me, if I be wrong. . . . . But let him pass. I had rather hear from you of supernatural and spiritual experiences. I, the most sensuous (not sensual) of men, have always had the strongest faith in an unseen world, of which I never had a token, save by faith. . . . . No one would more gladly and reverently hear and learn than I.

"Your theory of speaking is all true. My defect was the same as your friend's, but mine came from an under jaw contracted by calomel, and nerves ruined by croup and brain fever in childhood. That prevented my opening my mouth; that gave me a wrong use of the diaphragm muscles, till I got to speak inspiring, and never to fully inflate my lungs; and that brought on the last and worst (yet most easily cured) spasm of the tongue. All the while, I could speak, not only plain but stentorially, while boxing, rowing, hunting, skating, and doing anything which compelled deep inspirations. . . .

"Matthew xxii. 30, has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth, that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven; and it would be very needless. All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body nor of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I. Therefore, whatsoever the passage means, it can't mean what monks make it. Ten years ago I asked in 'Yeast' the question which my favourite old monk legends (from which I have learnt volumes) forced on me, 'Who told you that the angelic life was single?' and I have found no answer yet. . . ."

Feb. 8, 1857.

"I tried hard to get to you during forty-eight hours in London, but failed. I enjoy your letters very much, indeed more than I dare confess to myself. For I am the strangest jumble of superstition and

of a reverence for scientific induction which forbids me (simply for want of certain facts) to believe heaps of things in which I see no *à priori* impossibility. I want to believe all Jung Stilling's pneumatology, all Elliotson's mesmerism. Yea, I would gladly believe in deevs and peris, elves and fairies, if I could. I would even gladly believe half of those monk and nun miracles and visions with which I have gorged myself more than perhaps most men in England, and which (as psychological and physiological studies) have been invaluable to me—but I can't. What is a poor wretch to do, who, disbelieving the existence of matter far more firmly than Bishop Berkeley, is accessible to no hints from anything but matter? A mystic in theory, and an ultra-materialist in practice—who, if I saw a ghost to-morrow, should chat quietly with it, and take out pen, ink, and paper to get an exact description of the phenomenon on the spot, what shall I do? I fear sometimes that I shall end by a desperate lunge into one extreme or the other. I should have done so long ago (for this battle has gone on in me since childhood), had I not seen something of a compromise in what Maurice has taught me.

"But after all, what is speculation to practice? What does God require of us, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him? The longer I live this seems to me more important, and all other questions less so. If we can but live the simple right life—

> 'Do the work that's nearest,
> Though it's dull at whiles;
> Helping, when we meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles;—'

why then we shall be better than ghosts; for a ghost is but a soul, and we are soul and body too; and there have the advantage, for aught we know; and if not, what matter?"

March 19, 1857.

"Many thanks for your favourable opinion of the book ('Two Years Ago'); but I fear you take Tom Thurnall for a better man than he was, and must beg you not to pare my man to suit your own favourable conception; but consider that *that* is the sort of man I want to draw, and you must take him as you find him. My experience is, that men of his character (like all strong men till God's grace takes full possession of them) are weak upon one point—every thing can they stand but that; and the more they restrain themselves from prudential motives, the more sudden and violent is the temptation when it comes. I have indicated as delicately as I could the world-wide fact, which all know

and all ignore; had I not done so, Thurnall would have been a mere chimera fit only for a young lady's novel.

"I feel deeply the change in one's imagination during the last twenty years. As a child I never could distinguish dreams from imaginations, imaginations from waking impressions; and was often thought to be romancing when I was relating a real impression. In ill health from overwork about 16 to 18, I had spectral illusions often (one as clear as any of Nicolai's), accompanied with frightful nervous excitability, and inability to settle to any work, though always working at something in a fierce, desultory way. At twenty I found out tobacco. The spectres vanished; the power of dull application arose; and for the first time in my life, I began to be master of my own brain.

"Now, I am in general the most prosaic and matter-of-fact of parsons. I cannot dream if I try. I go to my brain as to a store-house or carpenter's shop, from which I take out coolly what I want, and put it into the best shape I can. The German mode of thought, and feeling, and writing, such as you find in Jean Paul or Novalis, lies behind me, as 'boy's love' belonging to an era 'when the spirits of the prophets' were not yet 'subject to the prophets.' Whether this be right or wrong, I know not; but I confess the fact;—and if we ever get a week together, I fear that you will think me a most dull and frivolous fellow, who cares for nothing but to romp with your children, and pick flowers, and study the weather *usque ad nauseam.*

"But here lies the difference between us. Your work is utterly of the head; and you go for amusement to fancy, to imagination, to metaphysic. My work, whether parish or writing, lies just in the sphere wherein you play; and if I played in that sphere too, I should go mad, or soften my brain, like poor Southey. So when I play, I think about nothing; ride, fish, chat with the farmers over the crops, examine beetles and worms, and forget that I have a heart as much as I can. But I won't bore you more about myself.

"Can you not come down and see me here? There is always a bed at your service, and in a week or two Mrs. Kingsley will be well enough to receive you—which she longs much to do."

TO REV. PETER L. H. WOOD.

EVERSLEY, *April* 5, 1857.

"I look forward to seeing you with great delight, as a renewing of the days of my youth, at least of the better element of them, for I trust you will find me a better and calmer, if not a wiser man than you knew me in old times, though just as great a boy as ever. I sent your mes-

sage about a government man on to Charles Grenfell, from whom, I suppose, it will go straight to Lord Panmure; but the time runs so short that I fear that (as in North Hants) a government candidate has no chance. However, the ministry will have a majority 'big enough to make England lop-sided,' and what can we want more? Is there—for I am boy still—any trout-fishing to be gotten near you? There ought to be a clear brook somewhere in your chalk valleys, with plenty of dear little silver monarchs, who are my joy and comfort every spring. If there is such, and you could get me a few hours on it, it would be a great treat, and I would bring down the trusty rod, who knows all waters from the top of Snowdon and Dartmoor, down to lowland Loddon and Kennet. . . . . "

"I will surely come by Hungerford to Devizes. I have not seen Savernake and Abury since—

'I was a little tiny boy,
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,'

and shall enjoy the drive. I suppose the Hungerford coach returns in the morning. If I get to Hungerford early, I may stop there till a late train, and kill a brace of trout. There is surely a 'good Samaritan' miller or innkeeper, who can get me leave somewhere; for which I shall make interest with the coachman—for coachmen are all-knowing, in sublunary and local facts. Moreover, three hours on a real coach will be a second childhood in these roaring and rattling railroad days. I shall much enjoy being introduced to Ewart, and your geological friend. Of the local geology of Devizes I know nought. I am not a man of chalk (save in reference to trouts), but a man of clays, and gravels, and sands, who wanders these moorlands till I have all but exhausted their flora, fauna, and geological features, though I hope to stumble on fresh wonders some day, by the aid of the microscope.

"I am bringing up my children as naturalists—my boy as both naturalist and sportsman; and then, whether he goes into the army (Engineers), or emigrates, he will have a pursuit to keep him from cards and brandy-pawnee, horse-racing, and the pool of hell. . . . .

"My lecture is 'On the Advantages of the Study of Natural History.' . . . . "

"I remember" (says Mr. Wood, then Rector of Devizes, in reference to this visit) "his arriving at the Rectory. He had been fishing on his way thither, and had on appropriate fishing costume. When he rang at the door I went to greet him, followed by mother and children. He scarcely stopped to salute the parents, but at once laid down at full

length in the hall, and encouraged the young ones to romp over him, much to their glee and delight . . . ."

TO REV. DR. RIGG.

EVERSLEY, *April* 5, 1857.

"I have to thank you for an able and candid review of my writings in the 'London Quarterly Review.' I am sorry to differ from you, but I take this opportunity of assuring you that our differences are far fewer than you fancy, and that you would, I think, find me less unorthodox than you will have made your readers take me to be.

"But one statement I must contradict—that I am in theology a follower of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I have pointed out in my works certain points on which, in past years, he has done me good service; but I am at a loss to conceive why my having done so should make any man think that I agree with his theology. This hasty assumption has led you to suppose that he is the 'mystic teacher' to whom I alluded in my review of Vaughan's 'Mystics,' a notion only equalled in wrongness by that of some people that I meant Mr. Urquhart. It has also led you into the mistake that I sympathise with his attack on Howard. . . . . If you wish to see whether I am a Pantheist or not, may I beg you to peruse pp. 243–247 of vol. iii. of 'Two Years Ago,' on which a Baptist review well remarked, that whatever I was, a Pantheist I was not."

EVERSLEY, *Whit-Monday*, 1857.

"I, of course, must bow to the more accurate knowledge of your elder friend, concerning the Brianites. Nevertheless, as every anecdote and fact which I have related is true, and the unpleasant question is left—were the good folks of ——, where all these facts occurred, not Brianites after all, but Wesleyans? I always held them Brianites, and I shall be very sorry to find myself mistaken.

"As for your proposed book, as long as it was a mere review article, I had nothing to say; but since you seem sufficiently satisfied with your work to publish it in a permanent form, I must speak seriously (privately only, for I have made a rule to answer no public attacks), and solemnly warn you, that if you publish anything which accuses Hare, Maurice, or me of Rationalism, you will be venting a falsehood and a slander. I cannot believe that you have studied the Neo-Platonists at first hand, or you would never dream of imputing any of their tenets, or even tendencies, to me. You do not yet see the utter and antipodal difference between Platonism and Neo-Platonism, and I fear that you have got your notions on the point at second-hand from

Isaac Taylor, an excellent man, but troubled with crude and hasty theories on these points of Pantheism. Be warned in time, and study these subjects, whatever be your conclusions, more rigidly and scientifically, that you may be no longer misled yourself or mislead others by catchwords and epithets. For he who vents against any man such words as Rationalism, Pantheism, and Neo-Platonism, to which the public attaches a vague horror, not caring to understand in what the imputation consists, is doing the work of the devil, who is a liar and a slanderer, and a sower of division between man and man, and God will require an account of all idle words in the day of judgment. . . . I have spoken my mind very solemnly, and neither, as you fancy, in heat or haste; and you have spoken yours calmly and courteously in return. I fear that we shall not alter each other's opinions much, so leave the matter in God's hands. I shall be quite silent on any charges which you may bring against me. My business is attack, and not defence. If I cannot make myself understood the first time of speaking, I am not likely to do it by any subsequent word-splitting explanations.

"God be with you, whatsoever you write or think."

This correspondence led to a personal acquaintance and warm friendship between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Rigg, now the respected head of the Wesleyan Training College, Horseferry Road, London.

In February Mr. Evan Franks, of Norwood, who was engaged in a good work among an unfortunate class, wrote to ask him to publish his sermons as tracts for distribution. In his answer, Mr. Kingsley, speaking of Mr. Franks' work of mercy, says:—

EVERSLEY, *Feb.* 8, 1857.

"One thing in your letter strikes me. You say how, fresh from that noble sermon of Maurice's (in Lincoln's Inn?) you went to the destitute women, and were, as it were, forced to believe in the gospel of the sermon, by the very horror of the fact you saw. I can understand that. In the novel I have just written,* I bring in two good people, forced, by the horrors of a cholera, to believe that God is love. I merely put my own experience into their mouths; it seems I have put yours also. So much the better. I wish much to know more of you. Such scenes as you describe I have seen—and too many—in past years; for my acquaintance with 'the horrors of London' is considerable: but it will do my soul good—living here in pleasant country, among hearty

* "Two Years Ago."

country folk—to renew my acquaintance with our national shame. As for speaking to them, poor dear creatures, I would do it gladly, only I fear no one of the good folks engaged in the work would like what I should say—*must* say—or hold my peace. . . . . ."

"As to the sermons, I must wait, I fear, till I can afford to publish at a loss, or till the popular taste (quickened, perhaps, by some religious crisis, such as seems to me not far off) creates a demand. Meanwhile, I look upon my thoughts as most crude, merely tentative, and at best such as any man can draw from the Bible, if he will sit down to read it simply and honestly as it stands. I am no prophet—no man less; what few leading ideas I have, I owe to the way in which Mr. Maurice has taught me to read my Bible as it stands. I am delighted to hear about your work among the Crystal Palace men; and I think that, with them, things read *viva voce*, will have more effect than any tracts. The human voice and eye give a reality to the thought, provided the voice and eye be real and earnest also. I saw this much in the noble work which Miss Marsh, a friend of mine, did among the navvies at the Crystal Palace, when they were starting for the Crimea. So work on, 'getrost und wohlgemuth,' as the Germans say, and cast thy bread on the waters, for thou wilt find it after many days. . . . ."

Feb. 17, 1857.

". . . As to your being an Independent, sir; what's that to me? provided you—as I see well you do—do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with your God. I don't think you will ever find the freedom in your communion which you would in ours—the freest, thank God, in the world: but I should be a second Ham if I had no respect for the Independents. For why? My forefathers were Independents, and fought by Cromwell's side at Naseby and Marston Moor; and what is more, lost broad acres for their Puritanism. The younger brother of an ancestor of mine was one of the original Pilgrim Fathers, so I am full of old Puritan blood, though I have utterly—indeed, our family have for generations thrown off their Calvinism: yet I glory in the morale, the God-fearing valour and earnestness of the old heroes, and trust I should have believed with them had I lived in their day, for want of any better belief. But it will not do now, as you have found already. The bed is too short and the cloak too narrow."

TO MRS. GASKELL.

ST. LEONARD'S, *May* 14, 1857.

"Let me renew our long-interrupted acquaintance by complimenting you on poor Miss Bronté's Life. You have had a delicate and a great

work to do, and you have done it admirably. Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius; and it will shame, too, the prudery of a not over cleanly, though carefully white-washed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. 'Jane Eyre' I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's * are the only ones I care to open. 'Shirley' disgusted me at the opening: and I gave up the writer and her books with the notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me.

"Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written, especially those poems, which ought not to have fallen dead as they did, and which seem to be (from a review in the current *Fraser*), of remarkable strength and purity. I must add that Mrs. Kingsley agrees fully with all I have said, and bids me tell you that she is more intensely interested in the book than in almost any which she has ever read."

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *June* 12, 1857.

"Eight and thirty years old am I this day, Tummas; whereof twenty-two were spent in pain, in woe, and vanitie; and sixteen in very great happiness, such as few men deserve, and I don't deserve at all. And now I feel like old Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over Jordan, and now I am become two bands'—for why? I actually couldn't get home from Hastings except in two relays, what with servants, tutor, and governess. Well, Tom, God has been very good to me; and I can't help feeding a hope that I may fight a good fight yet before I die, and get something done. I've done little enough yet. The best work ever I've done has been my plain parish work, and that I've done miserably ill, cowardly and idly of late, and bullying and second-hand

* Of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" his estimate was very high. In a letter to his wife in 1850 he says, "I can read nothing but 'Vanity Fair,' over and over again, which fills me with delight, wonder, and *humility*. I would sooner have drawn Rawdon Crawley than all the folks I ever drew."

dogmatic of old; but perhaps I shall get training enough to go into the fight well before I die; and if not, I trust one's not going to be idle up there, Tom. Surely as long as there's a devil or devils, even an ass or asses, in the universe, one will have to turn out to the *reveille* now and then, wherever one is, and satisfy one's θυμός 'rage' or 'pluck,' which Plato averreth (for why, he'd have been a wraxling man, and therefore was a philosopher, and the king of 'em) to be the root of all virtue. Why not, Tom? Mayn't we?

"Now to business, Tommy, which is fish. O that I could go to Lambourne Monday! But I preach in town Sunday, and have three good fellows a dying in my parish, so that I must be at home Monday afternoon. But oh if you take Donnington Priory, won't I immortalise you in verse and prose? Oh the bliss! I think the boys will catch o. The fish will be glutted with the fly, and attendant Naiads pitying, holding basins under their noses: mortal aldermanic they were Wednesday here. I caught a fairish lot on the Caperer, which they took as a relish to the heavy fly; but the moment they were ashore the Mayflies came up. Oh a Dover steamer in a chopping sea was cleanly to it. Poor carnal parties! Why shouldn't they tuck while they can? Mayflies come to them at Whitsuntide, as club-feasts do to the clods, to give them one jolly blow out in the year, and it's a pleasure to look at them. That's why good fishing days always fall on Sundays, Tom, to give the poor fish a good day's appetite (dinner always ready), and nobody to catch them while they're enjoying it.

"Also make a note of this. A party with doubtful h's, and commercial demeanour, appears on Wednesday on our little stream, and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line, and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here; fly, a little green drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wing, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast; went home and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemeræ with green peacock-tail heads. Oh the beauty of them; and wasn't I riled when I found it was all for fancy? But won't I 'realoirioize,' as the Scots parsons say, those little fellows next year, and apply them to the part affected?"

EVERSLEY, 1857.

"I have often been minded to write to you about 'Tom Brown,' so here goes. I have puffed it everywhere I went, but I soon found how true the adage is that good wine needs no bush, for every one had read it already, and from every one, from the fine lady on her throne, to the red-coat on his cock-horse, and the school-boy on his forrum (as our

Irish brethren call it), I have heard but one word, and that is, that it is the jolliest book they ever read. Among a knot of red-coats at the cover-side, some very fast fellow said, 'If I had had such a book in my boyhood, I should have been a better man now!' and more than one capped his sentiment frankly. Now isn't it a comfort to your old bones to have written such a book, and a comfort to see that fellows are in a humour to take it in? So far from finding men of our rank in a bad vein, or sighing over the times and prospects of the rising generation, I can't help thinking they are very teachable, humble, honest fellows, who want to know what's right, and if they don't go and do it, still think the worse of themselves therefore. I remark now, that with hounds, and in fast company, I never hear an oath, and that, too, is a sign of self-restraint. Moreover, drinking is gone out, and, good God, what a blessing! I have good hopes, and better of our class, than of the class below. They are effeminate, and that makes them sensual. Pietists of all ages (George Fox, my dear friend, among the worst), never made a greater mistake (and they have made many), than in fancying that by keeping down manly *θυμός*, which Plato saith is the root of all virtue, they could keep down sensuality. They were dear good old fools. However, the day of 'Pietism' is gone, and 'Tom Brown' is a heavy stone in its grave. 'Him no get up again after that,' as the niggers say of a buried obi-man. I am trying to polish the poems: but Maurice's holidays make me idle. Powles' school has been most successful for him; he has come home healthier and jollier than ever he was in his life, and is truly a noble boy.

"Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size (Farlow his make). I killed forty pounds weight of pike, &c., on it the other day, at Strathfieldsaye, to the astonishment and delight of ——, who cut small jokes on 'a spoon at each end,' &c., but altered his note when he saw the melancholies coming ashore, one every ten minutes, and would try his own hand. I have killed heaps of big pike round with it. I tried it in Lord Eversley's lakes on Monday, when the fish wouldn't have even his fly. Capricious party is Jaques. Next day killed a seven pounder at Hurst. I am going again to the Speaker's, for he wants his jack killed down, and has hurt his leg so that he can't do it, wherefore he has sent for me. Ain't I a slaved party; ill-used by aristocrats, and compelled to fish in waters where his last was eleven pounds, and where he has had them out of twenty-four and eighteen?

"We had a pretty thing on Friday with Garth's, the first run I've seen this year. Out of the Clay Vale below Tilney Hall, pace as good as could be, fields three acres each, fences awful, then over Hazeley Heath to Bramshill, shoved him through after a false cast, and a streamer over

Hartford Bridge flat, into an unlucky earth. Time fifty-five minutes, falls plentiful, started thirty, and came in eight, and didn't the old mare go? Oh, Tom, she is a comfort, even when a bank broke into a lane, and we tumbled down, she hops up again before I'd time to fall off, and away like a four-year old, and if you can get a horse through that clay vale, why then you can get him 'most-wards,' leastwise so I find, for a black region it is, and if you ain't in the same field with the hounds, you don't know whether you are in the same parish, what with hedges, and trees, and woods, and all supernumerary vegetations. Actually I was pounded in a "taty-garden,' so awful is the amount of green stuff in these parts. Come and see me, and take the old mare out, and if you don't break her neck, she won't break yours. Kindest remembrances from us both to Mrs. Hughes."

TO LORD —— ——.

EVERSLEY, *June* 8, 1857.

"I was much pleased to see your handwriting again, and glad of the mistake which stirred you up to write to me. I never saw anything of 'Modern Manichæism,' save the advertisement thereof. . . . . As for the question of 'evil,' on which I know as little as all the rest of mankind, I agree with you on the whole. Evil, as such, has no existence; but men can and do resist God's will, and break the law, which is appointed for them, and so punish themselves by getting into disharmony with their own constitution and that of the universe; just as a wheel in a piece of machinery punishes itself when it gets out of gear. I may be wrong, but so it seems to me. My conception of God's Providence, meanwhile, is, that He is, by a divine irony, lovingly baffling all the lawlessness and self-will of the spirits whom He has made, and turning it into means for their education, as a father does with his children. Whether they take the lesson which He offers, depends on them; but the chances would seem, I should have said, to be in favour of God's proving too good an instructor to lose His pupils. The world thinks differently, you know, but I am content to be in the minority, for the few years of life which remain to me, to find myself, I trust, in the majority, when I come into the other world. . . . . Pray let us hear again, for our satisfaction, of Lady ——'s state. You may guess how deeply I sympathise with you. But I believe one never truly understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands, either, what treasures women are. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

[On the death of his wife.]

EVERSLEY, *July*, 1857.

"We were utterly shocked at your letter. We knew nothing about it. Who can feel for you more deeply than I, who have had the same danger in prospect in past times, and found it even at a distance—too horrible to contemplate? But believe that those who are gone are nearer us than ever; and that if (as I surely believe) they do sorrow over the mishaps and misdeeds of those whom they leave behind, they do not sorrow in vain. Their sympathy is a further education for them, and a pledge, too, of help—I believe of final deliverance—for those on whom they look down in love. . . . . God bless you, and give you strength. Again, I feel for you and with you utterly."

TO HIS WIFE.

SALISBURY, *April* 14, 1857.

". . . I have been wandering in and out of that wonderful grey Alp (the cathedral) among the trees. I could write a volume on it. It is like Raffaelle's Belle Jardinière—perfect lofty grace, without a touch of severity. It is like a great mountain, with its strata, and secondary ridges, and spurs, and lower peaks, all leading up to that great central aiguille which rushes up into the highest blue, till you expect to see the clouds hanging round its top, and fancy the jackdaws are condors round the peak of Chimborazo.

"But the repose is so wonderful. You shut your eyes, and re-open them with a sort of surprise at finding it still there. It awes you, too, without crushing you. You can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing. But I will not ramble on. . . .

"Kiss all the babes for me."

During the course of the year a letter arrived from a chaplain of a Queen's ship on the Nova Scotia station, who, after apologising for the liberty he was taking in writing to thank him for his books, adds—

"I found on our arrival here (Halifax) that an edition of 'Two Years Ago,' published at Boston, was to be had; but no one seemed to know it. My purpose in writing to you is partly for encouragement in the preaching of views to which I am becoming the more and more attached, and partly to tell you how much your books are liked by naval men. I could, also, tell you of good resulting from the reading of them. For example, I know one instance of an officer, who is a man of cul-

tivated mind, and yet he told me that until he had read 'Two Years Ago,' he had never said his prayers (for years past) except when in trouble. It would fill up this letter altogether, were I to tell you of all the praises I hear from every one of my mess-mates who have read this book. I consider it a duty to get them all to read it, and 'Westward Ho!'; as I believe, both are calculated to make men better. I have got them both for the sick quarters, and hope to have them generally read by the ship's company as well. . . . .

"About sailors. I have always found that they came willingly to church. My preaching since I have read your 'Sermons for the Times,' speaks more of love than ever; I always held the same opinions, but was afraid of the preaching of them; now, however, that I find one whom I believe to be both wise and good not afraid, I do not see why I should be so either.

"I have a bible class for the men, which I tried in the 'cock-pit' and failed; on the main-deck, and failed; and at last, taking a lesson from 'Two Years Ago,' I resolved to go to the men instead of expecting them to come to me—and thus, I have at last succeeded. My plan was the following:—I went to the fore-capstan, round which the men smoke, and laying my book down thereon, I said I was come to read a chapter for them, and that those who did not wish to be present, might move 'aft'—and that, so far from wishing to interrupt their smoking time (evening) it was my special desire that they should continue smoking, their attention being all I wanted. I have this class now regularly on Thursday evenings, and a more attentive or orderly audience could not be seen; the men are beginning to feel an interest in it and congregate there some time before the hour arrives. I wish you could see them, such fine manly handsome fellows. I know it is doing good. It might at first sight be supposed that the time, place, and circumstances would be calculated to lower my position; but so far from that, the men know that I must be in earnest, and they are more gentle and respectful than ever. I need hardly say that I preach love to them as the great inducement, and agree with you that no other plan should be tried . . . . From the 'Sermons for the Times,' I have learnt much, and now have clearer ideas on many of the subjects. . . . ."

After some particularly bitter newspaper attacks, a friend writes to him to tell him the effect "Two Years Ago" had had on a distinguished member of one of our universities, who had had no settled faith for years.

"I write for your soul's comfort in your noble and much traduced

work in God's service. Poor dear * * * attributed his being convinced of sin, and driven to seek Christ the Lord and Saviour, to your last book, especially that fearful account of Elsley Vavasour's chase across the mountain, and Tom Thurnall's experience in the Russian dungeon. He had always said to me that he never could understand what was meant by the sense of sin as spoken of in the Bible, and by Maurice in his Theological Essays. But one night, about six weeks before his death, when he awoke in pain and darkness in the middle of the night, the remembrance of that terrible isolation which you had described in these passages came upon him in awful horror, and drove him to seek help from God. No one who knew * * * before that time and after it could fail to see how great the change was that was wrought in him. He only spoke of it to me once, and as I knew how distasteful to him was all self-analysis, at least to others, I never re-opened the matter, but after his death I found he had said the same thing to * * *. Now, my dear Kingsley, I trust this will be some comfort to you in the midst of all this foolish calumny. As I said, I meant to have written of this to Mrs. Kingsley. I know how she would prize such a fact in connection with such a man."

TO REV. GEORGE HENSLOWE.

[Who had written to him as to the possibility of a sense of humour in the Creator.]

EVERSLEY, *Sept.* 11, 1857.

"I cannot see how your notions can be gainsayed, save by those who have a lurking belief that God is the Devil, after all—a sort of unjust and exacting Zeus, against whom they would rebel if they had Prometheus' courage: but not having that, must flatter him instead.

"The matter presents itself to me thus. I see humour in animals, *e.g.*, a crab and a monkey, a parrot, a crow. I don't find this the result of a low organisation. In each of these four cases the animal is of the highest belonging to his class. Well; there the fact is; if I see it, God must see it also, or I must have more insight than God into God's own works. Q. E. Abs.

"Then comes a deeper question. God sees it: but is He affected by it? I think we could give no answer to this, save on the ground of a Son of God, who is that image of the Father in whom man is created.

"If the New Testament be true, we have a right to say of humour, as of all other universally human faculties — Hominis est = Ergo Christi est = Ergo Dei est.

"I must accept this in its fulness, to whatever *seemingly* startling and dangerous result it may lead me, or my theology and my anthro-

pology part company, and then, being philosophically unable to turn Manichee (whether Calvinist or Romanist), the modern Pantheism would be the only alternative; from which homeless and bottomless pit of immoral and unphilosophical private judgment may God deliver us and all mankind. And you will see that into that Pantheism men will rush more and more till they learn to face the plain statement of the creed, 'And He was made man,' and the Catholic belief, that as the Son of man, He sits now ἐν (τοῖς) οὐρανοῖς, and on the very throne of God. Face the seemingly coarse anthropomorphism of the Old Testament, and believe that the New Testament so far from narrowing it, widens and deepens it.

"This is my only hope and stay, while I see belief and practice alike rocking and reeling to decay. May God keep it alive in me and in you, recollecting always that to do the simple right thing which lies at our feet, is better than to have ascended into the third heaven, and to have all γνῶσις and all mysteries.

"You sign yourself by a very noble name. Are you a son of that good and wise man to whose lectures about Chara and Nitella I have listened in Quy fen eighteen years ago? I shall be happy to hear from you again."

He gave many Lectures in the diocese this autumn for Mechanics' Institutes, and among others his "Thoughts in a Gravel Pit," and one on "Chaucer," also a long promised one at Bristol on "Great Cities, their Influence for Good and Evil." * Of this last, one of his audience, a highly cultivated woman of the world, writing to a friend, says—

Oct., 1857.

"I rather set my face against excitements about people, but must plead guilty to something of the kind in this case, and certainly the sight of and hearing Mr. Kingsley last night has no way diminished it. I have hardly thought of anything else since; S—— and I went together, feeling much alike, and I was much amused at her expressing just what I was feeling. When the lecture was going to begin, she said, 'Oh, I forgot there was to be a lecture, I only thought of hearing Mr. Kingsley.' And it was all along more than I knew how to meet all at once—to follow the lecture itself and watch him in it—for he is a lecture in himself. I never saw anyone like him before,

* Published in the "Miscellanies."

though I never once caught his full face, for we were at the side, and too far off for me to see clearly. He was not quite what I expected, but better, I think—you know I have no power of description. I think what struck me most was the intensity of feeling in the man, expressed in countenance, figure, and every movement! J.'s remark was, he had never seen such traces of thought in so young a man before, and that the lecture was better than any novel. I think he was very much moved and exhausted; and verily that earnestness and intensity is enough to exhaust any mortal body. Did you know he was at school at Clifton? I suppose coming here stirred up many remembrances. He began by saying he had got (he could not say learnt) his first social lesson here, at the time of the Bristol riots. He described, in his own graphic way, some of those days; and then went on to say those scenes of horror were not the struggles of death, but of life—a new birth; from that time he dates the movement to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; and then came a thrilling allusion to the present crisis, from which again he believes there is life, not death or decay, to be worked out. Then he went on to speak of the origin and necessary condition of cities. It is no use for me to attempt to give you an account of it, but you can fancy the vivid descriptions, the touches of humour, at times the deep solemnity, and always the loving, pitying, gentle spirit that pervaded all he said: the absence of blame to people especially struck me! Do you know all he says about 'washing,'* and the way he says it? I was so amused at it; but I expect some of the strictly orthodox I saw there will say, 'Mr. Kingsley says if you only wash your bodies and take care of them, your souls will be all right.' One thing on enjoyment struck me deeply, 'If you have not something to enjoy in life, you are in a living grave!'

"The room was crammed, and numbers had to go away; so he was asked to repeat the lecture, and he has promised to do so when he comes again in January to lecture at the Athenæum. I thought of —— when he described town people and country folk—for, according to him, townspeople are the best! not only their intellects sharper, but their moral characters better, more self-sacrifice and helping of others; while

* Speaking of the results of modern civilization in cleanliness, ventilation, &c., as being the deadly enemies to drunkenness, he adds, "and what is more than all—*we wash.* That morning cold-bath, which foreigners consider as young England's strangest superstition, has done as much to abolish drunkenness, as any other cause whatever. With a clean skin in healthy action, and nerves and muscles braced by a sudden shock, men do not crave for artificial stimulants. I have found that, *cæteris paribus* is in direct proportion to his cleanliness. I believe it would be so in all classes had they the means," &c., &c.—*Great Cities, Miscellanies,* vol. ii., p. 330.

country folk in their composure and leisure are apt to be selfish and independent."

He was just now engaged on a volume of poems for publication, and they had been advertised by Messrs. Parker for Christmas: but while preparing them for the press he was asked to write an article on Sanitary reform. This work, and the terrible depression produced on his mind by the Indian mutiny, prevented his being able to get them ready in time. The following extract of a letter to Mr. John Parker, junior, has been sent to the editor by Mr. Simon, as characteristic:—

"Of course I will do it. A bit of sanitary reform work is a sacred duty, from which I dare no more turn away than from knocking down a murderer whom I saw killing a woman.

"I think thus: 'Couldn't we get from Helps such *précis* of the Birmingham meeting as may serve for a nucleus. Item, from Simon all he likes. Item, from Tom Taylor his speech, for which Toulmin Smith is going to attack him, and if I can do aught for Tom there I might ἐκ παρέργου.

"However, if I do—no poems at Christmas, young man; remember that. Still, if you'll see the parties in question, I will throw my whole soul into it, please God, and forget India in Cholera. That's better than rhyming, surely."

The agony of his mind as the details from India poured in, though he had no relatives or personal friends engaged in the mutiny, was terrible, and he writes to Mr. Maurice:—

EVERSLEY, *Sept.* 3, 1857.

"I can think of nothing but these Indian massacres. The moral problems they involve make me half wild. Night and day the heaven seems black to me, though I never was so prosperous and blest in my life as I am now.

"I can hardly bear to look at a woman or child—even at my own beloved ones sometimes. It raises such horrible images, from which I can't escape. What does it all mean? Christ is King, nevertheless. I tell my people so. I should do—I dare not think what—if I did not believe so. But I want sorely some one to tell me that he believes it too. Do write to me and give me a clue out of this valley of the shadow of death."

To his friend, Mr. Bullar, he writes :—

"· · · Do not talk to me about India, and the future of India, till you can explain the past—the past six months. O Bullar, no man knows, or shall know, what thoughts they have cost me. . . . . Meanwhile, I feel as if I could dogmatise no more. I dare say you are right and I wrong. I have no heart, at least, to continue any argument, while my brain is filled with images fresh out of hell and the shambles. Show me what security I have that my wife, my children, should not suffer, from some unexpected outbreak of devils, what other wives and children have suffered, and then I shall sleep quiet, without longing that they were safe out of a world where such things are possible. . . . . .

"You may think me sinful for having such thoughts. My experience is, that when they come, one must face them, do battle with them deliberately, be patient if they worst one for a while. For by all such things men live, in these is the life of the spirit. Only by going down into hell can one rise again the third day. I have been in hell many times in my life; therefore, perhaps, have I had some small power of influencing human hearts. But I never have looked hell so close in the face as I have been doing of late. Wherefore I hope thereby to get fresh power to rise, and to lift others heavenward. But the power has not come yet. . . . . And I can only cry, 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded. Wherefore should the wicked say, where is now his God?'

"But while I write now, and while I fret most, there comes to me an inner voice, saying—What matter if *thou* art confounded. *God is not.* Only believe firmly that God is at least as good as thou, with thy 'finite reason,' canst conceive; and He will make thee at last able to conceive how good He is, and thou shalt have the one perfect blessing of seeing God.

"You will say I am inconsistent. So I am; and so, if read honestly, are David's Psalms. Yet that very inconsistency is what brings them home to every human heart for ever. The words of a man in real doubt and real darkness, crying for light, and not crying in vain. As I trust I shall not. God bless you."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *Nov.* 26, 1857.

"I am glad you have broached a subject with which I now never trouble any one, but on which I should like you to know what I think. That 'associations' are a failure, because the working-men are not fit for them, I confess. That any law of political economy or of nature has

been broken by them, or by Mr. Maurice, is what I never could perceive. I know a little of 'laws of nature,' not merely economic, but in several sciences, and have considered long and earnestly the meaning of those two words, 'nature' and 'law,' and this I seem to see.

"The being who merely obeys the laws of nature is *ipso facto* a brute beast. The privilege of a man is to counteract (not break) one law of nature by another. In the exercise of that power stands all art, invention, polity, progress.

"*E. g.* I am on the ground by the law of nature called gravitation. When I make a pair of stairs and go up them, I counteract that law by another; but I don't break it.

"Or again, putrescence produces disease by laws of nature. When I neutralise that putrescence for sanatory purposes, I counteract certain universal laws of nature, and others equally universal, but I don't break them.

"Now what I complain of in political economy up to this time—what, indeed, earned for it Fourier's bitter epithet of the 'Science du néant,' is, that it has almost utterly forgotten this distinction. It says, There are laws of nature concerning economy, therefore you must leave them alone to do what they like with you and society! Just as if I were to say, You got the cholera by laws of nature, therefore you must submit to cholera you walk on the ground by laws of nature, therefore you must never go up stairs.

"Indeed, I am inclined to deny to political economy, as yet, the name of a science. It is as yet merely in its analytic stage; explaining the causes of phenomena which already exist. To be a true science, it must pass on into the synthetic stage, and learn how, by using the laws which it has discovered, and counteracting them by others when necessary, to produce new forms of society. As yet political economy has produced nothing. It has merely said '*Laissez-faire!*'

"Now, I am not complaining of it. I consider the analytic work of the political economists of the last hundred years as invaluable. It forms the subject-matter for all future social science, and he who is ignorant of it builds on air. I only complain of their saying, 'You must not attempt to counteract these laws. You must allow chance and selfishness to rule the fortunes of the human race.' Yet this they do say. The only new circumstance of humanity which they have ever advised or considered possible, is the ridiculous and impossible one of repressing population. My dear Bullar, a century hence mankind will be looking back upon the social philosophy of the present day as they do upon the witch manias of our forefathers.

"Now, as for any schemes of Maurice's or mine—it is a slight matter whether they have failed or not. But this I say, because I believe that the failure of a hundred schemes would not alter my conviction, that they are attempts in the right direction; and I shall die in hope, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez-faire*. For it is my belief that not self-interest, but self-sacrifice, is the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity and permanence. That self-interest is a law of nature I know well. That it ought to be the root law of human society I deny, unless society is to sink down again into a Roman empire, and a cage of wild beasts, as it very probably may—as it certainly will, if your theory is accepted, that God has meant one man to rule, and many to obey. There is much in these days tempting one to that belief. I shall resist it, as I do any other snare of the devil; for if I once believed it, I must carry it out. I must give up all which I have learnt most precious concerning political freedom, all which keeps me content with the world, because I look forward to a nobler state of humanity; and I must become as thorough a despotist and imperialist as Strafford himself. Tired of the helplessness of *laissez-faire*, educated men are revolting fast to Imperialism; and when once the commercial classes shall have discovered, as France has done already, that a Despotism need not interfere in any wise with the selfish state of society, but that '* * * * and son,' and '* * * * and brothers,' can make money as fast under a Napoleon as under Christ, Manchester will not lift a finger to save the liberties of England. The old traditions, borrowed from the Huguenot refugees at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which now connect our commercial classes with the cause of civil liberty, will be found to be, what they are, mere accidents of the commercial system; and we may then have a state of society more rotten, because more physically cunning and wealthy, than that of old Rome.

"I trust my eyes shall never see that day; that I shall be either at rest in this churchyard, or founding for myself a family of free landowners in the valley of the Ottawa. And I have this comfort, that when it comes, it will not last; that it will perish by self-combustion, and out of the ruins of rotten Europe, a new, and fairer, and juster world arise, and man discover at last that he was meant to obey nature only in order to rule her, and that the first political maxim is, 'He who loseth his life shall save it.'

"So I am content to have failed. I have learned in the experiment priceless truths concerning myself, my fellow-men, and the City of God, which is eternal in the heavens, for ever coming down among men, and

actualizing itself more and more in every succeeding age. I see one work to be done ere I die, in which (men are beginning to discover) nature must be counteracted, lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother; and that is, Sanitary Reform. Politics and political economy may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God.

EVERSLEY, *Dec.* 1857.

"Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things? Master minds there certainly are in the world; and how to assert their mastery is sufficiently defined for them by the words of *the* master mind, who is Christ. 'He that will be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all. For the Son of Man,' the incarnate ideal of humanity, 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'

"Simon's question is most pertinent, and belongs to a class which has puzzled me greatly, and puzzleth still. *Natura*—φύσις—*id quod nascitur*—and all induction seems to show us that what is born dies, what has a beginning has an end—That death is a law of nature.

"Now comes the puzzle. If one allow souls, ψυχαί, and psychical phenomena (as distinguished from material ones) to be parts of nature, must we not predicate the law of death of them, and say that all souls must die?

"This puzzles me, and this (if I did not see some escape in St. Paul's metaphysic of there being something higher than soul, viz., spirit, which has eternal life, and may deliver both body and soul from the law of death) is what makes me shrink from the conclusion to which I have otherwise no objection, viz., that all psychical phenomena, commonly called the phenomena of the intellect and emotions, are natural. To this conclusion the *experimentum crucis* of dreaming has helped much to lead me; and also the impossibility of drawing any line of difference, save in degree, between the human soul and that of animals. I am inclined, therefore, myself, to say that conscience, as much as memory, is a natural law of human nature. I know that conscience is a faculty which requires to be kept in order, and often counteracted, by other laws, just as much as the faculty of a dead dog for making poison-gases. Conscience not only 'makes cowards' of men, as Hamlet says, but sometimes makes torturers, murderers, liars, and villains of them; and, as in the case of inquisitors and despots, requires to be counteracted by the natural law, whereby a rope placed round the neck of a living mammal not in contact with the ground, prevents that living mammal henceforth from abusing its conscience to the detriment of its neighbour. You perceive?

"But I want any one who talks to me about conscience, to define first what he meaneth thereby. I hear the word as loosely used as I do, nature; and, till it be defined satisfactorily, refuse to give any opinion on the 'rights of conscience,' which is the new god of these days. Mind I am not dogmatising. I only know that I know nothing, but with a hope that Christ, who is the Son of Man, will tell me piecemeal, if I be patient and watchful, what I am, and what man is."

TO GEORGE BRIMLEY, ESQ.

"Thanks for your excellent review of 'Two Years Ago,' and your equally excellent letter. About Major Campbell you are, perhaps, right, portrait as he is.

"About the canons of criticism I know little, and am trying to forget what I know. I think the latter part of your letter answers the question, and that photography *versus* painting does give the analogy which will have to be followed henceforth.

"I look at it thus. The idea of self-evolution in a story, beautiful as it is, is just one of those logical systems which is too narrow for the transcendental variety of life and fact. It would stand good of a Greek tragedy, as of a Greek statue. It never has stood good for Christian art, either painting, drama, or aught else.

"In the greatest Christian pictures you see figures thrown in ἐν παρέργου which are not required by the subject, *e.g.*, the Pope and St. Theresa in the Madonna di San Sisto. Their use, conscious or unconscious, is to connect the subject with the rest of the universe, even with the present time, and show that it does not stand alone, that it is not a world of itself (to which alone self-evolution would be completely applicable), but is connected with the rest of the world. That this is the case in the Shakespearian drama, all know. Not a play of Shakespeare's in which whole scenes, whole characters, might not be cut out without hurting the plot, and you will find, comparing his dramas with the Italian *novelle*, from which he took them, that these supernumeraries are his own, put in on purpose, while the mere *novella* is self-evolved, and consequently narrow, and without deep and broad human application.

"Now in the modern novel you ought to have all this, if it is to be a picture of actual life. You must have people coming in, influencing your principal characters for awhile—as people do influence you and me, and then go on their way, and you see them no more, as John Bunyan has it, in the best (and therefore most successful) novel which ever was written, which ought to be a model for all novelists. You

must have descriptions of everything which can possibly influence your characters, or make your readers picture them strongly to themselves, subordinated only to the development of human character and the arousing of interest. You must, as you so well remark, have people talk, as people do in real life, about all manner of irrelevant things, only taking care that each man's speech shall show more of his character, and that the general tone shall be such as never to make the reader forget the main purpose of the book. Finally, you must have παραβάσεις, isn't it? like those in the Greek romantic drama, where the author throws off the mask and speaks for himself. The Greeks found it necessary, so do we. People are too stupid and in too great a hurry, to interpret the most puzzling facts for themselves, and the author must now and then act as showman, and do it for them. Whether it's according to 'Art' or not, I don't care a fig. What's 'Art'? I never saw a little beast flying about with 'Art' labelled on its back. Art ought to mean the art of pleasing and instructing, and, believe me, these passages in which the author speaks in his own person do so. Froude approveth of them, for I talked it over with him. Women like them better than any part of a book. They like to be taught a little now and then; to feel that the book is the work of a human person, speaking to them as human persons, and therefore I fear the * * * * hateth them —just because they are the parts of the book which have the real practical influence.

"But I go on. What was artistic enough for Eupolis, Cratinus, Aristophanes, &c., will do for me; and I ask you to look at Bulwer's novels, and see whether the same use of παραβάσεις—what women call 'delightful subjective bits'—has not been one of the secrets of his great success. Of course it is very easy for a reviewer who disagrees with the doctrine to call it an obtrusion of the author's self; but the author's business is to see that it is just not that—to speak, if he can, the thoughts of many hearts, to put into words for his readers what they would have said for themselves if they could; he will be paid at once in thanks and correspondence, and having the secrets of sad hearts opened to him: as last night, already, brought me one of the saddest and most interesting letters I ever read, from some one to whom reading 'Two Years Ago' had awakened a new view of God. God grant that it may last, and give a new life.

"But you are right about Marie and Stangrave, up to a certain point. They and their story were altogether an afterthought, and don't fit well. To have fitted perfectly, Marie ought to have been brought under Grace's influence (so, too, ought Lucia), as all the characters are under that of Tom Thurnall—then the parallelism of the book would have

been complete. But I trusted to the making the war of two years ago influence both Marie and Stangrave's thoughts, as it does other people's. But I shall bore you. Good-bye, and many thanks."

The letter referred to, which had just reached him, written in a strong masculine hand, with a signature evidently meant to be illegible, was as follows :—

"SIR—Mr. B—— was my confessor. Dr. P—— is now. Nevertheless I read all your books, and yesterday, in the midst of 'Two Years Ago,' I knelt down and said, 'At last, Oh God, I love thee! for I know that Thou art good!'" The writer then went on to ask for the author's definition of "fire and worms, in Mark ix.," to which the following answer was written :—

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM,

"(For your signature is not sufficiently legible for me to determine which of the two you are, nor, indeed, how your name is spelt.)

"When I read of worms and fire, I suppose that they either are worms and fire literally, or are some things which so resemble in their action worms and fire, as to be best described by these terms metaphorically; to be what is vulgarly called 'a spiritual fire,' and 'spiritual worms.'

"Whether of the two they be, this at least is certain.

"The office of worms in this world is to prevent, while they seem to accelerate, putrefaction, and thereby to prevent infectious epidemics; to devour decaying matter, and render it thereby innoxious; finally, to transmute it into new, living, and healthy organisms. The office of fire in this world is much the same, to devour dead matter, all but the ash or inorganic constituents, which are left as manure (and the very best) for some future crop. I know no other worms, no other fire, on earth, than these beneficent ones. I expect none other elsewhere, unless every creature of God is not good, and to be received with thanksgiving. If they be a literal fire and worms, then they must be this or nothing. If a metaphorical fire and worms, an '*ignis immaterialis*,' such as the old fathers talked of, then they must be like this; or scripture (and the Lord Himself) is using words at random, or in a deceptive sense.

"The use of fire for torture, an utterly un-natural and monstrous abuse of that 'element,' sprang up among men of devilish and unnatural

cruelty. It remained for a later age to adopt the belief of those Rabbis who crucified our Lord, that God would abuse the powers of fire (for ever!) for the same fiendish purposes for which they abused it for an hour or two, in the case of some shrieking and writhing victim.

"The torture of worms, Herodotus tells us, was tried now and then by old Persian despots. The mind of man has as yet so far recoiled from imputing so refined a barbarity to the Supreme Being, as to suppose in some confused inconsistent way, that the fire, of course, is fire; but the worm —they don't know about. A fire which cannot be quenched; a worm which cannot die—I see existing, whether they be those or not of which our Lord spoke. I consider them among the most blessed revelations of the Gospel. I fancy that I see them burning and devouring everywhere in the spiritual world, as their analogues do in the physical. I know that they have done so on me, and that their operation, though exquisitely painful, is most healthful. I see the world trying to quench and kill them; I know too well that I often do the same ineffectually. But in the comfort that the worm cannot die, and the fire cannot be quenched, I look calmly forward through endless ages, to my own future and the future of that world whereof it is written, 'He shall reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.' And again, 'Death and hell shall be cast into the lake of fire.'

"Of the parable of the sheep and goats, in Matth. xxv., I have only to say, that our Lord speaks it expressly of nations, and that neither you are, nor I am a nation, therefore the parable need give us no present selfish disquiet, though it may set us on reading Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' as showing how our Lord's words came true fully and literally; set us thinking what a nation means, and whether it be not better to help to save England, than to try to deliver each 'his own life for a prey,' 'that this ruin may not lie upon our land.'

"This would naturally set us on reading the Hebrew prophets, to whom, as to the rest of the Old Testament writers, the rabbinical Tartarus was unknown, and in due time we should come to that verse in Isaiah concerning the worm and the fire, which our Lord quotes in the Gospels, and to other words about the fire of God, and its effect on nations and individuals, from which we might rise up with more reverence than before, for the letter of Holy Scripture; especially if, as churchmen, we held that the Old Testament was not contrary to the New.

"I suppose this letter will be shown to Dr. P——. If so, it cannot go to a man for whose piety I have a greater reverence, deeply though, to my sorrow, I differ from him on very many points."

TO GEORGE BRIMLEY, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1857.

"DEAR BRIMLEY,

"Your letter has much comforted me; for your disapproval is really to me a serious thing, from what I know of your critical powers; while my own hopeless inability to judge of the goodness or badness of anything I write makes me more and more modest about my own 'æsthesis.' That word 'masque' I will omit hereafter. The truth is, that I have drawn, modelled in clay, and picture fancied, so much in past years, that I have got unconsciously into the slang—for slang it is—and I am faulty therein.

"About the melodrama on the Glyder, I quite agree with you that some folks will carp. There was a cantankerous lady (I heard who she was, but forget—why not?) who attacked me fiercely on that score, anent 'Westward Ho!' She knew not that the one point which infuriated her most, viz., the masts and sails and people looking *red-hot* against a black background instead of vice versâ, when Amyas is struck blind, was copied from the experience of a near relative who was struck senseless by a flash of lightning, and squinted and had weak eyes for years after. So much for the reward which one gets for copying nature!

"In the Glyder scene I have copied nature most carefully, having surveyed every yard of the ground this summer. The vision of Snowdon towering and wet against the background of blue flame, appearing and disappearing every moment, was given me by Froude, who lived there three years, and saw it, and detailed it carefully, begging me to put it in! But why go on justifying? I don't think the deerstalkers of Park Lane and Belgravia will sneer, because they see such things in their field-sports, and are delighted when such men as Maxwell or St. John, or perhaps I—for they have told me so often—can put them into words for them; but the true snubbers are the cockneys who write for the press, and who judge of the universe from the experiences of the London suburbs, or a summer's watering-place trip. I have seen as awful sights here at the breaking up of a long drought; and what I wanted to do was boldly to defy criticism on that very point, calling the chapter 'Nature's Melodrama,' and showing, meanwhile, that the 'melodramatic element' was a false, and morbid, and cowardly one, by bringing in Naylor and Wynd, thinking the very same horrors capital fun. I would not have taken Elsley there if I had not taken them there also, as a wholesome foil to his madness.

"Claude and Sabina are altogether imaginary. Ever since 'Yeast,' I have been playing with them as two dolls, setting them to say and do

all the pretty *naïve* things any one else is too respectable to be sent about, till I know them as well as I know you. I have half-a-dozen pet people of that kind, whom I make talk and walk with me on the moors, and when I am at my parish work; and charming company they all are, only they get more and more wilful, being 'spoilt children,' and I cannot answer for any desperate aberration of theirs, either in doctrine or practice, from hour to hour. Like all the rest of human life, the best things which I get out of them are too good to be told. So nobody will ever know them, save a little of the outside. Writing novels is a farce and a sham. If any man could write the simple life of a circle of five miles round his own house, as he knew, and could in many cases swear it to be, at that moment, no one would believe it; and least of all would those believe it who did believe it. Do you ask the meaning of the paradox?

"Those who know best that the facts are true, or might be true, would be those most interested in declaring them impossible. When any man or woman calls anything 'over-drawn,' try them, if you can, by the argument—

"'Now, confess. Have you not seen, and perhaps done, stranger things?' And in proportion to their honesty and geniality they will answer, 'Yes.'

"I have never found this fail, with people who were human, and were capable of having any 'history' at all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1858.

AGED 39.

EVERSLEY WORK—DIPHTHERIA—LECTURES AND SERMONS AT ALDERSHOT—BLESSING THE COLOURS OF THE 22ND REGIMENT—STAFF COLLEGE—ADVANCED THINKERS—LETTER FROM REV. G. BOYLE—POEMS AND SANTA MAURA—LETTER FROM DR. MONSELL—LETTERS TO DR. MONSELL, MR. LEWIS, DEAN STANLEY, &C.—LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CONGREVE—BIRTH OF HIS SON GRENVILLE—SECOND VISIT TO YORKSHIRE—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. HULLAH ON SONGS—THE LAST BUCCANEER—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP—A HAPPY CHRISTMAS—LETTERS ON MIRACLES TO SIR WILLIAM COPE.

"He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God had made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise—of a clergyman—fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman—that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of men. He was sent by Providence, as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles'—far off, not to other lands or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, 'to fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thoughts and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response to himself, because he gave a response to them."

A. P. Stanley
(Funeral Sermon on Charles Kingsley).

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIS was a year of severe work and anxiety, for he could not afford a curate. Diphtheria, then a new disease in England, appeared in the neighbourhood, and was very fatal. It created a panic, and to him it was a new enemy to be hated, and fought against, as it was his wont to hate and fight against every form of disease, and especially those which he suspected to come from malaria, and other preventible causes. Its prevalence among children, and cases in his own parish, affected and excited him, and he took counsel with medical men, as to how to meet the earliest symptoms of the new foe. When it reached Eversley, some might have smiled at seeing him, going in and out of the cottages with great bottles of gargle under his arm, and teaching the people—men, women, and children, to gargle their throats, as a preventive; but to him it was terrible grim earnest, acting as he did on Thomas Carlyle's principle, "Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him, make order of him."

His work for the Hants and Wilts Education Society, to which he had bound himself to give so many lectures annually, in lieu of subscription, was heavy: he lectured on local geology, on Chaucer, on Jack of Newbury, and Flodden Field, and on the Days of the Week; in those days seldom repeating the same lecture. The position of Eversley with regard to Chobham, Aldershot, and Sandhurst, brought him more and more in contact with military men, and widened his sphere of influence. The society of soldiers as a class was congenial to him. He inherited much of the soldier spirit, as he inherited soldier blood; and the few of his direct ancestors' portraits that have survived the wreck of his family, are all of men in uniform, including,

with others of earlier date, General Kingsley, Governor of Fort William, colonel of the 20th Regiment, who fought at the battle of Minden; and among the family papers there are commissions with the signature of the reigning authorities. He had himself, at one time, thought of the army as a profession, and had spent much time as a boy in drawing plans of fortifications; and after he took holy orders it was a constant occupation to him, in all his walks and rides, to be planning fortifications. There is scarcely a hill-side within twenty miles of Eversley, the strong and weak points of which in attack and defence during a possible invasion, he has not gone over with as great an intensity of thought and interest as if the enemy were really at hand; and no soldier could have read and re-read Hannibal's campaigns, Creasy's Fifteen decisive battles, the records of Sir Charles Napier's Indian warfare, or Sir William's magnificent history of the Peninsular War, with keener appreciation, his poet's imagination enabling him to fill up the picture and realize the scene, where his knowledge of mere military detail failed. Hence the honour he esteemed it to be allowed to preach to the troops at Aldershot, and to lecture to military men there and at Woolwich. His eyes would kindle and fill with tears as he recalled the impression made on him on Whit Sunday, 1858, by the sound heard for the first time, and never to be forgotten, of the clank of the officers' swords and spurs, and the regular tramp of the men as they marched into church, stirring him like the sound of a trumpet. He lectured this year, too, to the troops in the camp on Cortez. He was also asked by Mrs. William Napier to bless the new colours which she presented to her father's old regiment, the 22nd, of which Sir Charles Napier himself had spoken when he, as its distinguished colonel, presented colours to the 1st battalion some years before:

"That brave regiment which won the battle of Meanee—won the battle of Hydrabad—won Scinde for England; . . . . the regiment which stood by the King of England at Dettingen, stood by the celebrated Lord Peterborough at Barcelona; and into the arms of whose grenadiers the immortal Wolfe fell on the Heights of Abraham. Well may I exult in the command of such a regiment." (Life of Sir Charles Napier.)

After the ceremony, Mrs. Napier went round the ranks, among which were many old veterans who had survived from the great Indian battles, in which her father commanded them in the field, and introduced Mr. Kingsley to them. That too was a red letter day in his calendar, as he called it. He camped out a night this summer with the Guards who were under canvas on Cove Common. His two sermons in camp brought many officers over to Eversley Church, and led to the formation of friendships which were very dear to him. During the earlier years of the Staff College, Sandhurst, of which his valued friend General William Napier was commandant, he was often invited to mess, and was received with a marked respect, which did as much honour to his hosts as to their guest. That he never shrunk from showing his colours, the following reminiscence from one who was present will testify:—

"We had among us one or two so-called 'advanced thinkers,' men who were inclined to ridicule religion somewhat. I remember once the conversation at mess took that direction, and Mr. Kingsley stopped it at once and for ever in the pleasantest, and at the same time most effectual manner, by pointing out how unmanly and ungenerous it was to endeavour to weaken a faith which was a trusted support to one's friends. He said it was impossible to use arguments of this kind without causing pain to some, and even if a man could hope to produce conviction, it could only be by taking from his convert much of the present joy of his life. Would any brave man desire to do that for the mere sake of a rhetorical triumph? There was the regular little apology, 'Forgot for a moment that there was a clergyman at the table,' &c.

"'All right, never mind, but you must not apologise on that ground. We are paid to fight those arguments as you soldiers are to do another sort of fighting, and if a clergyman is worth his salt, you will always find him ready to try a fall with you. Besides, it is better for your friends, if they are to have the poison, to have the antidote in the same spoon.'"

But while the army called out his sympathies, the Church made demands on him which were as readily responded to, as the next letter from the Rev. George D. Boyle, now Vicar of Kidderminster, who was among the many visitors at the rectory in 1858, will show:—

SUMMER HILL, KIDDERMINSTER, *November* 20, 1875.

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

"My very busy life, and a condition of health hardly yet equal to it, must plead my excuse for having left your letter too long unanswered. I grieve very much to say that some to me inestimable letters on the subject of orders and duties of clergymen, were lent by me some years ago to a friend now dead, and I was never able to discover where they were from his executors. I lament this the more as they would have shown in a marvellous degree that warm power of sympathising with men perplexed by the anxious questions of twenty years ago, which you know so well was the distinctive mark of your loved and honoured husband. In 1848, soon after the 'Saint's Tragedy' appeared, Mr. Kingsley came to Oxford. I saw him first at Mr. Powles' rooms, and well remember his warm eulogy of 'Past and Present,' and his wonderful recitation of some poetry. But it was at poor C. B.'s, in a gathering of young men, all ardent admirers of his poetry, that I first really knew something of the strange power that he was to exercise over many minds in years to come. The conversation led by John Conington turned upon the future of the working classes, and we were all after some time spell-bound by the consuming energy of his pathetic words. I saw him again at J. A. Froude's; and few readers of 'Yeast,' which soon began to appear in 'Fraser,' were more influenced by its magic than I was. Two years afterwards I was Percy Smith's guest at Eversley. The long walk on the heath, the discussion arising out of 'Alton Locke,' and the marvellous effect of a sermon on 'Jeremiah,' afterwards printed, I think, in 'National Sermons,' are among my most cherished recollections. Some years later I ventured to recall myself to him in a time of great perplexity, as to inspiration and the work of the ministry, and no casuist could ever have entered into the doubts and difficulties of one anxious to work and yet shrinking from unfaith, more lovingly than he did. It has always been to me a very deep regret that we met so seldom, for I felt what J. C. Hare says somewhere of Arnold, that to talk with him was like stepping out of the odours of an Italian Church to the air and breath of a heathery moor. One sentence in one letter is graven on my mind. 'You dislike the tone of officiality of the clergy now. When you have been eighteen years in orders you will detest it. But is that a reason for skulking from the war which all men should wage, but which Christ's servants can do better than others? It is a comfort often to feel there is one little spot, the parish, to which thoughts and prayers are for ever turning.' It is almost an impertinence in me to write in this way to you, but I retain a very vivid recollection of

your and his kindness, and I can assure you few days pass without something to recall to me the noble life and work of your husband.

"I have in my mind now his own words of poor Mansfield, 'happy those who knew thee in this life, happier they who shall know thee in the life to come.'

"Dean Stanley was here with me in July last, and it was a real pleasure to hear his glowing words as to the effect his (Canon Kingsley's) too short occupation of the pulpit of the Abbey had made. Let me add one testimony of a man of the world:—'I went as you told me to hear Kingsley preach; you were right. That man believes, and he sent me to my Bible to read and pray.'

"I am, dear Mrs. Kingsley,

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE D. BOYLE."

The impression of "freshness of the moorland air," which Mr. Boyle mentions, has been often spoken of by friends, women as well as men, who knew him at this period:—

"I can never forget," said Lady ——, "the impression he made upon me when I first met him about twenty years ago. I feel it impossible to convey it, as little can I try to describe a scent or a tone of music. It was like a touch of fresh life to one's spirit. It was like the freshness of a mountain breeze, laden with the richness of many moorland flowers, and sending one on one's way with joy. It seemed to set in motion all that was in one of high and noble aspiration! His *manifold* nature, so high, so rich, so broad, breaking in upon the monotony of life, helped one to rise out of the dull commonplace of a lower level. With him one looked around upon this world with new eyes, for he was artist, poet, philosopher—all in one. I might add that he was much more, for his knowledge was so great and varied; but it was as an artist in temperament and soul that he chiefly struck me. With him one could look into the deeps of our great human nature, and feel oneself understood; with him one looked above to the Father of our spirits, and gained fresh inspiration to love and to work. He asked me one day to sing to him. I sang that wonderful song, 'Che faro senza Euridice.' It was too much for him. It sent him out of the room to hide his emotion. I then knew what was the only thing he *could not* bear. . . . He is spared that bitter cup. . . . Rare and far between were my opportunities of meeting him; but I valued a good talk with 'Charles Kingsley,' more than most of the other good things of life. Some of his

words will ever remain in my memory; and when he went away to his home in Heaven I felt what a *great presence* had left this world."

Early this year his poems were published, and among them "Santa Maura," which had a powerful effect on thoughtful people; the story being so little known.

"I am delighted," he says to Mr. Maurice, "that you are satisfied with 'St. Maura.' Nothing which I ever wrote came so out of the depths of my soul as that, or caused me during writing (it was all done in a day and a night), a poetic fervour such as I never felt before or since. It seemed to me a sort of inspiration which I could not resist; and the way to do it came before me clearly and instantly, as nothing else ever has done. To embody the highest spiritual nobleness in the greatest possible simplicity of a young village girl, and exhibit the martyr element, not only free from that celibate element which is so jumbled up with it in the old myths; but brought out and brightened by marriage love. That story, as it stands in the Acta SS., has always been my *experimentum crucis* of the false connection between martyrdom and celibacy. But enough of this selfish prosing. . . . . I have no novel in my head just now. I have said my say for the time, and I want to sit down and become a learner, not a teacher, for I am chiefly impressed with my own profound ignorance and hasty assumption on every possible subject.

"I was sorry not to see you in town, though I only came for the pleasure of seeing you, and not on any business at all. I longed, too, to see Mrs. Maurice, but was afraid of pressing it to the very lovely person who opened the door, and at whom, I hope, I did not stare too much, as she was just one of my Grace Harvey ideals. I hope her mind is as fair as her face, for the sake of her master and mistress."

The volume of poems led to his first communication with Dr. Monsell, who writes:—

GULVAL VICARAGE, PENZANCE, *April* 14, 1858.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I have read with wondrous delight your beautiful book of poetry just come out, and thank you most sincerely for a great deal of it as a source of very pure pleasure, and a great deal of it as very deep and earnest teaching in holy things. One poem especially I thank God for, that entitled 'St. Maura.' I could wish that sent out into the world

by itself, as a little tract, to be slipt into the hands of the suffering, or of those who are sometimes in the midst of great blessings disposed to make too much of the little trials they are called on to endure. It would strengthen and brace up to high endeavours and endurings many who now little dream of what real endurance for the love of Christ means. I know it was so with me the other day. I had heard from home of some parish vexations, which pained me far more than any earthly ill should do. I took up that dear book, read that one poem for the first time aloud to my wife and children, and as I laid it down with tears in my eyes, could smile through those tears at any little cross I had to bear for my dear Master's sake. What it has done for me I am sure it will do for thousands, and therefore I have ventured to tell you how God has blessed it to me.

"May He strengthen and bless you in your noble endeavours to glorify Him and benefit your race is the sincere prayer of one who has been much benefited by your writings.

"Yours most faithfully,
"JOHN S. B. MONSELL.
"(Vicar of Egham.)"

The answer is characteristic:—

EVERSLEY, *April* 2, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter gave me the most lively pleasure, and all the more lively, because it came from you, whose spiritual poems have been a delight and comfort in a time of anxiety to my dear wife.

"Would to God that I could *be* the persons that I can conceive. If you wish to pray against a burden and temptation, pray against that awful gift (for it is a purely involuntary gift) of imagination, which alternately flatters and torments its possessor,—flatters him by making him fancy that he possesses the virtues which he can imagine in others; torments him, because it makes him feel in himself a capacity for every imaginable form of vice. Yet if it be a gift of God's (and it cannot be a gift of the devil's) it must bring some good, and perhaps the good is the capacity for sympathy with blackguards, 'publicans and sinners,' as we now euphemize them in sermons, trying, as usual, to avoid the tremendous meaning of the words by borrowing from an old English translation. To see into the inner life of these; to know their disease, not from books, but from inward and scientific anatomy, imagination may help a man. If it does that for me I shall not regret it; though it is, selfishly speaking, the most humiliating and tormenting of all talents.

"God be with you and yours,
"C. KINGSLEY."

Mr. B. Lewis, of Ongar Hill, had written to ask if the story of Santa Maura was true; "the story" he says—

"So well told, so shadowy—obliquely, rather than by narrative, with almost an incoherence that adds greatly to the interest—a sort of subdued dramatic impersonation that made me turn up all resources within reach, to contrast with it some dry hagiology of this deacon's wife. I think that it cannot be without meaning that you send it forth in the same volume with Andromeda. There is something more than suggestive in putting the two stories side by side.'"

TO B. LEWIS, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *March* 20, 1858.

"You will find what you want under the head of S. Timotheus of Mauritania, or SS. Timotheus and Maura. They are in Surius, and in the Bollandists, I suppose. It is from Surius I know them. You will find a meagre sketch of the story in the Hagiology, prefixed to Fox's 'Martyrs.'

"I have simply copied what I found, omitting a few frivolous speeches ascribed to her, and a story of her being offered marriage to a great captain, as well as details of torture which would be too painful.

"As for the '*human*' element. It seems to me that wherever human beings are concerned, there cannot well help being a human element, if folks have eyes to see it, which the martyrologists certainly had not, and, indeed, refused to have. It stirs a sad smile in me, that in the 19th century, after Christian men have been believing in the Incarnation, they should be welcoming the human element in the stories of their own heroes, as a new thought—but with a certain fear and distrust—as if, however pleasant and interesting to find Santa Maura, or Saint any one else, a human being, it wasn't quite right and proper.

"Excuse me, dear Sir, I am not laughing at *you*; but at the world in general. Your feeling is that, I suppose, of most pious people: only more kindly expressed. Verily, it is 'a mad world, my masters.'"

He himself, in his humility, thought the poems were overrated; and on receiving from a friend a very favourable review of the new volume, he says:—

"You are not wise in rating my work high. I feel in myself a deficiency of discursive fancy, which will prevent my ever being a great poet. I know I can put into singing words the plain things I see and feel; but all that faculty which Alexander Smith has (and nothing else)

—and which Shakespeare had more than any man—the power of metaphor and analogue—the instructive vision of connections between all things in heaven and earth, which poets *must* have, is very weak in me; and therefore I shall never be a great poet. And what matter? I will do what I can; but I believe you are quite right in saying that my poetry is all of me which will last. Except, perhaps, Hypatia.

"I don't know how to thank you. Cordiality is very comfortable, while one is sickened by the futilities of critics. Every one flatly contradicting the other, both when praising and when blaming! I never saw till now how worthless opinions of the press are. For if A, B, C, D, flatly contradict each other, one or more must be wrong, eh? And which is the one to believe? For instance, A says I finish carefully, and of art prepense, but want instinctive musical ear. B, that I have natural melody, but am slovenly, and so on. What is to be learned from such criticism? Yet I would gladly take a hint from any man. No one can say I am self-willed or self-conceited about these poems; I long for a guide; but where is there one? Good-bye, God bless you."

TO REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

EVERSLEY, *April* 10, 1858.

"MY DEAR STANLEY,—

"I must write and tell you the perfect pleasure with which I have read your three lectures on Ecclesiastical History, which that excellent fellow, Edward Egerton, lent me.

"It is a comfort in this dreary world to read anything so rational and fair, so genial and human; and if those Oxford youths are not the better men for such talk, they deserve the pool of Hela.

"What you say about learning ecclesiastical history by biography is most true. I owe all I really know about the history of Christianity (ante Tridentine), to thumbing and re-thumbing a copy of 'Surius' Acta Sanctorum.' In that book I found out for the first time in my life 'what they were all about.' But you have, from your greater knowledge, and wider view, a spirit of hope about it all, which sadly fails me at times; and therefore your lectures have done me good; and I thank you for them, as for personal and private consolation which I sorely wanted. God bless you and prosper you and your words."

Among the many pleasant friendships formed at this time, which sprung out of the Eversley Church services, was that of Captain Congreve, who thus recalls those Sundays:—

"It was in the spring of 1858 that Capt., now Colonel, Jebb, of the 67th, and I first began to go to Eversley Church. We used to walk over on Sunday mornings after breakfast, and then have some bread and cheese at the little public house in the village after church.

"There we discussed with our host, the parson and the village generally, and I remember his amusing us very much once, when referring to some cricket to be played in the afternoon, by saying, 'Eh, Paason, he doan't objec'—not ee—as loik as not 'e'll coom and look on, and ee do tell 'em as its a deal better to 'ave a bit o' elthy play o' a Sunday evenin' than to be a-larkin' 'ere and a-larkin' there hall hover the place a-courtin' and a-drinkin' hale.'

"Mr. Kingsley soon observed the two new faces in his church, and spoke to us one Sunday after service. From that time I think we were pretty constant guests at your Sunday luncheon-table. I shall never forget the genial, happy, unreserved intercourse of those Sunday afternoons, and I never strolled home to mess without feeling that I had come away wiser and better from the contact with that clear and kindly mind. He essentially loved men and manly pursuits, and perhaps liked soldiers, as being a class among whom manly feeling and manly virtues were cultivated.

"The Staff College was then in its infancy, and had perhaps gathered together a few of the best educated, hardest working, and most ambitious young men in the service.

"Mr. Kingsley was very soon a welcome and an honoured guest at our mess. He entered into our studies, popularised our geology, and was an able critic on questions of military history. Not only that, however,—head work needs physical relaxation. He told us the best meets of the hounds, the nearest cut to the cover, the best trout streams, and the home of the largest pike. Many an hour have I spent pleasantly and profitably on the College lakes with him. Every fly that lit on the boat-side, every bit of weed that we fished up, every note of wood-bird, was suggestive of some pretty bit of information on the habits, and growth, and breeding of the thousand unnoticed forms of life around.

"I am ashamed of having been able to say so little on a matter which is to me so abiding a satisfaction, so ever pleasant a memory as my friendship with your late husband.

"I did not write to you in that sad time when he was taken from us, partly because I knew you were yourself sick almost unto death, and partly because I felt that a great and popular man had many friends, and that letters of condolence might be multiplied beyond all reasonable convenience.

"Yours truly,

"W. CONGREVE."

His youngest son, Grenville Arthur, for whom, in course of time, "The Waterbabies" and "Madam How" were written, was born this spring, and named after his godfather, Dean Stanley, and Sir Richard Grenvil, one of the heroes of "Westward Ho!" from whom Mrs. Kingsley's family claimed descent.

A new novel was now projected on the subject of the Pilgrimage of Grace, which made it necessary for him to go into Yorkshire for a few days to identify places and names. This was his only holiday for the year, and thanks to the kindness of his friend, Mr. (now the Rt. Hon.) W. E. Forster, and Mr. Morrison, of Malham, it was a very charming one, combining antiquities, manufactures, scenery, and fishing, with the facts he had to make out. The novel was partly written, but never finished.

BURLEY, WHARFSIDE, *July*, 1858.

"At a most delicious place, and enjoying good society and a good library, with some very valuable books. . . . . Tell the children I have just seen—oh! I don't know what I hav'nt seen—the largest water-wheel in England, making light summer over-coats for the Yankees and Germans. I am in a state of bewilderment—such machinery as no tongue can describe, about three acres of mills and a whole village of people, looking healthy, rosy, and happy; such a charming half-time school for the children, library for the men, &c. Tell R. I saw the wool as it came off the sheep's back in Leicestershire, followed it till it was turned into an 'alpaca' coat, and I don't care to see conjuring or magic after that. The country is glorious. . . . . ."

"We had a delightful day at Bolton yesterday, and saw the Abbey. Tell R. I jumped over the Strid where young Romilly was drowned. Make her learn Wordsworth's ballad on it, 'What is good for a bootless bene'? I like the F.'s more and more—happily for me he is a great genealogist, and we are making out lots about the Askes and Cliffords, and every one, and the subject gets clearer day by day. We go off to-morrow for a walking excursion into the High Craven. This is the most noble and beautiful of counties, and such pleasant people. Tell R. and M. I have gathered them plants from Bolton Abbey."

MALHAM HOUSE, SKIPTON, *July* 5.

"Here I am at a most charming place, built by old Lord Ribblesdale —now belonging to Mr. Morrison, an Oxford First Class man, son of

Mr. M. of Basildon. The house looks out of fir woods and limestone scars over a lake a mile square, and simply the best trout fishing I ever have seen. It belonged to the old monks of Fountains, and will come into the book with the old Percys and Cliffords connected with it. My largest fish to-day was 1½lb. (a cold north-wester); but with a real day I could kill 50lbs. Unfortunately it wants all my big lake flies, which I, never expecting such a treat, left at home. I have got such flowers! Actea spicata, for instance. To-morrow I may get some fresh species."

July 6.

"Here I am still (after having been to church at Horton in Ribblesdale). All that I have heard of the grandeur of Godale Scar and Malham Cove, was, I found, not exaggerated. The awful cliff filling up the valley with a sheer cross wall of 280 feet, and from beneath a black lip at the foot, the whole river Air coming up, clear as crystal, from unknown abysses. Its real source is, I suppose, in the great lake above, Malham Tarn, on which I am going to-morrow. The fishing is the best in the whole earth. Last night we went up Ingleborough, 2380, and saw the whole world to the west, the lake mountains, and the western sea beyond Lancaster and Morecambe Bay for miles. There was a cap on Scawfell forty miles away which has ended in heavy rain to-day. The people are the finest I ever saw—tall, noble, laconic, often very handsome. Very musical too, the women with the sweetest voices in speech which I have ever heard. I trust Rose has got her letter; I sent it down to Settle by a man. . . . ."

"Back again at Wharfdale after three delightful days with Morrison at Malham. I came home last night, twenty-five miles through Skipton. I have just been over to Denton—a noble place—a situation as fine as Bramshill—house just like Bryanstone, with beautiful pictures; such a delicious Andromeda, I longed for you to see it; and some very fine Dutch landscapes. One blue Breughel seemed most valuable. Then a park full of noble timber and deer, the Wharfe below, and opposite mountain a thousand feet high. I never saw a more perfect paradise. . . . . Thanks for the dear letters. What you say about subjectivity being so delicious is so womanly; *you* ought to feel that, and I perhaps ought to feel, as I do, the value of the outward world; and so you can help me, and I you, and both together make one humanity. . . . . I long to be back. I feel restless and reckless away from home, and all the more because I have no time for 'subjectivity.' My days are spent in taking in *facts*, and plenty of them I have got. That wonderful Malham Tarn will come into the book and all around it. It belonged to the monks of

Fountains. I go to Ripon Saturday, Fountains Monday, York Tuesday, and then have all the East Riding to do. . . . . I must stay till I have seen all I want. It would be folly to go home without the materials for which I came. . . . . ."

"Here I am at Hull after having made a rush. I have seen Ripon, Fountains, Thirsk, Helmsley Castle, Rivaulx Abbey, Malton, the Wolds, Walton Priory, Beverley, and the most beautiful churches I ever saw—more than I have ever done in a given time, and now Hull. I can make out everything but Hull. One labyrinth of docks and streets, with not a trace of what it was in Henry VIII.'s time. I have done my work well. The book grows on me. I see my way now as clear as day. How I will write when I get home. Love to R. and M., and the Baby."

After his return home a lady of an old Roman Catholic family sent him through a common friend some curious facts for his book, but expressed her fears that his strong Protestant sympathies would prevent his doing justice to her co-religionists. He thus acknowledges her help in a letter to Mr. C. Kegan Paul :—

EVERSLEY, *October*, 1858.

"Will you thank Mrs. **** most heartily from me for all she has found out for me. The Merlin's prophecy about Aske is invaluable. The Miltons I don't know of, and would gladly know. The York documents about the Pilgrimage of Grace have got, I hear, to Durham, at least there are none to be found in the Chapter Library at York.

"But let her understand—if it be any comfort to her—that I shall in this book do the northern Catholics ample justice; that Robert and Christopher Aske, both good Romanists, are my heroes, and Robert the Rebel my special hero. I can't withdraw what I said in 'Westward Ho,' because it is true. Romanism under the Jesuits became a different thing from what it had been before. Of course Mrs. **** does not know that, and why should she?

"But I fear she will be as angry as ever, though really she is most merciful and liberal, at my treatment of the monks. I love the old Catholic Laity: I did full justice to their behaviour at the Armada juncture; but I know too much of those shavelings, and the worst is, I know, as Wolsey knew, and every one knew, things one dare'nt tell the world, much less a woman. So judgment must go by default, as I cannot

plead, for decency's sake. Still, tell her that had I been born and bred a Yorkshire Catholic, I should probably—unless I had been a coward—have fought to the last drop at Robert Aske's side. But this philosophy only gives one a habit of feeling for every one, without feeling with them, and I can now love Robert Aske, though I think him as wrong as man can be, who is a good man and true."

A correspondence with his friend, Mr. John Hullah, about setting his songs to music, may, though the letters are slight, be interesting to some. In the summer of 1857 he had written:

"You are perfectly welcome, my dear Hullah, to set any of my songs you choose. Those that have been set by others hitherto have quite dissatisfied me. I have neither part nor lot in them, nor wish to have. . . . . I am much pleased to hear of the success of the song.* I have heard of it from other quarters beside you; so that the public voice seems pretty unanimous. But I take no share of the credit. Words are nought without music and singing; and it is to you and Miss Dolby that the praise is due. Pray present my compliments to her, and thanks for the honour to which she has brought me by her (so I hear) marvellous voice and science. I hope some day to hear her myself. As it is, I have not been at a concert this ten years: seldom in London, and then always over-busy, and getting no 'amusement' there. My amusement is green fields and clear trout streams, and the gallop through the winter fir-woods; and perhaps this free healthy life makes my little lark's pipe all the fresher and clearer when it tries a song."

EVERSLEY, *March*, 1858.

"I write to thank you in Mrs. Kingsley's name, as well as my own, for 'The Starlings.' I have no doubt we shall like them as well as we did 'The Three Fishers,' and more than that I cannot say. I only heard 'The Fishers' sung a few weeks ago for the first time, and was much delighted. It was the only setting which I have heard which at all rendered what I wanted to say, and entered into the real feeling of the words. And there seemed to me in it much true music, simple, noble, and original.

"Your approbation of my poems gives me very great pleasure. I feel more and more inclined to suspect that they are what I can do

* "Oh! that we two were maying."

Song.

I.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are ~~[illegible]~~ longing and wringing their hands,
For those that will never come back to the town.
For men must work, & women must weep.
And the sooner its over, the sooner gon sleep,
And goodbye to the bar & its moaning.

June 26/57

Wessley

Fac Simile of the Original Manuscript of The Three Fishers by Charles Kingsley

HENRY S KING & CO CORNHILL, LONDON

best, and that I am, like Camille Desmoulins, 'une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers,' and only likely to get myself into the wars by meddling with politics and lofty matters, only to be handled by Disraelis and Clanricardes. The public has been very kind as yet about the poems, and Heaven knows I have been humble enough about them; for it was in exceeding fear, and only after long solicitations, that I put them forth. And I am more dissatisfied with them than any critic can be. Farewell and prosper."

December 30, 1858.

"Why not do as you like about the Ballad?* It is too long for singing, that is certain. And a bystander like you is the best judge of what verses it can best spare. But if it has a public *début*, I should like it first to be heard as a *whole*. I hope it is meant for a man's voice. It would be quite out of place in a woman's mouth.

"You have made it rollicking, you say. My idea of the music, as I wrote it, was a doleful sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I did'nt want. I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian.

"Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and yet with a half-comic manner. How to do that in poetry I know. You will find its perfection in Goethe's Plundersweilen Fair, especially the gipsy songs. Of music I know nought. . . . . There can be no orthography for a Carib word—for why? Y^e^ Caribs did not spell or use any letters at all. Ergo—Every man may render their tongue as freely as some missionaries do those of ye cannibals when they publish vocabularies intelligible to none less than to the cannibals themselves.

"Boucan signified, if I recollect right, a wooden stage, which the mahogany cutters put up round one of the giant swamp mahoganies when they went about to fell it. Moreover, it meant a stage on which they and the logwood cutters and bull-hunters slept. Moreover, one on which they dried the strips of beef, on which they lived like beasts of prey, and were so-called boucaniers, or what you will. You may find excellent accounts of them—well worth reading—in Thornbury's 'Monarchs of the Main,' or Angus Reach's 'Leonard Lindsay.'

"As for the song, I have no man to sing it to me, but don't doubt it is excellent. I don't think you could have selected verses better."

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* "The Last Buccaneer." Poems, p. 320.

EVERSLEY, *September* 2.

"MY DEAR HULLAH,

"I am very glad you like the song. I am sure your music will be better than my verse. But did the refrain of the copy I sent you run thus?

'So gallop, good horse; and
Gallop, good horse;
While hark . . . . . .
The lark sings . . . . . .
And the wide world waits for the morning?'

"Was the first line in? I think it is better, as giving the picture, and also the sound of the horse's feet. I want to insert the line thus—

'Riding the forest *to meet with mine own*,
So gallop good horse, and *gallop good horse*,
While hark, hark, hark,
The lark sings high in the dark.'

"Of course the gallop, &c., comes in at the latter part of each verse, not at the beginning. But if you wish it left out altogether I shall succumb to your superior wit. Will this do?

'Hark, Hark, Hark,
The lark sings high in the dark,
The were-wolves mutter,
The night-birds moan:
The Raven croaks from the Raven-stone,' &c.

"I think the weirdness of the first new line will make the contrast stronger with the lark. Query—'Night-birds,' or 'Night-hawks?'

"I like the latter as more distinct. I shall send you another song some day. I am gotten quite well, and my wits are coming back to me. I see you want a name. I simply called it 'The Knight's Return.' If you do not approve of that you are welcome to rechristen it. 'The Midnight Lark' would be exactly true, only so it would be of 'Tom and Jerry.' I don't think that would do.

"Would 'St. John's Eve' do? for, on that night, the lark, they say, sings all night long. The lark sings in the dark during the summer solstice. It was from hearing him do it that the song was taken."

TO REV. ——.

Oct. 19, 1858.

"DEAR SIR,—A common reviewer, however complimentary or abusive, would have elicited no answer from me; but in your notice of me there is, over and above undeserved kind words, an evident earnestness to speak the truth and do good, which makes me write frankly to you. You have

used that to me painful, if not offensive term, Muscular Christianity. My dear sir, I know of no Christianity save one, which is the likeness of Christ; and the same for all men, viz., to be transformed into Christ's likeness, and to consecrate to his service, as far as may be, all the powers of body, soul, and spirit, regenerate and purified by His Spirit.

"All I wish to do is to say to the strong and healthy man, even though he be not very learned, or wise, or even delicate minded, in the æsthetic sense, 'You, too, can serve God with the powers which He has given you; He will call you to account for them, just as much as He will call the parsons, or the devout lady.'

"You seem to be of the same mind as some good-natured youth, who, reviewing me, said that I must have never known aught but rude health—never had an ache in my life—as if one could know health without having known sickness, or joy without having known sorrow!

"Sir, I do not often obtrude *myself* upon strangers, but I will say this: May God grant that you may never go through what I have done, of sickness, weakness, misery, physical, mental, and spiritual. You fancy that I cannot sympathise with the struggles of an earnest spirit, fettered, tormented, crushed to the very earth by bodily weakness and sickness. If I did not, I were indeed a stupid and a bad man; for my life for fifteen years was nothing else but that struggle. But what if when God gave to me suddenly and strangely health of body and peace of mind, I learnt what a priceless blessing that same *corpus sanum* was, and how it helped, humiliating as the confession may be to spiritual pride, to the producing of the *mentem sanam*. What if I felt bound to tell those who had enjoyed all their life that health which was new to me, what a debt they owed to God, how they must and how they might pay that debt? Whom have I wronged in so doing? What, too, if it has pleased God that I should have been born and bred, and have lived ever since, in the tents of Esau? What if—by no choice of my own—my relations and friends have been the hunters and fighters? What if during a weakly youth, I was forced to watch—for it was always before my eyes—Esau rejoicing in his strength, and casting away his birthright for a mess of pottage? What if by long living with him, I have learned to love him as my own soul, to understand him, his capabilities, his weaknesses? Whom have I wronged therein? What if I said to myself, Jacob has a blessing, but Esau has one also, though his birthright be not his, and what blessing he has, he shall know of, that he may earn it? Jacob can do well enough without me. He has some fifteen thousand clergy, besides dissenting preachers, taking care of him (though he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and understands sharp practice now as well as he did in his father

Isaac's time), and telling him that *he* is the only ideal; and that Esau is a poor profane blackguard, only fit to have his blood poured out like water on Crimean battle-fields, while Jacob sits comfortably at home, making money and listening to those who preach smooth things to him? And what if when I tried, I found that Esau would listen to me—that he had a heart as well as Jacob—that he would come to hear me preach, would ask my advice, would tell me his sorrows, would talk to me about his mother, and what he had learnt at his mother's knee, because he felt that I was at least one of like passions with himself—who had been tempted in all points as he was—and with *many sins?* What if he told me at the same time that he could not listen to Jacob's private chaplains—that he did not understand them, or they him—that he looked on them with alternate fear and contempt? If I said to myself more and more clearly as the years rolled on, 'I will live for Esau and with Esau. If I be called a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners, there is One above me who was called the same, and to Him I commit myself and my work. It is enough for me that He knows my purpose, and that on Crimean battle-fields and Indian marches poor Esau has died with a clearer conscience and a lighter heart for the words which I have spoken to him.' If I have said this, whom have I wronged? I have no grudge against Jacob and his preachers; only when I read the third chapter of Revelations and the seventeenth verse, I tremble for him and for England, knowing well that on Jacob depends the well-being of England, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual, and that my poor Esau is at best, food for powder. God help him!

"But surely there is room in God's kingdom for him, and for one parson—though, thank God, there is more than one—who will teach him what God requires of him. Therefore my mind is made up. As long as Esau comes to me as to a friend; and as long as Esau's mother comes to me to save her child from his own passions and appetites —would God that I could do it—so long shall I labour at that which—even if I cannot do it well—seems to me the only thing which I can do. . . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *December* 30, 1858.

"I am up to the ears—in spite of the length of those members in me, which I fear increases—in preparing a new volume of sermons for the press. I purpose to call them sermons on the 'Good News of God"—a clumsy title, but the only one which expresses what I mean. I have taken far more pains with them than with any former ones, and

have selected them out of very many. I should like very much for you to see them in proof. I am much afraid of being doctrinally wrong here and there, and leaving a word on which a charge of heresy might be grounded, which could do no good, and might do harm. And as I speak far more boldly in them than I ever yet have done, I have to be all the more careful. Your Sermons on Sacrifice I thirst for, but they are not yet come.

"We have had a most blessed Christmas. F. well enough to enjoy our Christmas parish party, and work in the garden again; and your godson come home with an admirable character and two prizes. My cup runs over. God grant that I may *not throw it over*, as I expect surely to do some day, by my own laziness, thanklessness, and self-indulgence. God bless you, and Mrs. Maurice, and give you all you need."

TO SIR WILLIAM COPE.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *December* 19, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM COPE,

"I set to work on the question which you started about Augustine; and am sufficiently puzzled by it to prove my own words, 'that I do not know Augustine well.' I cannot find, by index, the passage which your friend quotes.* But I do find, as I thought I should, the curious and valuable chapter (De Civitate Dei, Lib. XVI., Cap. 8), in which he discusses the question of Sciapods, Monopods, Monoculi, Androgynæ, and other monsters, and concludes, philosophically enough, that one is not bound to believe that they exist, and if they do exist, it is not proven that they are men.

"The only monsters similar to the 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders' of Shakespeare, which he mentions there, are the Cynocephali, which he boldly says are animals, and no doubt he is right, the Cynocephalus being nothing but the great gregarious baboon of Africa. He speaks as having seen them and doubtless had.

"I did not see what reference your friend gave. I should be very much obliged indeed if you would kindly let me see it, as I do not like to leave such questions half worked out.

* This letter and the following were an answer to this note:—"As you may possibly see Mr. Kingsley to-morrow, I should be glad if he or you could throw any light on the following passage from St. Augustine, 'Sermones ad Fratres in Eremo,' the 37th: Ecce ego jam jam Episcopus Hipponensis eram et cum quibusdam Servis Christi ad Æthiopiam perrexi ut iis Sanctum Christi Evangelium prædicarem et *Vidimus* ibi *multos* homines ac mulieres capita non habentes sed oculos grossos fixos in pectore, cætera membra æqualia nobis habentes. Vidimus et in inferioribus partibus Æthiopiæ homines unum oculum tantum in fronte habentes.—Yours ever, A. TREVOR CRISPIN."

"I have run my eye over the miracles which he mentions as having occurred under his own eyes, in the De C. Dei, Lib. XXII., Cap. 8; and again in the De Sanctis, the Sermo VII. (Relatio de Miraculis S. Stephani). I find but three, the one of the blind man cured at the Intervention of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, which he also mentions with additions in his Confessions, Lib. IX., Cap. 7, and of which, if I recollect right, Ambrose also writes, as of course he would. Next, a cured fistula on one Innocentius 'exadvocatus vicariæ præfecturæ' (some sort of lawyer, I conclude)—in answer to fervent prayer—which he tells with a dramatic feeling and power worthy of him; and thirdly, the cure, by means of the relics of St. Stephen, of a young man and woman afflicted by shaking palsy from their mother's womb. That he saw and believed these three there can be no doubt. The other stories which he tells rest on the same evidence as most other post-scriptural ones. God forbid that I should deny them. How can I limit the wonders of grace, who find daily the wonders of nature beyond my comprehension or expectation?

"Only, knowing from mediæval records, and still more from the stories of the Indian massacres (which, as fields for judging of evidence, I have looked into somewhat closely), how very difficult it is to get at truth, when people have once made up their minds what they would like to be true; knowing this, I say, I think one may, without irreverence, preserve a 'stoic epoché' on the matter, reserving one's judgment for more light, and meanwhile neither affirming or denying.

"Excuse this long epistle."

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1858.

"I met Crispin to-day, and told him the result of my research.

"The Frobenius edition of 'St. Augustine,' which I have, says that *all* the Ep. ad Fratres in Eremo are spurious, 'have nothing of Augustine in them, and have been written by some one who wished to cry up the Augustine Order.'

"On the latter point I (and probably the Frobenian editor) can know nothing; on the former, I will vouch that letter 37 has not a line of Augustine's writing in it. I never read them before, but the style is utterly unlike his, and in places very weak, which *he* never is.

"I am glad to find them spurious, for on receiving your second letter, I said to myself thus—perhaps too much after the fashion of a German critic—*I will not believe* that the man who wrote the chapter on Monsters in the 'City of God,' ever wrote the passage Crispin attributes to him. I know from reason that passage to be a *direct lie*. I will not believe that Augustine ever told one, a priori and a posteriori I will not believe it, in the face of what he says on the same subject in the 'City of

God.' So it was a comfort to find my own prejudicium corroborated by the Frobenian, and to be able to leave—as far as that passage is concerned—the miracle of S. Gervasius and S. Protasius on its old ground. But the part of your letter which deserves a long answer, longer than I can give, is what you say about natural science and Buckland. It is exceedingly comfortable to me, who knew nothing of him, as proving him to have been the wise man I always believed him.

"As for the fact—my doctrine has been for years, if I may speak of myself—that 'omnia exeunt in mysterium' (a saying, I think, attributed to Augustine); that below all natural phenomena, we come to a transcendental—in plain English, a miraculous ground. I argued this once with Professor H., who supported the materialist view, and is a consummate philosopher; and I did not find that he shook me in the least.

"This belief was first forced on me by investigating the generation of certain polypes of a very low order. I found absolute Divine miracle at the bottom of all; and no *cause*, save that of a supremely *imaginative* (if I may so speak), as well as Almighty *mind*, carrying out its own ideas; but gravitation, or the simplest law, will show the same truth. What *efficient cause* is there that all matter should attract matter? Why should it not repel matter? The only answer is, that God has so willed; and if we come to *final* causes, there is no better answer than the old mystic one, that God has imprest the Law of *Love*, which is the law of His own being, on matter, that it may be a type of the spiritual world when healthy, and of the kingdom of heaven.

"I am deeply touched by what you say as to the miracles of grace. It is all true, and most necessary to be preached now—to me as well as to others; for one is apt to forget grace in nature, the unseen in the seen. As you say,—after the crowning miracle of this most blessed night, all miracles are possible.

"The miracle of this night was possible because God's love was absolute, infinite, unconquerable, able to condescend to anything, that good might be done; and who (who calls himself a true philosopher) dare limit that Love and power by any Laws of Time? Miracles, in the vulgar acceptation of the term, may have ceased. But only for a time. I cannot but believe that, should there come once more in the Church's history, a 'dignus Deo vindice nodus,' we should have miracles once more, and find them, not arbitrary infractions, but the highest development, of that will of God whose lowest manifestations we call the Laws of Nature, though really they are no Laws of Nature, but merely customs of God; which He can alter as and when He will.

"Excuse my thus running on. But this Christmas night is the one of

all the year which sets a physicist, as I am, on facing the fact of miracle; and which delivers him from the bonds of sense and custom, by reminding him of God made man. That you and I and all belonging to us may reap the full benefit of that arch-miracle is my prayer. What better one can I have?"

The year may close with the testimony of a Cambridge B.A. to "Westward Ho!" Such good words coming at intervals were a great help and stimulus to a man who always depreciated his own work, and was unconscious of his own influence.

LIVERPOOL, 1858.

"SIR,

"I have just, for perhaps the sixth time, read your book of 'Westward Ho!' and I thank you for it from my heart; save one, it is a book which has touched me to more of feeling, and done to me more of good, as I think, than any other.

"I also sail Westward ho, on a less glorious quest than Amyas'; but, by God's grace, I will be there Christian and Englishman.

"Farewell, sir; and again I thank you; if I live to come back and find you alive I hope to have speech of you; if not—— Had I written such a book I would gladly be thanked in such a manner.

"I am, your faithful and obliged,

"———— ————,

"B.A. Cambridge."

CHAPTER XIX.

1859.

AGED 40.

SANITARY WORK—FIRST SERMON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—QUEEN'S CHAPLAINCY—FIRST VISIT TO WINDSOR—LETTER FROM COLONEL A. JONES—LETTER TO AN ATHEIST—CORRESPONDENCE WITH ARTISTS—CHARLES BENNETT, FREDERICK SHIELDS—ARCHIDIACONAL ENCROACHMENTS—LETTER TO THE RURAL DEAN AND THE BISHOP—LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION—LETTER FROM JOHN STUART MILL—LETTERS TO MR. SHIELDS, MR. BULLAR, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU—LETTERS ON MARRIAGE.

"What would become of mankind if the arena where must be fought out the great battle of right against wrong should be deserted by the champions of the good cause with—disguise it as we may—the selfish motive of rendering easier to their souls the struggle which all earnest men must wage to the end against their own infirmities? Rather did he emulate the heroism of those who, throwing themselves into the press of human affairs, strike with all their might, and to their last hour, against ignorance, folly, oppression, and are able to say with Sir Galahad,—

'So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale;
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy grail.'

And those who thus fight on to the end, content to die in their harness, and in the ranks of the faithful, will also be enabled to say with the pure knight—

'And stricken by an angel's hand
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this form and eyes,
Are touched, are turned, to finest air.'"

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

CHAPTER XIX.

As years went on he devoted time, thought, and influence more and more to Sanitary science; the laws of health, and the enfranchisement of men's bodies from disease and dirt, and their inevitable consequences of sin, misery, and physical if not spiritual death, became more important in his eyes than any Political reforms. He lectured at the different institutes in the diocese of Winchester on the laws of health, rather than on literary and scientific matters, and attended the first public meeting in Willis's Rooms of the Ladies' National Sanitary Association, where he made a speech that was afterwards published under the title of "The Massacre of the Innocents."

This year, 1859, was an altogether important one to him. On Palm Sunday he preached for the first time before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, and was shortly afterwards made one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. He now took his turn as Queen's Chaplain in the services at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and preached in the autumn before the Court in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. On this occasion he had the honour of being presented to the Queen and the Prince Consort, and to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, then staying at Windsor, and from that hour to his dying day he received marks of Royal kindness and condescension, the memory of which will be an heirloom to his children. To a man of his fine imagination and deep loyalty, who had sounded the depths of society, and whose increasing popularity as an author, and power as a preacher, had given him a large acquaintance with all ranks, this new phase in his life seemed to come just to complete the cycle of his experiences. But while its result was, in a certain sense, to establish his position and

enlarge his influence, on his own character it had a humbling rather than exalting effect. From this time there was a marked difference in the tone of the public press, religious and otherwise, towards him: and though he still waged war as heretofore against bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance, and was himself unchanged, the attacks on him from outside were less frequent and generally less bitter.

The events of this year, uninteresting to the outside world, but each important to himself in giving colour to his daily life and leaving its own mark on his heart and imagination, are soon told. He sent his eldest son to Wellington College, which had opened in the winter, and where the scheme of education, due much to the wise influence of the Prince Consort, was more consonant to his own views for his son, being of a wider and more modern character than that of the older and more venerable public schools. He was present at the marriage of his friend Max Müller and a beloved niece,* who spent the first week of their married life at Eversley Rectory; and he preached them their wedding sermon, giving them their first communion as man and wife, in his own church. Dean Stanley (then Canon of Christ Church, Oxford) paid him his first visit at Eversley. His acquaintance with Lord Cranworth and with Lord Carnarvon, to whom he became more and more attached as time went on, was made this year. In the autumn, with his wife, he spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson in the Isle of Wight; but having no curate, his holiday was short, and more than once he broke down from overwork; the excitement too of the Sundays, and his full church, overpowered him. He shrunk from the bustle of London, refused all sermons there, and withdrew from politics.

"I have not been to town," he said, "for more than two days in the last nine months. I see no chance of preaching there, I am happy to say, for a long time, save next Sunday, when I preach to the Queen. As for politics, I heed them not. The only politician now living is the

* The G. to whom the lines were written beginning—

"A hasty jest I once let fall,
As jests are wont to be, untrue."—To G., "Poems," p. 236.

Lord of all; and He has principle and principles; whoever has not. It is a fearful look out when God has to govern a nation because it cannot govern itself. . . . ."

Notwithstanding fair prospects and outward distinction, he clung more and more passionately to his country home—the "far off look," and longing for rest and reality, and for the unfolding of the mystery of life grew stronger upon him, and he said more frequently to his wife "How blessed it will be when it is all over!" With his children, however, he was always bright and merry. To his friend, Mr. Tom Hughes, he writes this summer, on the 12th of June:—

"This is my fortieth birthday. What a long life I have lived! and silly fellows that review me say that I can never have known ill-health or sorrow. I have known enough to make me feel very old—happy as I am now; and I am very happy. . . . ."

Among other valued friendships formed this year was that of Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Jones,* a hero whom he delighted to honour, who had won his Victoria Cross in India. While at Sandhurst he walked over constantly to Church at Eversley, and thus recalls his intercourse with Mr. Kingsley:—

FROM COLONEL JONES, V.C.

ABENBURY COTTAGE, WREXHAM, *February* 23, 1876.

"DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

"In proposing so kindly to associate my unworthy name with that revered one of which you write, you are really doing me too much honour; but I wish I had preserved a letter or two of his which I could send in response to your request. Alas! I have not more of his writing than the words, 'from the author,' in two volumes of the Sermons which I associate with that earnest and melodious voice in the dear quaint little old church at Eversley. Long before I could hope to make the acquaintance of their author, I had read 'Alton Locke,'

* Colonel Jones won his Victoria Cross, when Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, by gallantry in the field at the action of Budlee-ke-Serai during the Indian Mutiny, and at a later period, in the battle of Agra, when he was wounded by a shot, cut down, and afterwards received twenty-two sword cuts.

'Yeast,' and 'Westward Ho!' on the plains of India, or during pleasant rambles amid the glorious scenery of the Himalayas; and 'Two Years Ago,' is embalmed in my memory with the sweet voice of a gentle lady who used to read it aloud between my bed and that of a wounded comrade in the Moti Mutjid, a pure white marble temple, which was converted into our temporary hospital, at Agra.

"I can recollect the remarkable influence of the books I have named upon the characters of brother officers who did not survive, as many others have done, to pass, like myself, from the novels to the sermons, and I am sure you need not search long in the 'Army' or 'Navy Lists' for men who thoroughly appreciate the honest, manly standard of duty set forth in all the writings of Charles Kingsley.

"Probably the more common type of spiritual guide is useful in his way—preaching maxims of expediency and conventionality mixed up with the sacred writings of his particular creed: but I know numbers of men, and some women, too, whose hearts can only be touched by a voice which proclaims the moral duty of trying to do *right*, simply because it *is* right, without any regard for consequences—men who see their God's will not in an arbitrary classification by ticket for heaven or hell, but in the gradual discipline which shall sooner or later subdue every evil passion, and reduce human irregularities to that kind of order and self-control which is exemplified, for our instruction, by the operation of every law of nature. I do not mean to imply that Kingsley's creed began and ended in such vague terms as those, but that his honesty and charity were such as to create points of contact between his sphere of thought, and that of one increasing class of men who recoil from any more definite expression of what is called religion than consists in the hope 'That somewhere good will be the final goal of all,' &c. His unfeigned humility and directness of purpose could not fail to be recognised by all who had the happiness to come in contact with him; and the example of his Master in associating with publicans and sinners ought to be borne in mind by any who may feel disposed to complain of his having found common ground and friendly intercourse with so many who did not wear his cloth. . . . . ."

A correspondence with an intelligent artizan, an avowed atheist, and editor of an atheist newspaper in one of the manufacturing towns in the north, is unfortunately lost, with the exception of Mr. Kingsley's last letter, in answer to one telling him that his correspondent had in common with his class read "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia," with interest, from "their fresh-

ness of thought and honesty, which seemed to place them above the factions of creed, while breathing the same spirit of Christian kindness which Fenelon and Dr. Arnold practised." "Such perusal," he added, "makes us better men."

EVERSLEY, *January* 15, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I should have answered so frank and manly a letter before, but my father's sudden and severe illness called me away from home. I hope that you and your friends will not always remain Atheists. . . . It is a barren, heartless, hopeless creed, as a creed—though a man may live long in it without being heartless or hopeless himself. Still, he will never be the man he ought to have been; and therefore it is bad for him and not good. But what I want to say to you is this, and I do want to say it. Whatever doubt or doctrinal Atheism you and your friends may have, don't fall into moral Atheism. Don't forget the Eternal Goodness, whatever name you may call it. I call it God. Or if you even deny an Eternal Goodness, don't forget or neglect such goodness as you find in yourselves—not an honest, a manly, a loving, a generous, a patient feeling. For your own sakes, if not for God's sake, keep alive in you the sense of what is, and you know to be, good, noble, and beautiful. I don't mean beautiful in 'art,' but beautiful in morals. If you will keep that moral sense—that sense of the beauty of goodness, and of man's absolute duty to be good, then all will be as God wills, and all will come right at last. But if you lose that—if you begin to say, 'Why should not I be quarrelsome and revengeful? why should I not be conceited and insolent? why should I not be selfish and grasping? then you will be Atheists indeed, and what to say to you I shall not know. But from your letter, and from the very look of your handwriting, I augur better things; and even hope that you will not think me impertinent if I send you a volume of my own Sermons to think over manfully and fairly. It seems to me (but I may flatter myself) that you cannot like my books, as you say you do, and yet be what I call moral Atheists.

"Mind, if there is anything in this letter which offends you, don't take fire, but write and ask me (if you think it worth while) what I mean. In looking it through I see several things which (owing to the perversion of religious phrases in these days) you may misunderstand, and take your friend for your foe.

"At all events, I am, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

Artists now often consulted him, and among them Charles Henry Bennett, then struggling with poverty and the needs of a large young family, a man full of genius, who began by illustrating children's books, then went on the staff of "Punch," and died a few years since, greatly regretted. His letters, followed by a visit to Eversley, led to Mr. Kingsley's offering to write him a preface to an Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress, for which he had some difficulty in getting a publisher, but on this offer Messrs. Longman undertook to bring out the work at once.

TO CHARLES H. BENNETT, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *January* 23, 1859.

". . . I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan Epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form. I am, in taste, a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again. But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form, with German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness. I say Greek and German (*i.e.*, fifteenth and sixteenth century German) because those two are the only two root-schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth century,) which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work, must study, copy, and surpass them.

"Now in Bunyan there is a strong German (Albert Dürer) element which you must express, viz., 1st, a tendency to the grotesque in imagination; 2nd, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life. This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e.g.*, Shakespeare and Dante, and the portraits, and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian, the triumvirate of portrait-painting. You find the same in Correggio. He never idealises, *i.e.*, abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place. You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery

if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ.

"But there is another, of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart, as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr. Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to medievalize them—silly fellows. What has Bunyan to do with the Middle Age? He writes for all ages, he is full of an eternal humanity, and that eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues. I don't mean that you are to Grecianize their dress, any more than medievalize it. No. And here comes an important question.

"Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye, as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to old prophets and martyrs, was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas, whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant, kindly."

ST. LEONARDS, *April* 1, 1859.

"I saw Longman the other day hunting his hounds, and we had a talk about you and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I shall be ready for you some time this summer. Do you know the old cuts of the 'Pèlerinage de l'homme,' from which Bunyan took his idea? They have been lately republished. I will show them to you when you come down to me.

"I like your heads well. I really have had no time to write to you before, having been half insane with parish work and confirmation classes. I think Mr. Worldly Wiseman excellent, and 'the Lust of the Eye,' ditto. 'Mr. Gripeman' is too handsome. I think you want a more sharp, comprest, and cruel lip. But the general shape of the face is good. It is very like Alva, who was a cruel man, and a rigid pedant.

"I think you must have more smirk about Smoothman's face; and should certainly shave him, all but a very neat little imperial. The 'Lust of the Flesh,' is hardly animal enough. I have generally seen with strong

animal passion, a tendency to high cheek-bone; but only in a dark woman. Yours may stand for a blonde type; but even then I should prefer a lower forehead. I should take the 'Pride of Life' for an older woman, and a much stouter one. Give her very full features and bust. As it is, your 'Pride of Life' has more animal passion than the 'Lust of the Flesh;' indeed, beyond that of vacuity, she has not much. She would be gad-about and vain enough, but not pompous and magnificent. Besides, she is a low type, and you should have the highest you can get. You see I criticise freely. I liked your 'Vanity Fair' sketches (in words) very much. Embody them in lines, and you will indeed do well. Do you know Walker's 'Analysis of Female Beauty?' It is a valuable book, and has much which would help any man.

"We are delighted with your books,* and with Mr. Morley's admirable 'Fairy Tales.'† Tell Mr. Morley how charmed I am with his stories, and that the best of them all, if he will receive it, is 'Dick and Doll'—quite perfect, as a bit of true art and true humanity. Mrs. Kingsley and I have made it a household word between us.

"A friend of mine, a Mr. Shields, is trying his hand at the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the photos of his designs which he has sent me, are most beautiful. I wish you and he together would illustrate the 'Fairy Queen.' You might make a standard edition of it. . . ."

The following letter to the Bishop of the Diocese (Bishop Sumner) on a question of Archidiaconal authority, of which Mr. Kingsley was very jealous, requires explanation. The printed questions referred to were not only with regard to the fabric of the Church and Church accommodation, which was strictly within the province of the Archdeacon, and to the efficiency of the schools, weekly and Sunday; but required in addition, information as to how the work of the parish was carried on—the plans of "pastoral visiting of the sick and whole,"—the number of district visitors—whether the visiting was by systematic plan conducted by communicants or otherwise, &c., &c.—what Missionary Meetings were held?—how often, and on what plan? &c. When "Essays and Reviews" came out at a later period, and papers were sent round by the Archdeacon for the signatures of the clergy, Mr. Kingsley again protested against this Archidiaconal encroachment, as he considered it.

* "The Nursery Book," "Æsop's Fables," "Greedy Jim," &c. Illustrated by Charles Bennett.

† "Old Fairy Tales," by Professor Henry Morley.

EVERSLEY, *November*, 1859.

"MY LORD,

"I have decided, after much deliberation, to transmit to you the enclosed paper of twenty-five questions. I have answered the venerable the archdeacon's first questions: but as to those following, I am unable to find, from any law-books which I have consulted, that the archidiaconal authority empowers its holder to make them. Did the venerable the archdeacon ask these questions of me as a private person, I should be only too happy to answer them, and to avail myself of his great experience and zeal in learning how I might better work my parish. But it seems to me (under your lordship's correction) that to answer these questions would be to allow a precedent, quite harmless under so genial and liberal a rule as we now enjoy, under you and your archdeacon, but capable, were he and you removed, of being travestied into an inquisitorial superintendence of parishes, fatal to that position as free rectors, which I hold to be one of the greatest safeguards and blessings of the Church of England. I may be mistaken, and frightened at a shadow; if so, no one will re-assure me sooner than your lordship. I need hardly say that this letter may be (if your lordship so wish) shown to the archdeacon, for whom I entertain the highest respect. I need hardly say, also—though, alas! it is necessary in such times as these—that I shall consider your answer as confidential. I am not one of those who, under pretence of reverence for the Church, bring its rulers into discredit as far as they can, by dragging them into public prints and vexatious law-suits. I have enjoyed for seventeen years under your lordship a liberty for which I shall be always grateful, and which, I dare to say, I have not abused; and all I ask is, to know, as a private gentleman and rector, the law, that I may obey it. I must again add, that I have no wish in this matter save to have my duty clearly defined for my private use.

"P.S. May I ask your lordship to return me the enclosed paper."

When the Archdeacon's circular on "Essays and Reviews" was sent to him for signature through the Rev. F. C. Blackstone, then Rural Dean, he writes:—

CAMBRIDGE, *March* 27, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. RURAL DEAN,

"The circular which you have sent me puts me in a disagreeable position. I should have been most happy to express to you, or to the archdeacon, my opinion of the 'Essays and Reviews,' as one

private gentleman to another. But this address, sent by the archdeacon, and with his sanction, implies a power on the archdeacon's part officially to ascertain my sentiments on that work. That power I deny. I know what by law the functions of an archdeacon are. It was with much pain that I saw them gradually, and at last grossly surpassed by the late archdeacon, the Bishop of Rochester. He sent to me the last time a set of questions, simply inquisitorial, as to the condition and working of my parish. Only four out of some twenty-five was I bound by law to answer. I had my doubts as to whether I ought not to answer those four simply, and return the rest blank; but having reason to know that he would soon be translated, and being a man of peace, with a parish (thank God) whose interior organization is none of the worst in the diocese, I filled them all up—I fear foolishly. For it seems to me, that the independent and quasi-episcopal position of the rector is one of the most blessed safeguards of the Church of England; that it saves the priesthood from slavery to popular fanaticism, slavery to tyranny in high places, slavery of every kind; and that the man who, for fear or favour, allows any higher functionary to encroach on his parochial independence betrays his order and his Church. . . . .

"Against all encroachments of superior authority, therefore, I shall protest. I am Englishman enough to revere and obey the authority humbly, while I yet, as a free man governed by law, bid it remain within its own legal limits. If it be answered to this, that the venerable the archdeacon does not send round this circular officially, as archdeacon, but merely as a private person, asking the sense of his clerical brethren, I fear I must demur even more strongly. For the practical effect of this circular is inquisitorial, and nothing else. It is virtually and practically asking each gentleman who happens to hold a cure in the diocese, 'Do you, or do you not, agree with these "Essays and Reviews?"' There is the plain honest fact. It will be known through the archdeacon to the bishop, and to dozens more, whether or not I have signed, or whether or not A., B., and C. have signed; and those who have not signed, as the venerable the archdeacon (being a man of the world) must well know, will be exposed to the obloquy of the *Record*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and any and every other periodical, as well as to that of their clerical brethren. To draw inoffensive men (who have never meddled with the 'Essays and Reviews,' the bishop, or any one else) into such a storm, is a move which I should not have made against the venerable the archdeacon. I am sorry that he has thought fit to make it against gentlemen who have never injured him. That the bishop can wish for such an inquisition of the sentiments of his clergy I cannot believe. His rule has

been 'Live and let live;' and by that rule of unvarying kindness and liberality he has won the affection of us all, and has made his diocese one of the happiest, and the most rapidly improving in England. . . .

"You are at liberty (and I shall thank you to do so) to show this letter to the archdeacon, and to any one else you like."

In July he attended the first meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association at Willis's Rooms and made the following remarkable speech:—

"Let me say one thing to the ladies who are interested in this matter. Have they really seriously considered what they are about to do in carrying out their own plans? Are they aware that if their Society really succeeds they will produce a very serious, some would think a very dangerous, change in the state of this nation? Are they aware that they would probably save the lives of some thirty or forty per cent. of the children who are born in England, and that therefore they would cause the subjects of Queen Victoria to increase at a very far more rapid rate than they do now? And are they aware that some very wise men inform us that England is already overpeopled, and that it is an exceedingly puzzling question where we shall soon be able to find work or food for our masses, so rapidly do they increase already, in spite of the thirty or forty per cent. kind Nature carries off yearly before they are five years old? Have they considered what they are to do with all those children whom they are going to save alive? That has to be thought of; and if they really do believe, with political economists now, that over-population is a possibility to a country which has the greatest colonial empire that the world has ever seen, then I think they had better stop in their course and let the children die, as they have been dying.

"But if, on the other hand, it seems to them, as I confess it does to me, that the most precious thing in the world is a human being, that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than all the dumb animals in the world; that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be—a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which, if it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever; if they believe again, that of all races upon earth now, probably the English race is the finest, and that it gives not the slightest sign whatever of exhaustion; that it seems to be on the whole a young race, and to have very great capabilities in it which have not yet been developed, and above all, the most marvellous capability of adapting

itself to every sort of climate, and every form of life that any nation, except the old Roman, ever had in the world: if they consider with me that it is worth the while of political economists and social philosophers to look at the map, and see that about four-fifths of the globe cannot be said as yet to be in anywise inhabited or cultivated, or in the state in which men could make it by any fair supply of population and industry and human intellect:—then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to help the increase of the English race as much as possible, and to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him, in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. And then, in that light, it does seem to me, that this Association—small now, but I do hope some day to become great, and to become the mother Association of many and valuable children—is one of the noblest, most right-minded, straightforward, and practical conceptions that I have come across for some years.

"We all know the difficulties of Sanitary Legislation. One looks at them at times almost with despair. I have my own reasons, with which I will not trouble this meeting, for looking on them with more despair than ever; not on account of the government of the time, or any possible government that could come to England, but on account of the peculiar class of persons in whom the ownership of the small houses has become more and more vested, and who are becoming more and more, I had almost said, the arbiters of the popular opinion, and of every election of parliament. However, that is no business of mine here; that must be settled somewhere else: and a fearfully long time, it seems to me, it will be before it is settled. But, in the mean time, what legislation cannot do, I believe private help, and, above all, woman's help, can do even better. It can do this; it can not only improve the condition of the working-man; I am not speaking of working-men just at this time, I am speaking of the middle classes, of the man who owns the house in which the working-man lives. I am speaking, too, of the wealthy tradesman; I am speaking, it is a sad thing to have to say, of our own class as well as of others. Sanitary Reform, as it is called, or, in plain English, the art of health, is so very recent a discovery, as all true physical science is, that we ourselves and our own class know very little about it, and practise it very ill. And this Society, I do hope, will bear in mind that it is not simply to affect the working-man, not only to go into the foul alley; but it is to go to the door of the farmer, to the door of the shopkeeper, aye, to the door of ladies and gentlemen of the same rank as ourselves. Women can do in that work what men

cannot do. Private correspondence, private conversation, private example, may do what no legislation can do. I am struck more and more with the amount of disease and death I see around me in all classes, which no sanitary legislation whatsoever could touch, unless you had a complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and most harmful, which would stop the present amount of disease and death which I see around me, without some such private exertion on the part of women, above all of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution more and more.

"I see this, that three persons out of four are utterly unaware of the general causes of their own ill health, and of the ill health of their children. They talk of their 'afflictions,' and their 'misfortunes;' and, if they be pious people, they talk of 'the will of God,' and of 'the visitation of God.' I do not like to trench upon those matters, but when I read in my Book and in your Book that 'it is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish,' it has come to my mind sometimes with very great strength, that that may have a physical application as well as a spiritual one, and that the Father in heaven who does not wish the child's soul to die may possibly have created that child's body for the purpose of its not dying except in a good old age. Not only in the lower class, but in the middle class, when one sees an unhealthy family, then in three cases out of four, if one takes time, trouble, and care enough, one can, with the help of the doctor who has been attending them, run the evil home to a very different cause than the will of God; and that is, to a stupid neglect, a stupid ignorance, or what is just as bad, a stupid indulgence.

"Now, I do believe that if those tracts which you are publishing, which I have read, and of which I cannot speak too highly, are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and if women, clergymen's wives, the wives of manufacturers and of great employers, district visitors and school mistresses, have these books put into their hands, and are persuaded to spread them, and to enforce them, by their own example and by their own counsel, then in the course of a few years, this system being thoroughly carried out, you would see a sensible and large increase in the rate of population.

When you have saved your children alive, then you must settle what to do with them. But a living dog is better than a dead lion; I would rather have the living child, and let it take its chance, than let it return to God—wasted. Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children

die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill and leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight; he has taken his chance; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, or by his King, or by his Queen. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age, even though it be painful at the last, as it too often is. But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day; but oh, what has God given to this thankless earth, and what has the earth thrown away, in nine cases out of ten, from its own neglect and carelessness? What that boy might have been, what he might have done as an Englishman, if he could have lived and grown up healthy and strong! I entreat you to bear this in mind, that it is not as if our lower classes or our middle classes were not worth saving; bear in mind that the physical beauty and strength and intellectual power of the middle classes,—the shopkeeping class, the farming class, the working class—whenever you give them a fair chance, whenever you give them fair food and air, and physical education of any kind, prove them to be the finest race in Europe. Not merely the aristocracy, splendid race as they are: but down and down and down to the lowest labouring man, to the navigator;—why there is not such a body of men in Europe as our navigators, and no body of men perhaps have had a worse chance of growing to be what they are; and yet see what they have done. See the magnificent men they become in spite of all that is against them, all that is drawing them back, all that is tending to give them rickets and consumption, and all the miserable diseases which children contract; see what men they are, and then conceive what they might be.

"It has been said, again, that there are no more beautiful races of women in Europe than the wives and daughters of our London shopkeepers, and yet there are few races of people who lead a life more in opposition to all rules of hygiene. But in spite of all that, so wonderful is the vitality of the English race, that they are what they are; and therefore we have the finest material to work upon that people ever had. And therefore, again, we have the less excuse if we do allow English people to grow up puny, stunted, and diseased.

"Let me refer again to that word that I used: death—the amount of death. I really believe there are hundreds of good and kind people

who would take up this subject with their whole heart and soul if they were aware of the magnitude of the evil. Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were one hundred thousand preventible deaths in England every year. So it is. We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon-balls and gunpowder, and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money, and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. War, we are discovering now, is the clumsiest and most expensive of all games; we are finding that if you wish to commit an act of cruelty or folly, the most expensive act that you can commit is to contrive to shoot your fellow-men in war. So it seems; but Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes forth; no —she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills, and kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that nature is only conquered by obeying her.

"And bear in mind one thing more. Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering, the mass of preventible agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the logical eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all,—God only knows that,—but to stop, as I believe, three-fourths of it.

"It is in the power, I believe, of any woman in this room to save three or four lives, human lives, during the next six months. It is in your power, ladies, and it is so easy. You might save several lives

apiece, if you choose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. Let me ask, then, those who are here, and who have not yet laid these things to heart: Will you let this meeting to-day be a mere passing matter of two or three hours' interest, which you shall go away and forget for the next book or the next amusement? Or will you be in earnest? Will you learn—I say it openly—from the noble chairman,* how easy it is to be earnest in life; how every one of you, amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, chivalrous work to do,—just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his 'Faery Queen;' how you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant in the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?"

To Lady Harding, who was also present, and who had established a Convalescent Home for Sick Children, he writes—

EVERSLEY, *July* 22, 1859.

"I thought that on the whole the Meeting went off well; but several went away before the last two speeches, which were dear old Southwood Smith, the father of all us sanitary reformers, and Lankester's. I am going to throw myself into this movement. I am tired of most things in the world. Of sanitary reform I shall never grow tired. No one can accuse a man of being sentimental over *it*, or of doing too much in *it*. There can be no mistake about the saving of human lives, and the training up a healthy generation. God bless you and all good ladies who have discovered that human beings have bodies as well as souls, and that the state of the soul too often depends on that of the body."

His work was incessant, and the letters now printed give a most inadequate idea of the labour of his life, of the calls on his sympathy, and of the different attitudes in which he had to put his

* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

mind according to the variety of subjects on which he was asked for counsel, or called upon to do battle; but as Bishop Forbes beautifully says of Professor James D. Forbes in words which truly picture Mr. Kingsley, especially in the concluding sentence,

"I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry." *

But he seldom returned from speech or lecture without showing that so much life had actually gone out of him—not only from the strain of brain and heart, but from the painful sense of antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out in his hearers, and of which he was keenly conscious at the time.

The following extracts from a letter to his wife on the proposed site of a new churchyard at Eversley gives an insight into his courteous method of dealing with his Vestry, and his habit of trying to see all sides of a matter from the point of view of others, which was one secret of his influence in his parish.

August, 1859.

"About the new churchyard . . . the people had a wish not to have a new yard, but to lie at least in the same ground as their fathers—a most natural and human feeling which I should always respect and treat tenderly. As for wanting a piece of my glebe, it was one of the plans which I proposed myself more than once. Nothing could have been more civil and reasonable than they all were; and when I found that they had set their hearts on the rick yard, I said no word, but fell in with it thoroughly, according to the golden rule (if you can't help doing a thing, do it willingly and gracefully) which is the secret of all good government. As for some people being ungrateful, and saying rude things, John Bull always grumbles, and considers it his privilege, as a free man, to grumble, but if he is properly treated he will always do right—and what annoyance have we ever experienced from our people in this parish?

"We must bear in mind that I am not king. That a parish is a

* Memoir of Professor James D. Forbes. (Macmillan.)

corporation of free men, who have by law a right to their own opinion, and that it is a most blessed thing that it is so, for it is the root of English strength and self-government; and I would rather have a dozen farmers pulling different ways, and all quarrelling with me (which never happens here) than have been forced by any superior power to do in the least what they did not like, save where (as in sanitary reform) the life and health of others are concerned. There is a long sermon for you."

The following letter from Mr. Mill was in answer to one from Mr. Kingsley thanking him for the gift of his "Dissertations and Discussions," and also for the work on "Liberty," which he says, "affected me in making me a clearer-headed, braver-minded man on the spot."

MR. JOHN STUART MILL TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SAINT VEREN, NEAR AVIGNON, *Aug.* 6, 1859.

"Your letter of July 5 reached me long after its date, while wandering in search of health in the Pyrenees. Allow me, while expressing the great pleasure it gave me, to say that its humility, as it respects yourself, seems to me as much beyond the mark as the deference expressed towards me exceeds anything I have the smallest title to.

"*Laudari a laudato*, or by any other *viro*, has never been very much of an object with me. But to be told by a man who is himself one of the good influences of the age, and whose sincerity I cannot doubt, that anything I have written makes him feel able to be a still better influence, is both an encouragement and a reward—the greatest I can look for, now that a still greater has been taken from me by death.

"Far from having read none of your books, I have read them nearly all, and hope to read all of them. I have found in them an earnest endeavour towards many of the objects I myself have at heart; and even when I differed from you it has never been without great interest and sympathy. There are few men between whom and myself any nearer approximation in opinion could be more agreeable to me, and that you should look forward to it gives me a pleasure I could not forbear to express."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ..

October 25, 1859.

"I have not yet found time to read Mansel, and don't know whether I shall. I have made up my own mind about the matter, as you may

see from my last volume of sermons, and am not going to alter my tune. But I am drawing back into silence, for the purpose of renewing the attack on a new and unexpected side—that of physical science. I have long begun to see that our advanced physics can only be made to stand on realist ground; and I am going, I trust, to get them up carefully enough to enforce my own belief some ten years hence. I am in no hurry. There is plenty of life n me, and your kind fears are groundless. I had been, by continual creation, using the grey matter of the back of the brain a little too fast, till it got hot and aching; and I found that the novel which I had been wearily trying to write was twaddle and a failure. So I have just stopped, and shall write nothing but sermons, and read hard. I find my receptive wits as clear as ever they were in my life, and my digestive wits also. I am only like a spider who has spun all his silk, and must sit still and secrete more. Since I stopped writing this last month my head has got cool, and the ache in my limbs gone off, and this bitter bracing weather suits me perfectly. I believe a week's real north easter would make me young again.

". . . I see more and more that we shall work no deliverance till we teach people a little more common physical knowledge, and I hail the Prince Consort's noble speech at Aberdeen as a sign that he sees his way clearly and deeply. I have refused this winter to lecture on anything but the laws of health; and shall try henceforth to teach a sound theology through physics."

TO FREDERIC SHIELDS, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *Nov.* 29, 1859.

" Your letter is sensible and pertinent to the matter in hand, and I tell you at once what I can. I think that you much overrate the disuse of armour in Bunyan's day. When the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written it was much gone out, but in Bunyan's boyhood he must have seen everywhere old armour hanging up in every gentleman or burgher's house (he would to his dying day), which had been worn and used by the generation before him. Allowing, as we must, in every human being for the reverence for early impressions, I think his mind would have pictured to him simply the Elizabethan and James I.'s armour, which he saw hanging in all noble houses, and in which he may have, as a boy, seen gentlemen joust, for tilting was not extinct in his boyhood. As for this co-existing with slop breeches (what we now call knickerbockers are nothing else), I think you will find, as now, that country fashions changed slowlier than town. The puffed trunk-hose of 1580-1600 co-existed with the finest cap-à-pied armour of proof. They gradu-

ally in the country, where they were ill made, became slops, *i. e.*, knickerbockers. By that time almost loose and short cavalier breeks had superseded them in the court—but what matter? The change is far less than that during 1815-1855. The anachronism of putting complete armour by the side of one drest as Christian is in the frontispiece of the original edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is far less than putting you by the side of a Life-Guards' officer in 1855; far less, again, than putting a clod of my parish, drest as he would have been in A.D. 1100, in smock frock and leather gaiters, by the side of you or me. Therefore use without fear the beautiful armour of the later years of Elizabeth and the beginning of James I., and all will be right, and shock nobody. As for shields, I should use the same time. Shields were common among serving-men in James I. There are several in the Tower, fitted with a pistol to be fired from the inside, and a long spike. All are round. I believe that 'sword and buckler play' was a common thing among the country folk in Bunyan's time. Give your man, therefore, a circular shield, such as he would have seen in his boyhood, or even later, among the retainers of noble houses. As for the cruelties practised on Faithful,—for the sake of humanity don't talk of that. The Puritans were very cruel in the North American colonies; horribly cruel, though nowhere else. But in Bunyan's time the pages of Morland, and others, show us that in Piedmont, not to mention the Thirty Years' War in Germany, horrors were being transacted which no pen can describe nor pencil draw. Dear old Oliver Cromwell stopped them in Piedmont, when he told the Pope that unless they were stopped English cannon should be heard at the gates of the Vatican. But no cruelty to man or woman that you dare draw can equal what was going on on the Continent from Papist to Protestant during Bunyan's lifetime.

"I have now told you all I can. I am very unwell, and forbid to work. Therefore I cannot tell you more, but what I send, I send with all good wishes to any man who will be true to art and to his author."

Some years later Mr. Shields sent some fine photographs from his illustrations of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which have since been published, and some still more remarkable ones of Defoe's "History of the Plague of London," to Mr. Kingsley, to which the following letters refer:

EVERSLEY, *January* 11, 1862.

"Business has hitherto prevented my acknowledging your kind letter and the drawings. Now I have time to say that I cannot sufficiently

admire them; with strong individuality and varied imagination, here is a real beauty of form, without which I care for nothing. It seems to me that you are about to become one of the finest designers in Europe, and I trust that you will spare no time or pains to make yourself such. I think the period which you have fixed is quite the right one. It may be a little too late, but it is the *siècle* Louis XIV., which endured through Cromwell's time, and it is the world against which Bunyan and George Fox both testified. I hope to see and hear more of you. You must come down and see me here in the course of the spring or summer." . . . . . .

". . . The plain fact is, God has given you a great talent, whereby you may get an honest livelihood. Take *that* as God's call to you, and follow it out. As for the sins of youth, what says the 130th Psalm? 'If Thou, Lord, were extreme to mark what is done amiss, who could abide it?' But there is mercy with Him, therefore shall He be feared. And how to fear God I know not better than by working on at the speciality which He has given us, trusting to Him to make it of use to His creatures—if He needs us—and if He does not, perhaps so much the better for us. He can do His work without our help. Therefore fret not nor be of doubtful mind. But just do the duty which lies nearest—which seems to me to be to draw as you are drawing now.

"I showed your drawings to my friend Bennett, who lately illustrated the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and without rivalry or jealousy he was astonished and delighted at them, and said he knew a great deal more excellent work of yours." . . . . . .

"Your photographs of the Plague have come safely, and I may say without flattery, have astonished us by their force, breadth, and pathos. They indicate a great development of your powers in the last year or two, and promise to prove you, what I have long hoped you might be—the English Gustave Doré. I only hope the public will be of the same mind. We shall be always glad to hear of your good fortune."

The correspondents met at length, at the Cloisters, Westminster, in 1874, as old friends, with deeper sympathies than on the mere matter of art; and when sending the foregoing letters to the editor, Mr. Shields, (whose genius is now recognised not only at Manchester, where an exhibition of his pictures, followed by a banquet in his honour, took place last year, but in other quarters), speaks thus of Mr. Kingsley:—

BLACKPOOL, 1876.

"His helpful words—how helpful to me at the period of his first

letter—I could be eloquent in telling, since they were the first words of kindly help which fell to my lot from one whose sympathy I prized, and I felt drawn into most grateful and loving communion with his generous nature, who could, when in ill health, write so large an answer to the inquiries of a stranger; and the regret which for long years past I have felt that the privilege of his personal acquaintance, offered in the invitation to Eversley in '62, proved outside my means to embrace, deepens most sadly now, when the opportunity is lost *here* for ever.

"I am only glad that I had even so brief an interview as that in London, and I often walk again with him round the high walled enclosure of peace, on which you looked out at the Abbey, with the beautiful Westminster School on its right; and I recall the sermon on the succeeding Sunday, when, by a strange coincidence with one of his letters, the text was the 130th Psalm. I had always an ideal of a preacher, which he alone, of all men I ever knew, fulfilled. No laboured essay, full of florid metaphor and vainglory, but himself, swallowed up in the awe and responsibility of his great theme; he impressed me as one who through trouble had been brought near to God, too near to think of self. . . . ."

TO LORD ROBERT MONTAGU.

EVERSLEY, *July* 7, 1859.

"Don't talk about the Thames. I have thought and written much on it some years since, but have given it up in despair. There is no adequate demand for the sewage. Till you can awaken farmers, nothing can be done. My last dream is, to have the sewage conveyed along the line of rail by pipes, giving the railway companies an interest therein, and so to fertilize, especially the barrens of Surrey and Berkshire. But while railways are ruining themselves by frantic competition they have neither time nor money for such projects. . . . . What I think you should do, in order to produce any effect, is to ascertain—1. What demand for liquid sewage there is among the farmers of the neighbourhood of London. Have guano and superphosphate really beaten sewage out of the field by superior facility of carriage? I suspect they have for the time being; there is no chance of the phosphatic beds of the greensand being exhausted for many years; or the guano islands either. 2. What facilities or hindrances have been given to the carriage of liquid sewage by the great metropolitan sewers now making? This I do not know, and this you must ascertain. My scheme has always been to have arterial pipes along the railway lines. But the railway companies have no money to start such arteries, and private companies could not do it, unless they were sure of a demand from the farmers contiguous to the

lines, which demand is *in nubibus.* What more I can tell you I will gladly tell, as your plan matures. I do not quite understand what sort of resolution you intend to lay before the House: any which would ask for a fresh commission?" . . . . . .

"As to revivals I don't wonder at revivalists taking to drink. Calvinism has become so unreal—so afraid of itself—so apologetic about its own peculiar doctrines, on which alone it stands, that revivals now must be windy flarings up in the socket of the dying candle. All revivals of religion which I ever read of, which produced a permanent effect, owed their strength to the introduction of some new element, derived from the actual modern consciousness, and explaining some fresh facts in or round man; *e. g.*, the revivals of the Franciscans and Dominicans —those of the Reformation and of Wesley.

"We may see such things ere we die. At present revivals are mere threshings of the old chaff, to see if a grain of corn be still there.

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *November* 19, 1859.

"You are the kindest of men. Two letters come ere I answer one. But I have been hunted from pillar to post. There really is very little the matter with me, except what is called in country fellows 'idleness.' I never call it so. If they say to me, 'Jem is a slack hand, he won't do no work; and if he tries, he haint no heart, but gies out at mowing or pitching like any chicken,' then I answer, 'Very well; you leave Jem alone: he won't live long if you hurry him!' Whereon they ask 'And what's wrong wi' he, then?' To which I answer, solemnly, 'Deficient vitality.'—which shuts them up; and is also a true and correct answer. *I* am a slack hand now. I can't think; I can't write; I can't run; I can't ride—I have neither wit, nerve, nor strength for anything; and if I try I get a hot head, and my arms and legs begin to ache. I was so ten years ago: worse than now. I have learnt by that last attack, and have, thank God, pulled up in time. Do not fancy that I am going to fret myself about anything. I have infinite power left of doing two things, which are generally necessary to earthly salvation, viz., eating and sleeping, and to them I am paying great attention. When I tried to work, and yet could not, I had over and above a nasty craving for alcohol—for more wine than I have usually found necessary to digest my food. Since I have left my brain alone, that craving is going off.

"Your letters are full of practical wisdom, as usual. Almost the best hint in them is the folly of trying to cure mental fatigue by bodily. I tried that experiment a fortnight ago, and was miserably ill for three

days. I had used up the grey matter of my brain by thought (my head feels at times like a pumpkin), and then had used up still more by violent volition, running to hounds on foot, and leaping hedges and ditches for five hours, calling the same fresh air and exercise! I was a great fool, and found it out. No, my dear Bullar, I will be a pig for twelve months. There is nothing in my parish to raise me out of the state of pigdom; save three services for Sunday, to help in which I shall get a curate; while as for writing, &c., the world got on tolerably without me for six thousand years (I hold for a great many more), and therefore there is a fair presumption that it will get on without me for one. One thing I should like, that you would come and stay with me—on the understanding that neither of us is to speak a word of sense during the visit. Oh life—life, life! why do folks cling to this half existence, and call that life?

"S. G. O. was talking to me the other day of your father, and saying that he was one of the noblest and best men he had ever met. I wish I could see him once! I like to look in the faces of strong good men, and to hear the tones of their voice. I don't mind what they say. It is the men themselves I love to contemplate. And I know one more strong good man than I did——and that is the Prince Consort. I have fallen in love with that man."

TO —— ——, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *March* 16, 1859.

"I wish you would give me the chapter and page in which Swedenborg handles your text (Matt. xxii. 24–28). There are many noble and beautiful things in that text-book of his, and I should like to see what he makes of so puzzling a passage. It seems to me that we must look at it from the stand-point of the Sadducees, and therefore of our Lord as condescending to them. It is a hideous case in itself. . . . . I conceive the Jews had no higher notion than this of the relation of the sexes. Perhaps no eastern people ever had. The conception of a love-match belongs to our Teutonic race, and was our heritage (so Tacitus says with awe and astonishment) when we were heathens in the German forests. You will find nothing of it in Scripture, after the first chapter of Genesis, save a glimpse thereof (but only a glimpse) in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. To me, who believe the Gospel of St. John, and believe therefore that Jesus Christ, the Word of God, was the light and life of my German forefathers, as well as of the Jews, there is nothing strange in this. I only say, Christ has taught us something about wedlock, which He did not teach the Jews; that He taught

it is proved by its fruits, for what has produced more of nobleness, more of practical good, in the human race, than the chivalrous idea of wedlock, which our Teutonic race holds, and which the Romance or Popish races of Europe have never to this day grasped with any firm hold? Therefore all I can say about the text is . . . (about marriage in the world to come) that it has nought to do with me and my wife. I know that if immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel to her for ever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life: of that I take no care. The union I believe to be as eternal as my own soul. I have no rule to say in what other pairs of lovers it may or may not be eternal. I leave all in the hands of a good God; and can so far trust His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, as to be sure that He knew the best method of protesting against the old Jewish error (which Popish casuists still formally assert) that the first end of marriage is the procreation of children, and thereby laid the true foundation for the emancipation of woman.

"Let neither Swedenborg, nor any other man, argue you out of the scientific canon, that to understand the spirit of Scripture, or any other words, you must first understand the letter. If the spirit is to be found anywhere, it is to be found by putting yourself in the place of the listeners, and seeing what the words would have meant to them. Then take that meaning as an instance (possibly a lower one) of an universal spiritual law, true for all men, and may God give you wisdom for the process of induction by which that law is to be discovered."

The next letter, on the Eternity of Marriage, written some years before, may fitly come in here with scattered extracts on the same subject.

". . . In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God!—And how are the angels of God in heaven? Is there no love among them? If the law which makes two beings unite themselves, and crave to unite themselves, in body, soul, and spirit, be the law of earth—of pure humanity—if, so far from being established by the Fall, this law has been the one from which the Fall has made mankind deflect most in every possible way; if the restoration of purity and the restoration of this law are synonymous; if love be of the Spirit—the vastest and simplest exercise of will of which we can conceive—then why should not this law hold in the spiritual world as well as in the natural? In

heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but is not marriage the mere approximation to a unity which shall be perfect in heaven? Read what Milton says of angels' love in Books VI. and VII. and take comfort. What if many have been alone on earth? may they not find their kindred spirit in heaven, and be united to it by a tie still deeper than marriage? And shall we not be re-united in heaven by that still deeper tie? Surely on earth God has loved, Christ the Lord has loved—some more than others—why should we not do the same in heaven, and yet love all? Here the natural body can but strive to express its love—its desire of union. Will not one of the properties of the spiritual body be, that it will be able to express that which the natural body only tries to express? Is this a sensual view of heaven? then are the two last chapters of the Revelations most sensual. They tell, not only of the perfection of humanity, with all its joys and wishes and properties, but of matter! They tell of trees, and fruit, and rivers —of gold and gems, and all beautiful and glorious material things. Isaiah tells of beasts and birds and little children in that new earth. Who shall say that the number of living beings is filled up? Why is heaven to be one vast lazy retrospect? Why is not eternity to have action and change, yet both, like God's, compatible with rest and immutability? This earth is but one minor planet of a minor system: are there no more worlds? Will there not be incident and action springing from these when the fate of this world is decided? Has the Evil Spirit touched this alone? Is it not self-conceit which makes us think the redemption of this earth the one event of eternity? The same feeling (sensuality, which is self-love) prompted men of old to fancy that this globe was the centre of the universe.

"These are matters too high for us, therefore we will leave them alone; but is flatly denying their existence and possibility leaving them alone? No! it is intruding into them more conceitedly, insolently, and sensually than speculating on them by the carnal understanding—like the Mystics, Platonists, and Gnostics. Calvin was a more conceited mystic than Henry More. It is more humble, more rational, to believe the possibility of all things than to doubt the possibility of one thing. Reason is the deadly fire, not only of mysticism and credulity, but of unbelief and bigotry! . . . .

"And what if earthly love seems so delicious that all change in it would seem a change for the worse? Shall we repine? What does reason (and faith, which is reason exercised on the invisible) require of us, but to conclude that, if there is change, there will be something better there? Here are two truths—

"1st. Body is that which expresses the spirit to which it is joined;

therefore, the more perfectly spiritual the body, the better it will express the spirit joined to it.

"2nd. The expression of love produces happiness; therefore, the more perfect the expression the greater the happiness! And, therefore, bliss greater than any we can know here awaits us in heaven. And does not the course of nature point to this? What else is the meaning of the gradual increase of love on earth? What else is the meaning of old age? when the bodily powers die, while the love increases. What does that point to, but to a restoration of the body when mortality is swallowed up of life? Is not that mortality of the body sent us mercifully by God, to teach us that our love is spiritual, and therefore will be able to express itself in any state of existence? to wean our hearts that we may learn to look for more perfect bliss in the perfect body? . . . . Do not these thoughts take away from all earthly bliss the poisoning thought, 'all this must end?' Ay, end! but only end so gradually that we shall not miss it, and the less perfect union on earth shall be replaced in heaven by perfect and spiritual bliss and union, inconceivable because perfect!

"Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not these thoughts give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us—that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect, if we will but work here, so as to work out our salvation!

. . . . . .

"My views of second marriage are peculiar. I consider that it is allowed for the hardness of men's hearts, but from the beginning it was not so, and will not be so, some day, when the might of love becomes generally appreciated! perhaps that will never be, till the earth is renewed."

CHAPTER XX.

1860.

AGED 41.

PROFESSORSHIP OF MODERN HISTORY—DEATH OF HIS FATHER AND OF MRS. ANTHONY FROUDE—PLANTING THE CHURCHYARD—VISIT TO IRELAND—FIRST SALMON KILLED—WET SUMMER—SERMON ON WEATHER—LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES LYELL—CORRESPONDENCE—RESIDENCE IN CAMBRIDGE—INAUGURAL LECTURE IN THE SENATE HOUSE—VISITS TO BARTON HALL—LETTER FROM SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

"THE best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do: and he that has been faithful over a few things, must find his account in being made ruler over many things. That is the true and heroical rest, which only is worthy of gentlemen, and sons of God. And for those who, either in this world, or the world to come, look for idleness, and hope that God shall feed them with pleasant things, as it were with a spoon, Amyas, I count them cowards and base, even though they call themselves saints and elect . . . Do thou thy duty like a man to thy country, thy Queen, and thy God, and count thy life a worthless thing, as did the holy men of old."

WESTWARD HO! Chapter vii.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Regius professorship of Modern History at Cambridge had not been filled up since the resignation of Sir James Stephen, and some of Mr. Kingsley's friends wished to see him in the vacant chair. It was mentioned to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister. On the 9th of May he received a letter from Lord Palmerston asking him if he was willing to undertake the duties of the post; he accepted with extreme diffidence, and went up to the University in the spring to take his M.A. degree, which he had not been able to afford as yet. Dr. Whewell, who was then Master of Trinity, received him most kindly. Having been one of those who had disapproved most emphatically of "Alton Locke" when it was first published, his generosity on this occasion, and his steady friendship from that time up to the date of his own death in 1866, laid the new Professor under a deep debt of gratitude. The feelings with which he re-visited Cambridge are told in a letter to his wife from Trinity Lodge.

TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, *May* 22, 1860.

". . . It is like a dream. Most beautiful—and London buildings having been the only ones I have seen for years, I am struck with the sharpness and richness of the stone work, and the exquisite clearness of the atmosphere. My windows look into Trinity Walks—the finest green walks in England, now full of flags and tents for a tulip show. I had a pleasant party of men to meet me last night. After breakfast I go to Magdalene, then to the Senate House; after luncheon to this flower show, then to dinner in hall at Magdalene; and back as early as I can. . . . . All this is so very awful and humbling to me. I cannot bear to think of my own unworthiness. . . . ."

His experience of life this year was new, varied, and often very sad. His father, to whom he had ever been the most duti-

ful and devoted son, died early in the winter, and from that hour till her death in 1873, the care of his widowed mother was one of his first and most nobly fulfilled duties. He writes to his old college friend, the Rev. James Montagu, from Chelsea rectory in February:

". . . Forgive me for my silence, for I and my brothers are now wearily watching my father's death-bed—long and lingering. Miserable to see life prolonged when all that makes it worth having (physically) is gone, and never to know from day to day whether the end is to come in six hours or six weeks. But *he* is all right and safe, and death for him would be a pure and simple blessing.

"James Montagu, never pray for a long life. Better die in the flower of one's age, than go through what I have seen him go through in the last few days. I shall come to you at Shoeburyness; but when, God knows."

The epitaph he wrote over his father's grave in Brompton Cemetery speaks his appreciation of that father.

"Here lies
All that was mortal
of
CHARLES KINGSLEY,
Formerly of Battramsley House, in the New Forest, Hants,
And lately of St. Luke's Rectory, Chelsea.
Endowed by God with many noble gifts of mind and body,
He preserved through all vicissitudes of fortune
A loving heart and stainless honour;
And having won in all his various Cures
The respect and affection of his people,
And ruled the Parish of Chelsea well and wisely
For more than twenty years,
He died peacefully in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ
On the 29th of February, 1860,
Aged 78 years,
With many friends, and not an enemy on earth;
Leaving to his children as a precious heritage
The example of a Gentleman and a Christian."

To Mr. Maurice he writes—

CHELSEA, *March*, 1860.

"I have been so hunted backwards and forwards to Eversley and hither, upon trying business at both places, that I have not had time to

thank you for your kind and comforting letter. My poor dear mother broke down frightfully for a day or two after the funeral; but the necessity of exertion is keeping her up now. —— is here, as a ministering angel, doing everything for her, and we hope in a week or two to get her down to her quiet little cottage at Eversley, to end her days with us. Ah, Mr. Maurice, such times as these bring conviction of sin with them. How every wrong word and deed toward that good old man, and every sorrow I caused him, rise up in judgment against one, and how one feels that right doing does not atone for wrong doing. I have this comfort, that he died loving me, and satisfied with me and my small success, and happy in his children, as he said again and again. But if death—at least the death of a rational human being—be not an ugly damnable solecism, even in a good old age, then I know not what is. I shall see and hear you, please God, Sunday afternoon. Remember me."

He was called away from Chelsea to be present at the enlargement and consecration of his churchyard at Eversley, and to meet his bishop (Dr. Sumner), whose coming, as he had never been in Eversley before, was a great event. The new ground gave the Rector the opportunity of planting the whole with evergreens, for it had long been his wish to make his churchyard an arboretum, and gradually to gather together rare shrubs and trees, so that it should be truly a Gottes-acker in a double sense. He writes to his wife, then at Chelsea:

EVERSLEY, *March* 10.

". . . I can understand your being unhappy leaving us and this delicious place again. It does look too blessed for a man to spend his life in. I have been making it blessed-er in the last thirty hours, with a good will; for I and B. (his churchwarden) have been working with our own hands, as hard as the four men we have got on. We have planted all the shrubs in the churchyard. We have gravelled the new path with fine gravel, and edged it with turf; we have levelled, delved, planned, and plotted; and pressed into the service that most cockney of good fellows ——, making him work like a horse, in carrying water. M. is trimming up unsightly graves, and we shall be all right and ready for the Bishop by Monday. . . . .

" Altogether I am delighted at the result and feel better, thanks to two days' hard work with pick and spade, than I have done for a fortnight. So never mind about me. . . . but I cannot bear working and planning

at improvements without you; it seems but half a life; and I am leaving everything I can (considering the bishop on Monday) to be done after you come back. Oh! when shall we settle down here in peace and see the spring come on? Patience, though.—It wants three weeks to spring, and we may, by God's blessing, get back here in time to see the spring unfold around us, and all mend and thrive. After all, how few troubles we have! for God gives with one hand, if He takes away with the other. . . . . I found a new competitor for the corner of the new ground, just under our great fir tree, which I had always marked out for you and me, in dear old Bannister (his churchwarden, a farmer), who had been telling M. that he wanted to be buried close to me. So I have kept a corner for ourselves; and then he comes at our feet, and by our side —— insists on lying. Be it so. If we could see the children grown up, and the History* written, what do I need, or you either, below?"

The vacant space by the side of his own proposed grave was soon to have a tenant he little dreamt of, for in the spring another heavy sorrow came—and one to whom he had been more than a brother in some of the most important circumstances of her life for the last sixteen years, his wife's sister, Charlotte, wife of Anthony Froude, was laid there under the shade of the fir trees she loved so well. Her grave was to him during the remainder of his own life a sacred spot, where he would go almost daily to commune in spirit with the dead, where flowers were always kept blooming, and where on the Sunday morning he would himself superintend the decorations—the cross and wreaths of choice flowers placed by loving hands upon it.

Death was very busy that year among those he loved, and before twelve months were over three of those who stood around that grave, a brother, a nephew, and a friend, John Ashley Warre, Charles Grenfell, and Mr. John Parker, were all called away into the unseen world.

The latter, publisher, of West Strand, London, who had been fellow student with Charles Kingsley at King's College, London, and with whom he had renewed his old intimacy at the publication of the "Saint's Tragedy," was a constant visitor at

* Before his appointment at Cambridge he had begun a "School History of England," of which only the three first chapters were written.

the Rectory. At Mr. Parker's house in London he had met the very best literary society whenever he had an evening to spare away from home, and his death made a great gap in the knot of remarkable men who had gathered round him. In a letter to one of these, Mr. Skelton, Mr. Kingsley thus speaks of him :—

" I trust if you come to London you will take courage to come forty miles further to Eversley. You will meet there, not only for your own sake but for John Parker's, a most cordial welcome. Before our window lies the grave of one whom he adored, my wife's favourite sister. He was at her funeral. The next funeral which her widowed husband and I attended was his : Froude nursed him like a brother till the moment of death. His was a great soul in a pigmy body ; and those who know how I loved him, know what a calumny it is to say that I preach ' muscular Christianity.' "

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1860.

" I was delighted to see your handwriting again. . . . . About the question with which you begin, my whole opinion is this—that intellectual comprehension of God is impossible, and that, therefore, all theories which, like the Calvinistic one, attribute time, foreknowledge, &c., to Him, are, if not wrong, still mere metaphors, never to be pressed so far as to make them (as Calvinism does make them) the grounds for any conclusions as to God's moral acts, or moral essence. But if we do that ; if (as Mansel seems to have done) we argue : Because man cannot comprehend God, and impute to God his own intellectual conditions, therefore he cannot either impute to Him his moral conditions ; and God's justice is nothing like man's justice, or God's love like man's love ; I can only answer, then I care not for such a God, or for any philosophy about Him. Not only theology, but morality becomes impossible. Man cannot know God intellectually, but the Bible says that he can know Him spiritually —which I interpret to mean morally ; and how, unless by attributing to God a morality identical with his own? A justice like his own, a love like his own? Here I must take my stand, or join the Positivists. I have no other escape. But enough of this.

" I am getting all right now, by dint of much riding with my boy, who is home for Easter. Riding has a specific effect on me, both on body and mind, and I hardly know how I should keep well without it. I hope you have not suffered, like me, with this gale. Two of the prettiest trees on my lawn (and I have some very pretty ones) came

down with a crash this morning, and I have had the melancholy pleasure and exercise of dismembering ancient friends. When spring is coming, I cannot guess. My hope is that this gale will 'blow the weather out,' as sailors say; and that we shall have a sudden turn to thunder, heat, and rain. I have seen this happen several times, just at this season. . . .

"I am utterly astonished at your courage in letting your wife go to Egypt. I have just let mine go to Devonshire without me, to nurse a sick sister, and I feel like a cat without its skin."

After he had taken his M.A. degree he writes from the north to his wife—

"I have been thinking and praying a good deal over my future life. A new era has opened for me: I feel much older, anxious, and full of responsibility; but more cheerful and settled than I have done for a long time. All that book writing and struggling is over, and a settled position and work is before me. Would that it were done, the children settled in life, and kindly death near to set one off again with a new start somewhere else. I should like the only epitaph on our tomb to be Thekla's:

'We have lived and loved,'
'We live and love.'"

". . . I had a delightful day yesterday, in most beautiful scenery—limestone cliffs and a stream which vanished underground into caves, and re-appeared by caves on the other side of the hill—wonders underground, no doubt, if one could but get there—all sorts of beautiful lime-plants, but not in flower. . . . . I long to be back with you."

No book was written this year, his spare time being given to the preparation of his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, and the course of Lectures which was to follow it. By command of the Prince Consort, he preached the annual sermon for the Trinity House, of which H.R.H. was then Master. He preached also at Whitehall, Windsor Castle, and St. James's. He was made chaplain to the Civil Service Volunteers; he lectured at Warminster and Bury St. Edmund's. A few weeks' rest in Ireland with Mr. Froude, helped him greatly in preparing for his career in Cambridge, and at Markree Castle he killed his first salmon, a new and long coveted experience in life.

MARKREE CASTLE, SLIGO, *July* 4, 1860.

". . . . I have done the deed at last—killed a real actual live salmon, over five pounds weight, and lost a whopper from light hooking. Here they are by hundreds, and just as easy to catch as trout; and if the wind would get out of the north, I could catch fifty pounds of them in a day. This place is full of glory—very lovely, and well kept up. . . .

"But I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country. I don't believe they are our fault. I believe there are not only many more of them than of old, but that they are happier, better, more comfortably fed and lodged under our rule than they ever were. But to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black, one would not feel it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours. Tell Rose I will get her plants. I have got the great Butterwort already; very fine. . . ."

July 5.

"I had magnificent sport this morning—five salmon killed (biggest, seven pounds), and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him waist deep in water, and was lost, after running 200 yards, by fouling a ship's hawser! There is nothing like it. The excitement is maddening, and the exertion very severe. I am going to sleep for two hours, having been up at four. Thank my mother for her letter, and kiss the chicks for me. . . . ."

WESTPORT, *Sunday.*

"A line from Westport, co. Mayo, a pretty wooded town, much better than anything I have seen, with the magnificent cone of Croagh Patrick (the pilgrimage mountain) towering over all. It is a lovely morning, and the folk are going into chapel across a street with a stream and two rows of trees, just like Aix or any German town. But the country which I came through yesterday moves me even to tears. It is a land of ruins and of the dead. You cannot conceive to English eyes the first shock of ruined cottages; and when it goes on to whole hamlets, the effect is most depressing. I suppose it had to be done, with poor-rates twenty shillings in the pound, and the people dying of starvation, and the cottier system had to be stopped; but what an amount of human misery each of those unroofed hamlets stands for! Still it had to be done. There are magnificent farms growing up now, with roots and grasses, instead of the horrid potato in the black bog. The view of Nephin Monastery, across Rock Conn and the bogs last night, was the finest thing I ever saw in my life. I have seen a painting of it, I am sure, for I recognised it at once. We shall be with Henry

Glyn at the Falls Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning. We have a note to Lord Sligo here, but shan't use it; and we have got Mr. Herbert's fishing at Mucross, which they say is the best in Ireland."

THE FALLS OF KENMARE, *July* 15, 1860.

"Very happy here. There is no fishing, but there will be to-morrow, for the water is coming down again, and we are off early to a famous lake. . . . . Henry (Captain Henry Carr Glyn) was showing us his Turkish and Crimean journal last night. He is a splendid fellow; full of good sense and humour, and as honest as the day. I think him a most valuable, liberal, right-minded man, who has made good use of his eyes. . . . . I shall be glad to stay another week, especially as I have not caught a salmon for nine days, and there is finer fishing than Sligo awaiting at my feet when the water comes down, which it is beginning to do. I saw a mighty seal close here the other day, rolling about, with a black head as big as a calf, salmon-hunting. There are whales here and grampuses, but we have seen none. We have plenty of sea-boating and yachting, but I don't care for that since I have caught salmon; I can think of nothing else. . . ."

TO REV. J. EARNSHAW (OF SHEFFIELD).

[On a Sermon, "Tradition of the Elders," in which Mr. E. advocated the value of public amusements for young men in town, and the importance of these amusements being sanctioned by the presence of religious people and the clergy.]

September 7, 1860.

"I have to thank you for the honour you have done me in sending me your admirable sermon, which is as valuable in manner as in matter. The legalism and formalism of the Low Church school needs to be exposed, and you have done it bravely and well. I think the sermon ought to be read in quarters where the allusion to her Majesty will make it appreciated. . . .

"If you wish to carry out your own views, push the Volunteer movement. The incalculable good to the middle class which it is working I can vouch for. . . . . I can deeply sympathise with your battle. I was brought up in the heart of the old Low Church school (which, after all, had more heart than the present one), and saw my noble father's vain struggles against the traditions of the elders. A gentleman, a man of the world, and a Christian, he died without showing the world the quarter of what was in him, because he belonged to a school which was crippling his manifold powers at every turn. One thing he did as Rector of Chelsea—made a long and bold fight

for the scientific truths of geology, against popular superstition (a bold deed in one of the most important London rectors) and lived, thank God, long enough to re-echo Bacon's *magna est veritas, et prævalebit* —seeing all the world believing what he had been scouted for saying twenty years before.

"But what I saw of that school caused in me a doctrinal and moral '*culbute*' from which I did not recover for several years; and I have always earnestly wished to be the means of saving some few young men from my own temporary fate. My work lies more among officers of Aldershot and Sandhurst, both near me, who are, next to my own farmers and labourers, the people for whom I feel, think, and write; but it is truly pleasant to find any one, above all a man of your standing and power, working in the same direction, in a world to me unknown and unapproachable.

"I little thought, many years ago, when I got the little dynamics I ever knew from your excellent book, that we should be brought personally in contact in this way."

The summer of 1860 was a very wet one. Rain fell almost incessantly for three months. The farmers were frightened, and the clergy all over the country began to use the prayer against rain. The cholera had long been threatening England, and Mr. Kingsley's knowledge of physical and sanitary science had told him how beneficial this heavy rain was—a gift from God at that particular moment to ward off the enemy which was at hand, by cleansing drains and sweeping away refuse, and giving the poor an abundance of sweet clean water. It was a notable fact that while ignorant people were crying out against the rain, the chemists complained that there was so little illness they had nothing to do, and the medical men pronounced it to be a very healthy season. The parishioners of Eversley, however, remonstrated with him for not using the prayer for fine weather, and he answered them by preaching a sermon on Matth. vii. 9-11, which provoked much discussion, and was published under the title of "Why should we pray for fair weather?"

Being a very short one it will be given to explain some of the correspondence it caused. He sent copies of it to several scientific men, who of course agreed with his views, but to many people it was a cause of great offence.

"Accept my sincere and hearty thanks for your sermon," says

Professor Owen, "in which you alone—so far as I know—in your calling, have had the honesty and courage to utter the truth in reference to its subject; the words will not be spoken in vain."

The sermon began thus:—

"The prayer for fair weather, which has been read lately, I understand, in most churches, was not read this morning in this church, and I think myself bound, my friends, to tell you why I have thought it better not to read it. I trust that you will listen to me patiently and fairly; and that even if some of you should not agree with me, you will still all give me credit for having thought over the matter carefully; and for wishing to say what is true, and to do what is right.

"I have not read this prayer for two reasons. First, because I do not know that it is needed. Secondly, because I am afraid of being presumptuous.

"First. I do not know that the prayer is needed. It speaks of a *plague* of rain and waters. It speaks of the rain as a *punishment.* Therefore I see no reason to use it, unless we are sure that these particular rains now falling are a plague and a punishment: and of that I have no proof. I have rather proof to the contrary. There is great reason to believe that these rains, over-heavy and hurtful as they seem, are really a boon and a blessing; and in this way.

"A certain quantity of water, and that a very vast quantity, needs to be circulated throughout the world, as blood runs through our bodies, simply to keep the world going; to keep up life and health in vegetables, in animals, in man. One of the most common, it is certainly the most useful, of all things which we see around us. One half of all living things, whether trees, vegetables, animals, or our own bodies, is water. The seemingly driest air, the heart of mountains, and the very stones beneath our feet, contain water; and would not be what they are without it. Without water, and water enough, the earth would be an useless desert. Water has produced, and is still producing, the soil which man tills, the minerals and metals which he manufactures, and in these days of steam, almost everything which he needs for his daily life.

"This water must rise from the sea in clouds, and fall again on the earth in rain; and that according to a regular average; and unless that average is kept up, we shall have barrenness and poverty, disease and death; and God has so well ordered His earth, that the proper average rainfall is kept up, not altogether year by year, but taking one year with another. Now for the last two or three years, as you all know, the rainfall has been much less than the average. What can be more natural or more useful than that this year, or some one year, it

should be above the average, in order that the right balance may be kept up? Surely if we ask God not to restore the balance of rain, we ask Him to do us harm and not good. True, these rains may lessen the grain crop for this year; but I shall be very slow to believe that even that will harm us in the long run. Surely these rains will not hurt the farmer, if they set the climate right; for he depends, not on the climate of one year only, but on the average climate of all years; and whatsoever brings that right, and restores the proper average of wet, must in the long run benefit him. This, I am sure, all long-sighted and sensible farmers will understand; and will show themselves, as usual, patient and stout-hearted men; and even though, for this year, they may suffer some loss, trust that it will be made up to them, by the gains of the years past, and by the gains of the years to come. So they will show themselves worthy members of that brave and industrious class which has made England the best cultivated country in Europe.

"I am slow to believe, too, that these rains will hurt the people at large. These late bright and hot years have brought us abundant crops, both here and abroad; so that there is corn enough for all, I understand, in England, even if this crop should fall short of the average; and this, and other causes, have brought England (thank God) just now to such an unexampled state of wealth and prosperity, that we ought to be able to tide over the next winter without any real distress, except among the idle and drunken, the reckless and improvident, who always must and always ought to suffer. As for the really deserving poor, who from age or infirmity are unable to help themselves, there is plenty, thank God, to give them, and plenty who have hearts to give it. Shame would it be, if a country which has received, and is receiving still, so many blessings from God, should suddenly lose heart, and fancy that Almighty God had turned against it because it has rained a few weeks more than usual this summer.

"And bear in mind, my friends, that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. By every word. By all the laws of nature, which are words of God; by all of them put together, and not by eating only, is mankind preserved, and enabled to multiply, and prosper, and grow richer, wiser, better. To take the simplest instance. Can a man live on food without drink? or on the two without air, or on all three without heat? No—nor on all four, without a hundred other wholesome influences, at many of which the wisest men can only guess, but which altogether go to make up the health of man, and without any one of which he would pine, and wither, and die. And how do we know that these rains are not restoring to us

many a wholesome influence of this kind, which we should have wanted without them; that every shower which falls is not bringing down to us blessings as necessary for our health, as is the one blessing of grain, which it may lessen? How do we know that they are not washing away, day by day, the seeds of pestilence in man and beast, and vegetable, and sowing instead the seeds of health and fertility, for us and for our children after us? Let us beware then, lest while we fancy that we are asking our Father for bread, we are really asking Him for a stone. How do we know that if these rains had not come this year, the cholera would not have come instead? How do we know, that in praying God to take away these rains, we are not asking Him to send the cholera in the year to come? I am of opinion that we are. I think, I have thought long, that one or two more dry summers, keeping the springs at their late low level, would have inevitably brought back the cholera, or some other kind of pestilence: but even if that particular guess be wrong, this I believe, and this I will preach, that every drop of rain which is falling now is likely to be not a plague and a punishment, but a blessing and a boon to England and to Englishmen.

"2. Now, perhaps, you may understand better why I said that I was afraid of being presumptuous in praying for fine weather. I do not blame any one for so doing: God forbid. Who am I, to judge another? To his own master each man stands or falls; yea, and he shall stand, for if he be a righteous and pious man God is able to make him stand. All I say is, that looking at the matter as I do, it would be presumptuous in me; and I do not wish to do it, unless I am commanded by my bishop, in which case my duty is to obey orders. But I do shrink from praying for fine weather on my own responsibility; and for this simple reason—Either we expect that our prayers will alter the weather, or we do not. If we do not expect it, we are most presumptuous in praying this prayer, for we are simply mocking God: and if we do expect it—are we not somewhat presumptuous also? I know little or nothing about the weather, and God knows all. Which is most likely to be right—God or I? God knows by what means these rains are produced: I do not. God knows what effect they will have: I do not. And shall I set up my wisdom—or rather my ignorance—against God's wisdom? Shall I set up my narrow notions of what is good for England against God's boundless knowledge of what is good for England, and for the whole world at the same time? Shall I presume, because I think it is raining too long here, to ask God to alter the tides of the ocean, the form of the continents, the pace at which the earth spins round, the force, the light, and speed of sun and moon? For all this, and no less, I shall ask, if I ask Him to alter the skies, even for a single day.

"For the weather, my friends, depends upon no arbitrary changes in the will of God: but on laws as fixed and certain as those by which the seed becomes a plant, or by which a stone falls to the ground. We know little as yet about the laws of the weather: but this we know more and more certainly, that it has laws: that even in this variable climate of England, the rules of weather are really as fixed and perpetual as they are in those countries where the wet season and the dry, the hot season and the cold, follow each other year after year with unvarying regularity. Yes—here, as elsewhere, every shower and every sunbeam is foreordained from the foundation of the world. God has given them a law which cannot be broken, and they continue this day according to His ordinance, serving Him, and fulfilling His word. Let them serve Him then, and not us. Let them fulfil His word, and not ours. Could we alter them? I think not. Would it be good for us to alter them? I think not also.

"For if I dare not set up my wisdom against God's, shall I again set up my benevolence against God's? Surely not. If we love our fellow-men, does not God love them better than we? If we love ourselves, does not God love us better than we? If we believe that God is our Father in heaven; if we believe that He is a good God; if we believe that His name is love; if we believe that God so loved the world, that He spared not His only-begotten Son, but freely gave Him for us; shall we not believe that with that Son He will freely give us all things? Shall we not believe that all things work together for good to those who love Him? Shall we not believe that we are not to be anxious what we shall eat or drink, nor be of doubtful mind; but seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, living according to the laws which He has laid down for our bodies and for our souls, just and upright, loyal and orderly, patient and industrious, and then all these things will be added to us; for our Father in heaven knows what we have need of, before we ask Him?

"Let us then, my friends, have faith in God; and not break out, before we know the facts and the truth, into hasty and ungrateful complaints that He is plaguing us and punishing us, when all the while He is, most probably, preserving and blessing us as He is wont to do. Let us not cry to Him greedily and blindly for fancied blessings which may be real curses, and for the seeming bread, which might prove to be nothing but a stone. We should not give such gifts to our children: neither will God to us. But for this let us cry; for the good gifts which can do us nought but good, which He has promised freely to all who ask Him; for His Holy Spirit; for the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and

the fear of the Lord; the spirit which is good for all men, in all ages, and in all places, for ever; the spirit which will help us to be sober in good times; cheerful in bad times; and brave, prudent, and industrious in all times, as men who know that they have a Father in heaven, who has made the earth right well; and *has* given to man, if he will but use his reason, the dominion over it."

On this subject Sir Charles Lyell writes to Mr. Kingsley:—

LONDON, *September* 23, 1860.

"On my return from the Continent, I find here your excellent sermon on the prayer for rain, sent to me, I presume, by your direction, and for which I return you many thanks. Two weeks ago, I happened to remark to a stranger, who was sitting next me at a *table d'hôte* at Rudolstadt in Thuringia, that I feared the rains must have been doing a great deal of mischief. He turned out to be a scientific man from Berlin, and replied, 'I should think they were much needed to replenish the springs, after three years of drought.'

"I immediately felt that I had made an idle and thoughtless speech. Some thirty years ago I was told at Bonn of two processions of peasants, who had climbed to the top of the Peter's Berg, one composed of vine-dressers, who were intending to return thanks for sunshine, and pray for its continuance: the others from a corn district, wanting the drought to cease and the rain to fall. Each were eager to get possession of the shrine of St. Peter's Chapel before the other, to secure the saint's good offices, so they came to blows with fists and sticks, much to the amusement of the Protestant heretics at Bonn, who, I hope, did not by such prayers as you allude to, commit the same solecism, occasionally, only less coarsely carried out into action."

He had numberless letters on the subject from the clergy and others, to which the following are among the answers:

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 12, 1860.

"I have read your pamphlet with much interest. It is the only stricture on my weather sermon to which I have as yet replied, because it is the only one written like a gentleman and bearing the author's name. I have little fault to find, save that you attempt too much. You stir right and left of you many a question which has made many heads grey, and many hearts heavy; and which will do so to the world's end. I think you have misunderstood me in one important point. You ignore

the fact that I do tell people to pray—only telling them what to pray for. The longer I live, the more I see that the Lord's Prayer is the pattern of all prayers, and whether it be consistent with that to ask that God should alter the course of the universe, in the same breath that we say Thy will be done on earth—judge you. I do not forbid praying for special things—God forbid! I do it myself—I cannot help doing it, any more than a child in the dark can help calling for its mother. Only it seems to me (I do not dogmatize, but only say it *seems*) that when we pray 'Grant this day that we run into no kind of danger,' we ought to lay our stress on the "*run*," rather than on the "*danger*"; to ask God not to take away the danger, by altering the course of nature; but to give us light and guidance whereby to avoid it. All prayers for forgiveness, teaching, strength, guidance, whether for ourselves or others, must be good. They concern the spiritual world of moral agents, having free will and capable of inspiration from the spirit of God—the laws whereof are totally different from those of the physical world. You mistake me again, then, when you class me with the mechanical philosophers. I have combated them in every book I have ever written. I am now hard at work protesting against their views being applied to History in my inaugural lecture, wherein I assert that the Hebrew prophets knew more of the laws of history than all the Comtes and Positivists put together. I fully admit all that you say about God's using natural plagues, locusts, earthquakes, pestilence, &c., as national punishments for national sins. If you will read my sermons you will find that I have enlarged often on this subject; and I cannot see how my sermon interferes with your (and my) scriptural belief on that point. But that does not prevent my asserting man's power and right to abolish those natural plagues, when he has learnt how to do it. To pray against them, as long as he cannot conquer them, is natural, and not to be blamed. But when God has answered his prayer, in a deeper and fuller sense than he dreamed of, by teaching him how to protect himself against these plagues, it is very wrong and ungrateful to God, to go on praying as if God had not answered. The Russian has a right to pray against the locust-swarms as long as he does not know (what we do) that by tilling the waste lands instead of leaving them in wild turf, he would destroy the locust larvæ. But when he has found out that, let him till and thank God. So with our prayer against rain. I do not blame our forefathers for putting it in. God forbid! It rather marks a precious step forward in our theology. For till the time when that prayer was inserted, the general belief of Christendom had been, that the devil and witches were the usual producers of storms, and blights, and all that hurt the crops; and it was (as I believe) the very inspiration of God which kept the good man who

wrote that prayer from saying anything about the devils and witches, and referring the whole question to God alone. Now, I believe that that prayer has been answered most fully, and in this way. We have learnt and ought, in the last two hundred years, to conquer the weather. We know now that if we cut down our superabundant timber, drain our land, and use an improved agriculture, a wet season, instead of bringing (as it did two hundred years ago) famine to man and beasts, does little or no harm, and we have taken the lesson. God has answered the prayer of our pious forefathers, by teaching us their children to laugh at the storms before which they trembled. Shall we cry still to Him to do for us, what He has taught us to do for ourselves? For mind—this is the ultimate point. Does a wet season hurt England in the present state of agriculture? I prophesied, no. I found after I had written, that great scientific men, both here and abroad, took the same view of the rains as I did; and was proportionably thankful. I saw the crops of England fairly housed, and in quantity, it seems, above the average, though the rains did not stop. Recollect that, dear sir. God did not answer those prayers. At the very time that some good men in their haste were thanking God in churches for having stopped the rains, they returned as heavily as ever; and we had the painful spectacle, one Sunday, of one diocese praying that the rains might stop, and another thanking God for having stopped them. But the rains went on. Let those who believe that God will alter the weather at their bidding face that fact; and when they quote the Old Testament against me, recollect what texts of the Old Testament I might quote against them.—'When you spread forth your hands, I will not hear.'—'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn.' So the rains went on; and are you aware, dear sir, what they have done? Have you read the Registrar General's reports for the last quarter? If not, you can hardly judge the matter. But this the rains have done. They have saved (by the returns compared with those of the same quarter last year) in the three months ending October, 18,000 English lives, beside the seeds of future disease. The doctors and apothecaries have been saying they never had so little to do—and the only persons, as far as I can find, who will suffer, are the brewers and hop-growers, who have been making huge profits of late, and can very well afford to make less this year, and allow God to save 18,000 human beings."

TO —— ——, ESQ.

1860.

"I feel very deeply, and have been much touched by, the difficulties which you put, as corollaries from my sermon on the weather; never-

theless, I can and do pray, and hope that I always shall pray. I do not pretend to see my (logical) way clearly on this most subtle and important point; but this I see—that trials cannot be put into the same category as natural phenomena. Trials are part of our spiritual education—chastisements to teach us somewhat; and if we learn the lesson beforehand, we may pray to have the sin forgiven, and the chastisement remitted; and even if we have not, we can, and in effect do, cry out of the darkness to the boundless love of God, by an instinct more rational and divine than all logic. And this may apply even to natural phenomena. To pray that there may not be a thunderstorm is to me presumptuous, because the thunderstorm will not come unless it is wanted. To pray that the particular lightning-flash may not strike my child, is not presumptuous. It is only asking God that a peculiar combination of circumstances which will bring my child under the influence of the laws of electricity may not take place; and that God can and does arrange by a perpetual providence every circumstance whatsoever, so making laws take effect only when and where He chooses, I believe utterly. It may be answered, 'If it be right for the child to be struck, it will be; if not, not!' I know that—I believe that. Everybody does who is pious. Even those who believe in a quite magical effect from prayer, will say and rightly, when their prayers are not answered, 'It is God's will, it ought not to have been answered, therefore it was not!' All are driven to this; yet all pray, and should pray. It is one of those paradoxes which no science can explain. All we can do is, to eliminate from our prayers, as much as we can, all of self-will and selfishness, and study and copy the Lord's Prayer, praying 'after that manner.' This is a poor answer: but if you be an honest man, you would sooner have an honest half-answer than a dishonest whole one."

In the following winter he writes from Eversley to Sir Charles Bunbury on the same topic.

"The frost here is intense and continuous. The result, the perfect health of everybody. Of course, sufficient food and firing are required. But much that I have seen of late years (and this frost *inter alia*) proves to me that the most 'genial' weather is not the healthiest.

"I have been called names, as though I had been a really selfish and cruel man, for a foolish 'Ode to the North-East Wind.' If my cockney critics had been country parsons, they would have been more merciful, when they saw me, as I have been more than once, utterly ill from

attending increasing sick cases during a soft south-west November of rain and roses; and then, released by a hard frost, my visits stopped in a few days by the joyful answer, 'Thank God, we are getting all well now, in this beautiful seasonable weather.' 'Seasonable weather'—that expression has taught me much. In the heart of the English labourer and farmer, unsophisticated by any belief that the Virgin Mary or the saints can coax the Higher Powers into sending them a shower or a sunbeam, if they be sufficiently coaxed and flattered themselves—into their hearts and minds has sunk a deep belief that God is just and wise, and orders all things well, according to a 'law which cannot be broken.' A certain sermon of mine about the rains, which shocked the clergy of all denominations, pleased deeply, thank God, my own labourers and farmers. They first thanked me heartily for it, and begged for copies of it. I then began to see (what I ought to have seen long before) that the belief in a good and just God is the foundation, if not of a scientific habit of mind, still of a habit of mind into which science can fall, and seed, and bring forth fruit in good ground. I learnt from that to solve a puzzle which had long disturbed me—why the French philosophers of the last century, denying and scoffing at much which I hold true and dear, had still been not only men of science, but men who did good work in their time. They believed, even Voltaire, in a *good* God—at least they said, 'If God is at all, He is good, just, and wise.' That thought enabled them at once to face scientific fact, and to testify against cruelty, oppression, ignorance, and all the works of darkness wherever they found them. And so I learnt to thank God for men who seemed not to believe in Him, and to value more and more the moral instincts of men, as a deeper and more practical theology than their dogmas about God. Excuse this tirade. But you are one of the few persons to whom I can speak my whole heart. . . .

"Meanwhile, you would exceedingly oblige me by telling me where the geology of Palestine is described. I cannot get trustworthy information about it. Lynch and the man who went some years ago to look for coal, tell me very little; and though Lord Lindsay has some hints about the volcanic appearances north of the Lake Tiberias, he tells one nothing about the age and superposition of the beds. It seems strange that so little should be known about one of the most remarkable volcanic districts of the world. The age of the normal limestones; of the bitumen beds of the Dead Sea; of the Edomite mountains; and of the recent (?) volcanic rocks of the north, all ought to be known by some one or other. But most who have gone have wasted their time in looking for the 'Cities of the Plain,' instead of collecting sound physical facts. Some have been afraid, it seemed to

me, of looking at the physical facts too closely, for fear of coming to some 'rationalist' conclusion."

In the autumn the new Professor went up to Cambridge. "It is with a feeling of awe, almost of fear, that I find myself in such a place on such an errand," he said when he delivered his Inaugural Lecture* in the crowded Senate House on the 12th of November. He had an enthusiastic welcome from the undergraduates, and the lecture, which was published under the title of "The Limits of Exact Science applied to History," was listened to with profound attention, and most kindly received by all ranks in the university. He now settled in Cambridge with his family till Christmas, and began his first course of lectures, eventually published as "The Roman and the Teuton," to a class of upwards of one hundred undergraduates, and during the nine years of his professorship his class was one of the best attended in the university. His residence in Cambridge enabled him to cultivate one of the most valuable friendships of his life, that of Sir Charles Fox Bunbury, of Barton Hall, Suffolk, at whose house, rich in itself with works of art, and with a museum and arboretum, in which he delighted, he had the rare pleasure of meeting, year by year, men distinguished in science, in literature, and in society. There he first met Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Edmund Head, Dr. Joseph Hooker, and Sir Louis Mallet, and renewed his friendship with Lord Arthur Hervey (now Bishop of Bath and Wells), and his happy days at Barton, which became a second home to himself and his family, were a constant refreshment to his spirit.

"I cannot understand," he says, with characteristic modesty, in a letter to Sir Charles, after one of his first visits to him, "the kind words which you use about my visit to you. That you should speak so kindly of a poor stammering superficial person like me, shows me only that there are more good and kind and tolerant people in the world than I looked for, and I knew there were many . . . ."

The friendship he so dearly prized was mutual. But Sir

* The Inaugural Lecture is now incorporated with the new edition of the "Roman and Teuton," with a preface by Max Müller. (Macmillan.)

Charles's generous appreciation must be told in his own words in a letter to Mrs. Kingsley.

BARTON, *October* 18, 1875.

"I have lost in him," he says, "an invaluable friend; one whom for many years past I have truly loved and revered, and who has left a blank that, for me, can never be filled up. I scarcely ever was in his company without learning something from him. Much as I like and admire his writings—to many of which I return again and again with fresh pleasure—his conversation was much more delightful than his books. I have very seldom, if ever, known a man whose talk was so charming, so rich in matter, so various, so easy and unassuming, so instructive and so free from dogmatism. Sensibility, humour, wisdom, were most happily blended in it. Many a long conversation I have enjoyed with him, and the remembrance of them will always be precious to me; but I continually regret that my memory could not retain more of what I heard from him. Our talk often turned upon subjects of natural science, in which he delighted, and of which his knowledge was extensive and sound. He more than once said to me that, if circumstances had allowed him leisure, botany, and natural history in general, would have been his favourite studies. We passed many hours (delightful to me) in examining together my botanical collections, and discussing the questions which they suggested. His remarks were always instructive and valuable. He had not, indeed, had leisure to prosecute those elaborate researches, or to acquire that vast knowledge of details, which belong to the great masters of science; but his knowledge was by no means superficial. He had mastered the leading principles and great outlines of scientific natural history, in its principal branches; and the large generalizations in which he delighted, were based on a well-directed study of facts, both in books and in nature.

"He had the true naturalist's eye for quick and acute observation; the philosopher's love of large views and general principles; the poet's faculty of throwing a glow of light upon the objects which he wished to illustrate. This combination of powers gave a peculiar charm to his descriptions of natural objects, as is well exemplified in his West Indian book and in many parts of his essays, especially in 'From Ocean to Sea,' 'My Winter Garden,' and 'Chalk Stream Studies.' I think it a great loss to science that he was not able to carry out a plan which, as he told me, he had formed;—that of writing the Natural History of his own district, the district of the Bagshot sands. He would have made of it a work of remarkable interest.

"Another quality of Mr. Kingsley, by which I was particularly struck

in the course of our discussions on these subjects, was his remarkable modesty, indeed humility. He never dogmatized; never put himself forward as an authority; was always ready to welcome any suggestion from a fellow-labourer; and indeed always seemed more anxious to learn than to teach. I have been tempted to dwell, perhaps too long, on one aspect only of his character and genius; but I believe you wished to have my impression of him in this point of view. His higher qualities are indeed more generally known, through his writings, and I will not attempt to expatiate on a theme, to which more justice may be done by others. I can safely say that he was one of the best men I have known; his conversation was not only agreeable, but had a constant tendency to make one wiser and better; and when it was directed to specially religious topics, his tone of feeling and thought appeared to me both elevating and comforting. I shall ever feel grateful for having been allowed to enjoy the friendship of such a man.

"Believe me,

"My dear Mrs. Kingsley,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"CHARLES J. F. BUNBURY."

CHAPTER XXI.

1861—1862.

Aged 42—43.

Cambridge—Lectures to the Prince of Wales—Letter from Rev. S. Hansard—Essays and Reviews—Letters to Dr. Stanley—Bishop of Winchester—Mr. Tom Hughes—Campbell of Islay—Tracts for Priests and People—Death of the Prince Consort—Letter to Sir C. Bunbury—Blue Rock Doves at the Grange—The Water-babies—Installation Ode at Cambridge—Visit to Scotland—British Association—Lord Dundreary—Letter to Professor Rolleston on Degradation Theory—Cotton Famine in Lancashire.

CAN we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end,
Which nerved us for our race?
Oh sad to toil, and yet forego
One presence which has made us know
To God-like souls how deep our debt!
We would not, if we could, forget.

Severer muses, linger yet;
Speak out, for us one pure and rich regret.
Thou Clio, who, with awful pen,
Gravest great names upon the hearts of men,
Speak of a fate beyond our ken;
A gem, late found and lost too soon:
A sun gone down at highest noon;
A tree from Odin's ancient root,
Which bore for men the ancient fruit,
Counsel, and faith, and scorn of wrong,
And cunning lore, and soothing song,
Snapt in mid-growth, and leaving unaware
The flock unsheltered and the pasture bare.

C. K.

Ode for the Installation of the Chancellor of the University, after the death of the Prince Consort.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE longer I live, the more certain I am," said Sir T. Fowell Buxton, "that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy and invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

It was this very invincible determination and energy which carried Charles Kingsley through work, and sometimes a distracting confusion of different works, and which preserved his often weary body and exhausted brain from breaking down entirely: but more than this, it was his child-like faith in God which kept him not only free from the irritability so common to all highly-strung natures, but cheerful and brave under every circumstance.

The weight of responsibility that pressed heavily on him during this year was added to by the duty and honour of giving private lectures to the Prince of Wales, who had just left Oxford, and kept the usual terms atCambridge during 1861. On the 2nd of January, Mr. Kingsley received through the Prince's tutor, Mr. Herbert Fisher, a message from the Prince Consort on the subject of his son's studies, informing him how they had been conducted at Oxford—how a special class had been formed there for instruction in Modern History, which instruction had been carried up to the reign of William III.—what book had been used, &c., and requesting the Cambridge Professor to consult Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity, as to the undergraduates who should attend with the Prince. To this Mr. Kingsley replied:

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *January* 2, 1861.

"Do me the kindness to inform the Prince Consort that his wishes are, of course, commands to me.

"I shall have great pleasure in following out the excellent method sketched for me in your letter, and in putting myself into Dr. Whewell's hands as to the formation of a special class for His Royal Highness.

"Any information which you can give me I shall most thankfully accept and use. I put myself entirely into your hands, both as the expounder of the Prince Consort's wishes, and as the Prince of Wales's tutor. The responsibility is too solemn and too sudden for me to act in any way upon my own private judgment in the matter.

"The first question which I have to ask is—up to what year in the 18th century I ought to extend my lectures?"

The class was accordingly formed, and the names selected by the Rev. W. Mathison, senior Tutor of Trinity, subject to Dr. Whewell's approval, were sent in to the Professor.*

Early in February the Prince of Wales settled at Madingley, and rode in three times a week to Mr. Kingsley's house, for lectures, twice with the class, and every Saturday to go through a *résumé* of the week's work alone.

During the course of the academical year the Professor carried the class up to the reign of George IV.; and at the end of each term he set questions for the Prince, which were always most satisfactorily answered. Throughout this year the sense of responsibility which would otherwise have been overpowering, was relieved not only by the intense interest of the work, in which he was allowed perfect freedom of speech, but by the attention, courtesy, and intelligence of his Royal pupil, whose

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* Mr. Lee Warner, of St. John's College, lately head of Rugby School.
Mr. Stuart, Rugby, of St. John's.
Mr. Main, of St. John's, the best mathematician of his year, in his third year.
Mr. Cay, of Caius College, a freshman, who had just obtained an open scholarship.
Lord John Hervey, Trinity.
Hon. C. Lyttelton, Trinity.
Mr. Hamilton, Trinity.
Mr. C. Wood, son of Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood.
Hon. Henry Strutt, Trinity.
Mr. A. W. Elliott, freshman of Trinity.
And later in the year, Mr. George Howard, of Trinity.

kindness to him then and in after-life, made him not only the Prince's loyal, but his most attached servant.

But the year ended sadly, and his intercourse with the Prince of Wales was brought to an abrupt termination by the death of the Prince Consort, which threw a gloom all over England, and was felt as a deep personal grief, as well as a national loss, by every one who had had the privilege of coming in personal contact with His Royal Highness.

Mr. Kingsley's professional duties with the Prince of Wales obliged him to keep all the terms at Cambridge, only returning to Eversley for the long vacation; and as his curate was in deacon's orders, his friend, the Rev. Septimus Hansard (now Rector of Bethnal Green), kindly consented to live at the Rectory during his absence, to take the lead in the Sunday services, and superintend the parish work. His able assistance relieved the Rector's anxiety, while it strengthened their mutual friendship, of which Mr. Hansard touchingly speaks in the following letter:—

RECTORY, BETHNAL GREEN, 1876.

"DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

". . . . Hitherto I have found no letters. . . . . I am glad that you have some excuse for associating me with your husband, in any record you can give the world of him. It is an honour to be able to say I was one of his friends, and it is a privilege to have known him. His memory will ever be dear to me, and when I think of the group of good and noble souls who have passed from us to the unseen world, with whom I have so often mixed for instruction, for pleasure, and for 'the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,' his figure and face are before me most vividly. . . . For few men left their impression on their friends more vividly and more pleasantly than your husband. . . . . A country walk with him was a thing to be remembered. If he found you enjoyed talking with him, he could tell you of something in every tree, hedgerow, ditch, or stream, that you did not know before, and with his sweet perception of the beauty of God, he would glorify every thing with the poetry of his thoughts.

"Never, too, can I forget his free and friendly talks with me, in that dear, dear old study—his deep earnestness on all questions of the day, his faithful hope for the future, his utter detestation and abhorrence of sin and wrong-doing, and especially of all little, mean, dirty sins, which most men gloss over; and then his heartiness and playfulness, and his

sympathy for the poor and needy, and for him that hath no helper; and, more striking to those who only knew of him by his writings, his Christ-like toleration for those who differed with him in opinion, and his sweet gentleness. I often used to say that Charles Kingsley had the gentleness of a woman. I have heard people after seeing his photograph say that he must have been a stern man. Sternness, they have thought, must have been a characteristic of him who could speak so sternly against wrong and oppression, and so earnestly and strongly about Duty. But he had the tenderness of feeling and gentleness of spirit of a woman, with the firmness of moral purpose and unflinching loyalty to duty of the strongest man. Naturally and by principle averse from quarrelling, he was ever ready to fight in the cause of justice to the poor, the oppressed, the suffering, and the weak.

"The Revelation of His Master's life—*the* Revelation of Christ—had penetrated Charles Kingsley through and through.

"Dear friend, you know all this—only those who knew him well in his own home and in his private retreats know it thoroughly. Why should I write it all? Because it is a pleasure to say it to you. I thought it all when I was getting over the crisis of that detestable fever,* and then I was forbidden to write to any one. I thought I should die first, when, lo! the news came that he was dead, and I felt as though I had lost a dear brother, but only for a short time.

"How I remember talking with him and you on one summer's evening under the three fir trees; and how earnestly and reverently we came to the conclusion that as our Heavenly Father is Justice and Love, so He cannot have given us those strong affections which rivet husband to wife, and child to mother, only to be severed for ever and ever. *We* should not make creatures to be thus tortured, and as we cannot be better than God, we may be sure that He has not so made us. The 'Master' says, 'If ye being evil know how to give *good* gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father.' Therefore, with all the strength of your good heart, rely on it that it is the will of our dear good Heavenly Father, that you will know your dear husband again, because God is *Good*, and your dear husband lives in Him who is good and just, and who cares for us all in all our human sorrows and griefs, as a mother does for her child, as a father pities his children, and knoweth whereof they are made.

"I wish I was nearer you that I might comfort you . . . . but I am far from well . . . . However I must not murmur. I have had blessings

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* Scarlet fever caught in parochial work in Bethnal Green Parish.

poured upon me, and last, not least of all, the friendship of Charles Kingsley. God bless *him* and you and yours. For God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"SEPTIMUS HANSARD."

About this period "Essays and Reviews" came out, and the following letter shows Mr. Kingsley's impression of the attitude of Cambridge at the publication:

TO REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 19, 1861.

"Cambridge lies in magnificent repose, and shaking lazy ears stares at her more nervous elder sister and asks what it is all about.

"She will not persecute the authors of the Essays; and what is more, any scraps of the Simeonite party, now moribund here, who try to get up a persecution, will be let alone—and left to persecute on their own hook. That is the Cambridge danger. Cool indifferentism: not to the doctrines, but to the means of fighting for them.

"The atmosphere is the most liberal (save 'Bohemia') which I ever lived in. And it is a liberality (not like that of Bohemia, of want of principle or creed), but of real scholarly largeness and lovingness between men who disagree. We 'live and let live' here, I find, to my delight. But with that will come the feeling—in which, I confess, I share—what the plague had these men to do, starting a guerilla raid into the enemy's country, on their own responsibility? We are no more answerable for them, than for Garibaldi. If they fail, they must pay the penalty. They did not ask us—they called no Synod of the Broad Church—consulted no mass of scholars, as to what could or could not be done just now. They go and levy war on their own account, and *each man* on his own account. Each one of us might make himself responsible for one essay. But being published together, one does become responsible for all or none; and that I won't be, nor any man in Cambridge. I would not even be responsible for * * * 's Article, much as I trust and respect him. The world, mind, does take one as all, and all as one. The 'Essays and Reviews' are one book in the mind of the world, and if they were not meant to be, they should not have been published in one volume. This is what Cambridge (and I) feel, as far as I can ascertain.

"Next. There is little or nothing, says Cambridge, in that book

which we have not all of us been through already. Doubts, denials, destructions—we have faced them till we are tired of them. But we have faced them in silence, hoping to find a positive solution. Here comes a book which states all the old doubts and difficulties, and gives us nothing instead. Here are men still pulling down, with far weaker hands than the Germans, from whom they borrow, and building up *nothing* instead. So we will preserve a stoic calm. We wish them all well. We will see fair play for them, according to the forms of English law and public opinion. But they must fight their own battle. We cannot be responsible for other men's campaigns.

"This, I think, is the feeling of Cambridge. I do not expect, from what I hear, that you will have any manifesto against Essays and Reviews. *** of *** and *** may get up something, and cowards and trimmers may sign it, for fear of committing themselves; but I think they will win little but wind by their movement, and that 'they may bottle if it will help them.'

. . . . . .

TO THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
(DR. SUMNER.)

EVERSLEY, 1861.

"MY LORD,

"I have received a circular from the venerable the archdeacon, asking me to sign an address to your lordship in reference to the 'Essays and Reviews,' of miserable notoriety. That address I declined to sign upon a question of archidiaconal jurisdiction. I begged that the letter might be sent to the archdeacon. I hope that your lordship will do me the honour of perusing it, if it be sent on to you. But in justice to your lordship, and to myself, I must tell you what I thought myself bound not to tell the archdeacon in his official capacity. I should be sorry that you should think that I agreed with a book whose publication I have deeply deplored, and have more reason to deplore every day.

"I deplore it first, for itself; second, for the storm which I saw it would raise. For itself. With the exception of Dr. Temple's essay, in which I can see nothing heterodox, be his theory right or wrong, all the essays deny but do not affirm.

"The doubts and puzzles which they raise afresh have passed through the mind of every thinking man in the last twenty-five years, and it pained me much to see them re-stated—in one or two cases very offensively—without any help to a practical solution. I confess to having thrust the book away in disgust, as saying once again, very weakly, what I had long put out of sight and mind, in the practical realities of

parish work. If I may intrude my own doings on your lordship, when my new curate came back to me after ordination, having heard your lordship's allusion to these 'Essays and Reviews,' and asked me whether he should read them, I told him 'By no means. They will disturb your mind with questions which you are too young to solve. Stick to the old truths and the old paths, and learn their divineness by sick beds and in every-day work, and do not darken your mind with intellectual puzzles, which may breed disbelief, but can never breed vital religion, or practical usefulness.' As for my own opinions, my lord, they are sufficiently known. The volumes of sermons which I have published are, I am sure, a sufficient guarantee to you as they are to the public, that I keep to the orthodox faith, and the orthodox formulæ, without tormenting my soul, or my hearers, with fruitless argument on things which we shall never know, save by taking our Bible in hand like little children, and obeying it. Next, I deplore the publication of these Essays from the storm which I saw they would raise. As a fact, they are being sold now by hundreds, where one copy would have been sold; and therefore thousands of brains are being put into an unwholesome ferment, instead of one here and there. The effect at the Universities will be very bad; for young men are only too glad to fly off on intellectual disquisitions, from the plain requirements of Christian faith and duty, and therefore I could have wished that the book had been passed by in silence, as what it is, a very weak and inconsiderable book. But it is too late. That my curates, and my parish, shall be kept clear, if I can do it, of all fruitless and unwholesome speculations, and taught to believe in the plain doctrines of the Prayer-book and Articles, and act up to them, I promise you with all my heart."

In the spring a set of "Tracts for Priests and People" were brought out under the superintendence of Mr. Maurice. Mr. Kingsley was asked to write, but his time was absorbed with parish work and Cambridge lectures, and he writes:

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGE, *April* 21, 1861.

"I have read your tract 'Religio Laici,' with very deep pleasure. It is clear, hearty, and honest, and God grant, my dear fellow, that such a faith may abide with you through life, death, and all times to come — for so all will be well.

"I have yet hope for the Church of England, if men will only do

(whether for or against us or the Essays) what you bid them, say what they *do* believe, and not what they don't. But it is difficult to make men do that; and for this reason. If you ask the religionist what he believes, he answers you pat enough—but mere formulæ out of a book, the slang of his school, which he has not translated into his own native tongue, and which he would not recognise as his creed were it translated for him. * * * * *does* translate Evangelicalism into English for the world, faithfully enough; and the educated portion of the religious world shudders at the revelation of its own ugliness as a man shrinks from an ape, *because* it is so like a man. But the mass have not * * * *'s courage or thick-hidedness, and therefore they will confine themselves carefully to the slang of their sect, the clothes thereof, and never give you, nor themselves, the naked truth of what they really conceive of heaven, earth, and man.

"Therefore, you, and all men who try to speak what they believe, are naked men, fighting men quilted sevenfold in formulæ; and you fight at a disadvantage which is only not deadly.

"For me, I bide my time. I have always asserted, rather than denied. I have nothing more to say now than what I have said in print a dozen times." . . . .

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGE, *November*, 1861.

"You can help me, and I am sure you will. My soul is moved by the abominations which this Children's Employment Commission is said to have brought to light: but I have no authentic details thereon. I am minded to speak earnestly about it in my Chapel-Royal sermon next Sunday, if between now and then I can get facts enough to speak with authority, and also can hear what is likely to be done about it next session. Now, can you tell me aught? or tell me how to find out aught? (See "Water of Life and other Sermons," No. XIII., p. 147.)

"Do give me a lift, and you shall find that 'still in my ashes live their wonted fires.'"

CAMBRIDGE, *November* 22, 1861.

"I must write you a line to tell you how deeply I sympathise with your loss.* I knew very little of him; but many here did so; and it would be a real and wholesome comfort to you to hear how he is spoken of, especially by Leslie Stephen.

"I hear, too, that you are bothered and disappointed in other ways.

* Death of a brother.

Do remember if you lose heart about your work in London, that none of it is *lost*. That the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on for ever; and that all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing, which perhaps might have been better done, but better or worse, has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done to men's hearts—and of that, dear Tom, you have done a very great deal, for which God will surely repay you in His own way and time.

"I hear you think of getting into Parliament. Pray do if you have a chance. I have long wished to see you there. You will complete your own education by it. You will do good to others by it. From all points of view it is to me most desirable. Go in for a small and obscure place, rather than not at all. . . . ."

It is pleasant to be able to wind up this early period of his Professorial work with the kindly words of a Cambridge undergraduate and Rugby man, who attended both the Royal class and the public lectures for the year, and who, after thanking him for his lectures, says :

"I do not think that I have ever had old prejudices swept away more quietly and forcibly by any one, save Dr. Temple, so much as by yourself. I wanted something of the kind when I first went up to Cambridge and began to read history for myself, and I shall always thank you for giving it to me."

The American war, which was occupying general attention, decided the Professor to take the History of America as the subject of his lectures for 1862.

The correspondence of the year, of which little has been recovered, closes with a letter to Sir Charles Bunbury, written on his return to Eversley, in that time of general mourning in which all England shared.

EVERSLEY, *December* 31, 1861.

"I ought long ago to have thanked you for your kind letter, and still more for the pamphlet on the fossil plants from Nagpur. But events have of late passed so rapidly, and been to me so absorbing, that I have left undone many things which I ought to have done. So I must beg you to forgive me.

"The similarity between the coal plants of India and Australia is (to me at least) new, and most pregnant; and when one adds to it the facts

which you give as to the similarity of the modern plants in the two countries, vast dreams of a southern continent are opened up, the truth of which must depend very much, I presume, on the discoveries which will shortly be made in Madagascar. To that country I look as the great new field for botany, zoology, and geology, as it is now opened up by the death of the old tyrant Queen, and the accession of the good and liberal Prince whom Ellis celebrates.

"As for the American question, on which you do me the honour to ask my opinion, I have thought of nothing else for some time; for I cannot see how I can be a Professor of past Modern History without the most careful study of the history which is enacting itself around me. But I can come to no conclusion, save that to which all England seems to have come—that the war will be a gain to us. So strongly do I feel the importance of this crisis, that I mean to give as my public lectures, next October term, the History of the American States; and most thankful to you should I be, if you could recommend me any books throwing light on it, particularly on the little-known period (strange to say), from 1815 to the present time.

"As for the death of the Prince Consort, I can say nothing. Words fail me utterly. What little I could say, I put into a sermon for my own parishioners, which I will send you if you will allow me. . . . . I need not say how we regretted not being able to accept your kind invitation. But the heavy work of last term, and the frightful catastrophe * with which it ended, sent us all home to rest, if rest is possible, when, on coming home, one finds fresh arrears of work waiting for one, which ought to have been finished off months since. The feeling of being always behind hand, do what one will, is second only in torment to that of debt.

"I long to find myself once again talking over with you 'the stones which tell no lies.'"

The opening of 1862 found him once more settled at Eversley, and enjoying the return to parish work after the heavy duties and responsibilities of such a year at Cambridge as could never come again.

His mind was particularly vigorous this year, and the refreshment of visits with his wife to the Grange in the winter, and to Scotland in the summer, giving him change of thought and scene, prepared him for returning to his professorial work in the

* Prince Consort's death.

autumn, and to his controversy on the Cotton Famine with Lancashire mill-owners and millionaires.

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S., &c. &c.

January 31, 1862.

"We have just returned from Lord Ashburton's at the Grange, where the Bishop of Oxford, the Duke of Argyll, and I, have naturally talked much about you and your book.*

"As for the Bishop, you know what he thinks. The Duke is calm, liberal, and ready to hear all reason; though puzzled, as every one must be, by a hundred new questions which you have opened.

"What started us on you and your theory was the shooting in the park of a pair of 'blue rocks,' which I was called to decide on. There were several men there who knew blue rocks. The Duke said that the specimen was different from the blue rock of the Hebrides. Young Baring, that it was different from the blue rock of Gibraltar and of his Norfolk rabbit warrens (which I don't believe, from the specimens I have seen, to be a blue rock at all, but a stunted stock dove, which feeds in rabbit holes), and I could hardly swear that this was a blue rock (as the keeper held), till I saw, but very weakly developed, the black bars on the wing cornets.

"Do you care enough about the matter to have a specimen of the bird? He comes in twos and threes (from the Isle of Wight, I suppose) to the heart of South Hants, and feeds on ivy berries.

"My own view is—and I coolly stated it, fearless of consequences—that the specimen before us was only to be explained on your theory, and that cushat, stock dove, and blue rock, had been once all one species; and I found—to show how your views are steadily spreading—that of five or six men, only one regarded such a notion as absurd. . . . .

"At least believe me, differing now and now agreeing,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. KINGSLEY."

In answer to this query, Mr. Darwin writes:

"With respect to the pigeons, your remarks clearly show me (without seeing specimens) that the birds shot were the stock C. Œnas, long confounded with the cushat and rock pigeon. It is in some respects identical in appearance and habits; as it breeds in *holes* in trees and in

* "Origin of Species," recently published.

rabbit warrens. It is so far intermediate that it quite justifies what you say on all the forms being descendants of one. . . . ."

Of the blue rock dove of the Eastern counties, Mr. Kingsley had previously written to Sir Charles Bunbury:

"I trust that you will excuse my troubling you in the cause of science; but I have asked a very good local ornithologist about the dove of your warrens; and he says that it is either the blue rock dove (parent of our domestic pigeon) or an unknown and mysterious dove which used to haunt the open lands of Cambridge twenty years ago, and is now disappearing.

"Would it be possible for your keeper to procure me a specimen of the bird, and a couple of its eggs? We might thus clear up a loose point—always a thing to be desired."

TO CAPTAIN ALSTON, R.N.

EVERSLEY, *March* 20, 1862.

"I cannot thank you enough for your splendid present, which arrived this morning. I have tried one of them, and they are admirable. I have given some to an old army friend, who is too poor to buy cigars, and who is licking his lips over them with delight. So you have made two men happy. They will last me for the next three years.

"As for the Workmen's Club, Mrs. Kingsley has sent you a list of books which she recommends. The best periodical for them is certainly Norman McLeod's 'Good Words,' which is quite admirable, and has now a very large circulation—70,000, I believe. I do not think that I would give them Carlyle yet. If I did, it would be 'Past and Present.' And yet, things have so mended since it was written that that would be unfair. The 'French Revolution' is the book, if they would only understand it.

"I am not the man to give you any practical suggestions as to the working of such a club. But if when you come to London, you choose call on my dear friend, Tom Hughes (Tom Brown), he would give you many admirable hints learnt from experience.

"I am truly thankful to hear that I have helped to make a churchman of you. The longer I live, the more I find the Church of England the most rational, liberal, and practical form which Christianity has yet assumed; and dread as much seeing it assimilated to dissent, as to Popery. Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost."

Sitting at breakfast at the rectory one spring morning this year, the father was reminded of an old promise, "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his." He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of "The Waterbabies," written off without a correction. The rest of the book, which appeared monthly in "Macmillan's Magazine," was composed with the same rapidity and ease as the first chapter—if indeed what was so purely an inspiration could be called composing, for the whole thing seemed to flow naturally out of his brain and heart, lightening both of a burden without exhausting either; and the copy went up to the printer's with scarcely a flaw. He was quite unprepared for the sensation it would make.

Nothing helped the books and sermons more than the silence and solitude of a few days' fishing. The Waterbabies, especially, have the freshness and fragrance of the sea breeze and the river-side in almost every page; and he writes home from the banks of Itchen:

"I have told Masson that I will be ready for him in July. I have got a deal more ready, among others a wonderful waterproof picture-book, in which Tom sees how a race of men, in time, become gorillas by being brutish. I have worked out the theory till I quite believe it.

"Oh, the loveliness of this vale and river! and the comfort of all the cottages and tenants. It is a happy land round here, at least as far as Lord Ashburton's goes. I am just starting fishing—day looking perfect: but I don't hope for much, the fish are all feeding at ground. . . . .

"I shall be at Winchfield at one o'clock to-morrow. I have had bad sport enough; so has every one—but delightful scenery. I am now at the Plough at Itchen."

About the Waterbabies, he writes to Mr. Maurice:

"When you read it, I hope you will see that I have not been idling my time away. I have tried, in all sorts of queer ways, to make children and grown folks understand that there is a quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature; and that nobody knows anything about anything, in the sense in which they may know God in Christ, and right and wrong. And if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tom-fooleries, it is because so only could I get the pill swallowed by a

generation who are not believing with anything like their whole heart, in the Living God.

"Meanwhile, remember that the physical science in the book is *not* nonsense, but accurate earnest, as far as I dare speak yet."

In the summer the Duke of Devonshire was installed at Cambridge as Chancellor of the University, of which he had been so distinguished a member, taking the place of the lamented Prince Consort; and the Professor of Modern History, as in duty bound, wrote an installation ode, which, being set to music by Sir William Sterndale Bennett, gave him the acquaintance and friendship of one of the first English musicians. Their work together was a great mutual interest. Of the result, a Fellow of Trinity wrote to Mrs. Kingsley on June 10:

"I have just left the Senate House, where we heard the 'perfect music set to noble words,' given in a way which, I think, would have satisfied you. I will only add that the Ode was received as it deserved. Can I more emphatically assure you that it was applauded judiciously as well as loudly. . . . ."

The Professor of Music, writing at the same time, says, "I was very sorry not to meet you and Mrs. Kingsley at Cambridge. I think you would have been pleased. The last thing I heard was the ringing cheer for Professor Kingsley. I was thoroughly satisfied with the performance. Will you give me leave to use your words if I publish?*

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT."

In August, with his wife and his eldest boy Maurice, he went to Scotland for a month's holiday, whence he writes

TO HIS MOTHER.

MURTHLEY CASTLE, *August*, 1862.

"Here we are in this delicious place, full of beautiful walks and plantations—with Birnam Wood opposite my window as I write—only all the wood having gone to Dunsinane in Macbeth's time, the hill alone is left. . . . . We had reels last night, Lord John Manners and Sir Hugh Cairns both dancing. . . . . All that is said of the grandeur of the Tay

* The music was never published.

I quite agree in. I never saw such a river, though there are very few salmon up. I got into one huge fish yesterday; but he shook his head and shook out the hook very soon. Maurice caught a good sea trout of 2¾ lbs., which delighted him. Monday we start for Inverary, *viâ* Balloch, Loch Lomond, and Tarbet."

INVERARY CASTLE, *August* 21.

"The loveliest spot I ever saw—large lawns and enormous timber on the shores of a salt-water loch, with moor and mountain before and behind. We had the grandest drive yesterday through Glencroe, from Loch Lomond at Tarbet to Inverary round the head of Loch Fyne. Loch Lomond is certainly very fine, putting one, now and then, much in mind of the Rhine; but full of beautiful wooded islands, and with very grand mountains at the upper end. I gat myself up this morning at four for salmon, yesterday I could kill none; water too low. To-day the first cast I hooked a ten pounder, and the *hook broke!* The river is swarming; they are flopping and smacking about the water every where; but oh, dear! why did heaven make midges?

. . . . . .

"If you examine the picture enclosed, carefully, on the extreme top ot the extreme left, you behold the hill of Dunnaquoich, or the drinking-cup, which has a watch-tower on his top, for speculation after the thieves of those parts, and is about 500 feet high, with enormous pine and beech to his top, and views angelical. Beneath it you see the Castle of the Maccallum More, circumambulated by the piper before each meal, and surmounted by the banner of the ship and cross. Between the hill and the castle, you would perceive, if it were visible, the river Aray, which contains now far more salmon than water; wherefore not being able to catch them fairly, we gaff them in narrow places. Beyond Dunnaquoich runs up Glen Shiray, which contains the Dhu Loch, which again contains salmon, salmon trout, brown trout, salmo-ferox, sythe, lythe, herrings, sticklebacks, flounders, grayling (on my honour I an't lying), and all other known and unknown fresh and salt-water fish, jumbled together in thousands. Such a piece of fishing I never saw in my life. The next glen is the head of Glen Fyne, with Kelmorich.

"Up Glen Shiray the Maccallum More of those days did hide Rob Roy, and gave him land and beeves, contrary to law and the King's peace, whereon his brother lairds (who would have done just the same if they could have got a dollar by it), cried out, 'Oh, fie on the Argyll,' to which he answered, standing on Dunnaquoich, ''Tis a far cry to Loch Awe!'

"We are going out to dredge sea beasts, *live* Terebratulas!!!! and I will bring you some."

The visit to Inverary was one of the bright memories and green spots of his life, always looked back upon by himself and those who were with him with gratitude, combining as it did not only beautiful scenery, but intellectual, scientific, and spiritual communings on the highest, holiest themes. Such holidays were few and far between in his life of labour, and when they came he could give himself up to them, "thanks," as he would say,

"to my blessed habit of intensity, which has been my greatest help in life. I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work, at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation for a spell."

The British Association met at Cambridge on the 1st October. It was the first he had ever attended. The Zoological and Geological sections were those which naturally attracted him, and the acquaintances he made, the distinguished men he now met, (among them, the lamented Beete Jukes, and Lucas Barrett, who was drowned in the survey of the Jamaica coral reefs the next year,) made this an era in his life, and gave a fresh impetus to his scientific studies. While attending Section D, he was present at the famous tournament between Professor Owen and Professor Huxley on the Hippocampus question, which led to his writing a little squib for circulation among his friends. As it will be new to many it is given at length.

SPEECH OF LORD DUNDREARY IN SECTION D, ON FRIDAY LAST, ON THE GREAT HIPPOCAMPUS QUESTION.

CAMBRIDGE, *October*, 1861.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen, I mean Ladies and Mr. President, I am sure that all ladies and gentlemen will see the matter just as I do; and I am sure we're all very much obliged to these scientific gentlemen for quarrelling—no—I don't mean that, that wouldn't be charitable, and it's a sin to steal a pin: but I mean for letting us hear them quarrel,

and so eloquently, too; though, of course, we don't understand what is the matter, and which is in the right; but of course we were very much delighted, and, I may say, quite interested, to find that we had all hippopotamuses in our brains. Of course they're right, you know, because seeing's believing.

"Certainly, I never felt one in mine; but perhaps it's dead, and so didn't stir, and then of course, it don't count, you know. A dead dog is as good as a live lion. Stop—no. A live lion is as good as a dead dog—no, that won't do again. There's a mistake somewhere. What was I saying? Oh, hippopotamuses. Well, I say, perhaps mine's dead. They say hippopotamuses feed on water. No, I don't think that, because teetotallers feed on water, and they are always lean; and the hippo's fat, at least in the Zoo. Live in water, it must be; and there's none in my brain. There was when I was a baby, my aunt says; but they tapped me; so I suppose the hippopotamus died of drought. No —stop. It wasn't a hippopotamus after all, it was hip—hip—not hip, hip, hurrah, you know, that comes after dinner, and the section hasn't dined, at least since last night, and the Cambridge wine is very good, I will say that. No. I recollect now. Hippocampus it was. Hippocampus, a sea-horse; I learnt that at Eton; hippos, sea, and campus, a horse—no—campus a sea, and hippos, a horse, that's right. Only campus ain't a sea, it's a field, I know that; Campus Martius—I was swished for that at Eton—ought to be again, I believe, if every dog had his day. But at least it's a sea-horse, I know that, because I saw one alive at Malta with the regiment, and it rang a bell. No; it was a canary that rang a bell; but this had a tail like a monkey, and made a noise like a bell. I dare say you won't believe me; but 'pon honour I'm speaking truth—noblesse oblige, you know; and it hadn't been taught at all, and perhaps if it had it wouldn't have learnt: but it did, and it was in a monkey's tail. No, stop, it must have been in its head, because it was in its brain; and every one has brains in his head, unless he's a skeleton; and it curled its tail round things like a monkey, that I know, for I saw it with my own eyes. That was Professor Rolleston's theory, you know. It was Professor Huxley said it was in his tail—not Mr. Huxley's, of course, but the ape's: only apes have no tails, so I don't quite see that. And then the other gentleman who got up last, Mr. Flower, you know, he said that it was all over the ape, everywhere. All over hippocampuses, from head to foot, poor beast, like a dog all over ticks! I wonder why they don't rub bluestone into the back of its neck, as one does to a pointer. Well, then. Where was I? Oh! and Professor Owen said it wasn't in apes at all: but only in the order bimana, that's you and me. Well, he knows best. And they all know

best too, for they are monstrous clever fellows. So one must be right, and all the rest wrong, or else one of them wrong, and all the rest right —you see that? I wonder why they don't toss up about it. If they took a half-crown now, or a shilling, or even a fourpenny-piece would do, if they magnified it, and tost heads and tails, or Newmarket, if they wanted to be quite sure, why then there couldn't be any dispute among gentlemen after that, of course. Well, then, about men being apes, I say, why shouldn't it be the other way, and the apes be men? do you see? Because then they might have as many hippocampuses in their brains as they liked, or hippopotamuses either, indeed. I should be glad indeed if it was so, if it was only for my aunt's sake; for she says that her clergyman says, that if anybody ever finds a hippopotamus in a monkey's head, nothing will save her great, great, great—I can't say how great, you see—it's awful to think of—quite enormous grandfather from having been a monkey too; and then what is to become of her precious soul? So, for my aunt's sake, I should be very glad if it could be settled that way, really; and I am sure the scientific gentlemen will take it into consideration, because they are gentlemen, as every one knows, and would not hurt a lady's feelings. The man who would strike a woman, you know—everybody knows that, it's in Shakespeare. And besides, the niggers say that monkeys are men, only they won't work for fear of being made to talk; no, won't talk for fear of being made to work; that's it (right for once, as I live!) and put their hands over their eyes at night for fear of seeing the old gentleman—and I'm sure that's just like a reasonable creature, I used to when I was a little boy; and you see the niggers have lived among them for thousands of years, and are monstrous like them, too, d'ye see, and so they must know best; and then it would be all right.

"Well, then, about a gulf. Professor Huxley says there's a gulf between a man and an ape. I'm sure I'm glad of it, especially if the ape bit; and Professor Owen says there ain't. What? am I wrong, eh? Of course. Yes—beg a thousand pardons, really now. Of course—Professor Owen says there is, and Professor Huxley says there aint. Well, a fellow can't recollect everything. But I say, if there's a gulf, the ape might get over it and bite one after all. I know Quintus Curtius jumped over a gulf at Eton—that is, certainly, he jumped in: but that was his fault, you see: if he'd put in more powder he might have cleared it, and then there would have been no gulf between him and an ape. But that don't matter so much, because Professor Huxley said the gulf was bridged over by a structure. Now I am sure I don't wish to be personal, especially after the very handsome way in which Professor Huxley has drunk all our healths. Stop—no. It's we that ought to

drink his health, I'm sure, Highland honours and all; but at the same time I should have been obliged to him if he'd told us a little more about this structure, especially considering what nasty mischievous things apes are. Tore one of my coat tails off at the Zoological the other day. He ought—no, I don't say that, because it would seem like dictation, I don't like that; never could do it at school—wrote it down all wrong—got swished—hate dictation:—but I might humbly express that Professor Huxley might have told us a little, you see, about that structure. Was it wood? Was it iron? Was it silver and gold, like London Bridge when Lady Lee danced over it, before it was washed away by a man with a pipe in his mouth? No, stop, I say—That can't be. A man with a pipe in his mouth wash away a bridge? Why a fellow can't work hard with a pipe in his mouth—every body knows that—much less wash away a whole bridge. No, it's quite absurd—quite. Only I say, I should like to know something about this structure, if it was only to quiet my aunt. And then, if Professor Huxley can see the structure, why can't Professor Owen? It can't be invisible, you know, unless it was painted invisible green, like Ben Hall's new bridge at Chelsea: only you can see that of course, for you have to pay now when you go over, so I suppose the green ain't the right colour. But that's another reason why I want them to toss up—toss up, you see, whether they saw it or not, or which of them should see it, or something of that kind, I'm sure that's the only way to settle; and—oh, by-the-bye, as I said before—only I didn't, but I ought to have—if either of the gentlemen havn't half-a-crown about them, why a two-shilling-piece might do; though I never carry them myself, for fear of giving one to a keeper; and then he sets you down for a screw, you know. Because, you see, I see, I don't quite see, and no offence to honourable members—learned and eloquent gentlemen, I mean; and though I don't wish to dictate, I don't quite think ladies and gentlemen quite see either. You see that?

(The noble lord, who had expressed so accurately the general sense of the meeting, sat down amid loud applause.)"

TO PROFESSOR ROLLESTON.

CAMBRIDGE, *October* 12, 1862.

"Many thanks for the paper. It is most satisfactory, and I am glad to see that you incline to my belief, which I hardly dare state in these days, even to those who call themselves spiritual, viz., that the soul of each living being down to the lowest, secretes the body thereof, as a snail secretes its shell, and that the body is nothing more than the

expression in terms of matter, of the stage of development to which the being has arrived. If that isn't awful doctrine, what is? and yet it is in my mind strictly philosophical and strictly orthodox; but I am not going to tell any one what I have just told you. I wish you would *envisager* that gorilla brain for once in a way, and the baboon brain also under the fancy of their being *degraded* forms.

"I shall torment you and your compeers with my degradation theory, till you give me a plain Yes or No from facts."

The cotton famine in the North, which occurred now, roused many thoughts and feelings in his mind and heart, and led to a correspondence in the "Times" and elsewhere, of which the following letter to the editor of the "Times" is perhaps the most characteristic.

"The thanks of all Wessex men are due to you, for your article of Friday, contrasting the poor rates of Wessex with those of Lancashire.

"Time was, when we had many and grievous faults (not quite extinct yet) and you told us of them sharply and honestly. You have now brought forward a redeeming point in our conduct, and we thank you for it. The world will now know, that though there has been a great deal of foul linen in Wessex, yet we washed it at home.

"Whatever our Dorsetshire squires did, they never asked Queen Victoria to open her private purse in order to take their cottagers' blankets out of the pawn-shop. Whatever the Andover guardians did, they never informed England that Andover would do her duty in time; but that till they considered that the time was come, England must do their duty for them. It pleased us in Wessex to keep our land ill-cultivated and our labourers depressed; but we paid for our hobby ourselves; and sunk in it, as you say, no less than eight millions in the last seventeen years. And now we are asked in addition to our own poor rates to contribute to the poor's rates of Lancashire—for all gifts and subscriptions of ours will be nothing else than contributions to poor's rates. We shall do it, but 'grudgingly and of necessity,' I am sorry to say, and in any thing but the spirit of a 'cheerful giver,' as far as the ratepayers are concerned. How can it be otherwise?

"I know a clergyman who has a living (actual gross, not rateable value) of the huge sum of £600 a year. Out of that he has been paying, for the last twenty years, more than £100 in poor's rates. That is, he has sunk in the relief of the poor more than £2000, besides his subscriptions and private charities. His parishioners have, of course, been paying poor's rates at nearly the same ratio of three shillings and

fourpence in the pound. 'And now,' he says, 'I am asked to contribute, and to persuade my parishioners to contribute, to the aid of a county which it appears has been paying poor's rates at less than half that ratio, and which now, if it chose to tax itself by one such a "one and threepenny rate" as we have had often three times in a year, might furnish for its poor £40,000 a week for the next three months. I am asked, too, to contribute clothes and bedding to a district where every pawnbroker's shop is already teeming with clothes and bedding, pawned of course at far less than their real value, and therefore all the more easily redeemable, and thereby to enable the Lancashire pawnbrokers to make their fortunes out of the glut. I shall do it, of course, but under false pretences. I dare not tell them the facts of the case. I should rouse their indignation. I should button up their pockets. I should make my honest farmers say, "Well, then all we used to hear of the ways of these Manchester cotton spinners, forty years ago, is true after all. You used to tell us that they were altered, civilized, grown generous, and public-spirited, and setting us an example as to how we should behave to our labourers. Perhaps some of them may; but for the mass of the Lancashire men, let their poor's rates be judge between them and us. Meanwhile, they may take care of their poor, and we shall take care of ours."'

"So says the clergyman, and so will the farmers say. But they will, I verily believe, give largely nevertheless. Nothing can be more masterly than the game which the Lancashire boards of guardians seem to be playing. They count correctly on John Bull's impatient generosity. They know that we cannot compel them (at least at present) to tax themselves as highly as they ought. They know that we cannot wait to see their paupers starve. Their move is perfectly successful. Let them have full credit for it.

"And meanwhile, let those who see school children * robbed of their little savings, and delicate ladies starving themselves into illness, to save here a shilling and there a shilling for the Lancashire folk, and know that in the chain of cause and effect, the actual fate of that hard wrung shilling will be, to enable some rich man of Lancashire to escape the giving up some tawdry luxury; let them, I beg, exercise the Englishman's right, to give: but while he gives, to grumble, and to remember, that these very Lancashire men have directly helped to cause the present distress and the present war, by their determination to use exclu-

* The school children of Eversley and many of the poor, as well as the little shopkeepers, brought their money weekly to the Rectory to be forwarded to the North.

sively slave-grown cotton; developing thereby, alike slavery itself, and the political power of the slave owners."

TO J. THOMPSON, ESQ.

(Of the Pin Mills, Manchester.)

EVERSLEY, *April* 8, 1863.

"I thank you much for your valuable and interesting letter.

"Believe me, I do not consider selfishness as the mark of a Manchester man. I know that there are many high-minded and excellent men in Lancashire as elsewhere; but I know, too, that the motive of the average (which means the great majority) of any class of human beings is selfishness, unless woke up (as I believe many manufacturers have been) by some great disaster, to some noble purpose. And it is against the average selfishness of man that we must always guard.

"I can understand your feelings, who talk of men who have worked for your father and grand-father; would to heaven that wholesome feudal feeling was more common everywhere; would that the firms who could say the same were more numerous. But you must know, as well as I, that during the last few years, new men have sprung up in hundreds—investing their all in new mills, and their profits in new mills again, till the bubble burst and left them paupers. It is against the cupidity and stupidity of these men that the workmen—and, indeed, the old sound manufacturers—must be defended.

"But the tone of your letter is such, that I shall be heartily glad to take counsel with you, if you will give it hereafter. Believe me, I mean nothing but what is fair and right. That I am cross with the Lancashire men I don't deny, and my reason is, that their leaders concealed carefully the broad fact, that the present distress came not merely from the American war, but from the over production of the last few years, and must have happened, more or less, in any case. There were those who concealed this fact, in order, I suppose, to make out a better case to the British public; and the many honourable men who *ought* to have told the whole truth, seem to me to have been culpably silent. Excuse my saying this. It is best to start on a clear understanding with any one whom one is really inclined to listen to, as I am to you."

EVERSLEY, *April* 14, 1863.

"I have just received your most interesting letter, and see that you are one to whom I can speak openly, and from whom I can ask for information boldly.

"Mr. Hugh Mason's name is very well known to me from the events of the last year. I should comment on his letter thus :—

"1. The wages of my people are not 9*s.*, but average 11*s.* per week, to which you must add, in a family, 5*s.* more a week for women and children's earning—often double that. Harvesting, say £5 more, a garden, pig, and often geese ;* and our people are not so ill off as he thinks, though, heaven knows, far worse off than they ought to be if the world would only obey the laws of God.

"As to the parsons, I am sure that with all the ignorance and fanaticism of some of them—on which I am as hard as any man—there is no body of men in England who work so hard for others, from the mere knowledge that it is their duty, and no body of men who give half or a quarter as much in charity and other good works, in proportion to their incomes. Sir, the amount of good done, or tried to be done, by hundreds, ay, thousands of parsons, who have to keep up the appearance of gentlemen on the income of a skilled iron workman at Preston or Sheffield, will never be known till the last day.

"I am not wrong, but right, when I say that over production has been kept out of sight. Carefully watching what the Manchester party and their organs have said, I cannot recollect an allusion to it. Cobden and * * * have been carefully silent on the point. As for the *Times* having suppressed letters on that point, the plain answer is, that the *Times* has attributed, again and again, the ruin to over production, and that I believe that the *Times* was aware of it, as I was, from the beginning, and I believe held its tongue as long as it could, *as I did*, and have done to this day, for fear of injuring the suffering workmen by cooling the heat of benevolence.

"Mr. Mason, and you too, wish me to come down and visit your mills. My dear sir, I am not insensible to the kindness of your offer ; and if you will allow me, at some future time, to accept your most kind invitation, I shall be most delighted to do so. But I shall learn little or nothing of the matter in hand thereby.

"I shall see, I doubt not, as I have seen already, men well treated, everything done for their civilization and improvement, and a picture of industrial health, and of honourable human bonds between employer and employed, that will gladden my heart, as it has often gladdened it ere now. For your manufacturing districts are not unknown to me, as you fancy. But that would be like judging of agriculture and the status of the agricultural labourer from what I saw at the homes of the very

* This was before the enclosure of Eversley Common.

men who would ask one—the good landlords and the good farmers; or of American slavery from the men who would ask one—for example, my friend, Mr. Mason, the southern commissioner. I have watched society long enough to know that the average manufacturer is not a Sir Elkanah Armitage, or the average landlord a Mr. Walter of the *Times*, or the average shopkeeper a Swan and Edgar, and so forth.

"I know that below (I don't mean in money, but in humanity) the class who would ask me, and show me all that was to be seen, with honest pride, lies the average mass of mankind asking, not 'How much good *ought* I to do?' but 'How much good *need* I do?' even if they ask that.

"Next. I say it with some fear, lest I should be misunderstood. When any gentleman boasts to me that the earnings of his workpeople average 16*s.* a week, man, woman, and child, I am inclined to answer, so much the worse for them. It is a very great question whether such high wages are a benefit, without a corresponding high education. You must know well (for I do) that most of them do not know what to do with their money, and waste it on drink, on rich food, on finery, &c. God knows, I do not grudge it them; but the waste, and the temptation to coarse self-indulgence, is extreme. And I was quite shocked, knowing how great the earnings had been during the last few years, to find only £270,000 (if I recollect rightly) in the Lancashire savings banks. I know the sum struck me as one-fourth what it should have been.

"Another great evil of your system (if you will excuse me) is, that the children earn wages too nearly equal to those of their parents. Hence the family is broken up, the children are independent too early, boys and girls go off and live in lodgings of their own, and so a great deal of fearful profligacy is engendered; that fact I have from the mouths of masters.

"Another great evil, by the masters' own account, is that mill-labour effeminates the men, and renders them unfit for any other sort of labour.

"How far this is true, I know not. But I conceive it to be, if true, a very great evil. That large bodies of men should be employed in exclusively performing day after day, the same minute mechanical operation, till their whole intellect is concentrated on it, and their fingers kept delicate for the purpose, is to me shocking. I would gladly see such men emigrate, even though they fared badly at first, because the life of a colonist would, by calling out the whole man, raise them in body and mind enormously.

"Now I say all this without blaming the masters at all. It is merely

a result of inevitable circumstance. But when I am told that the Lancashire system is perfect, and ought to be permanent, and helped towards permanence by the alms of a whole nation, I answer: It is not perfect at all. It is fortuitous, barbaric, exceptional, transitional. We thank the masters for it, because it has called a great population into existence, who otherwise would not have been born. It has created great wealth. It has civilized somewhat at least, tens of thousands who would have been languishing in Irish bogs or English workhouses; but, like all things of rapid growth, it is hollow and insecure, and here is its fall. It has collapsed at the first real shock; and what wise men must do, is to help out of it as soon as possible as many workmen as are sufficiently civilized to emigrate to a manlier and healthier sphere of life, and to supply their places, if fresh hands be needed, by less civilized beings, who may be raised and trained in the transitional school of Lancashire work.

"But I am justly indignant, when I find Mr. * * * *, and the organs of the Manchester school, holding up this Lancashire system (which is no system at all) as the model of human society—taking their stand on it to insult all that four-fifths of England holds dear,—the monarchy, the government, the church, the army, the navy, the landlords, the sturdy agricultural peasant; and after doing more than all the demagogues to set class against class, accusing me of setting class against class 'under well-known Satanic influences' (the actual words of the *Morning Star*), because I interfere to see common justice done to the British public and to the Lancashire workman.

"My rule is to strike very seldom, making myself first sure of my facts (which were correct last autumn, and are correct now, let Mr. Hugh Mason, from his own point of view, deny them as he will). But when I strike, I strike as hard as I can. And, unless the emigration movement (which I am happy to see the Mayor of Manchester and other influential men of the north are taking up) goes on vigorously, I shall strike again. For such men as you, from your letters, seem to be (and I know there are hundreds such), I have nothing but respect, and am ready to explain and apologize for any words which may seem to confound them with the mass.

"Years since, when I was the only free-trade parson for miles round, I fought a similar battle against landlords and farmers, sparing none whom I thought guilty. I have found that by so doing I did not lose their respect. Angry as they were at the time with me, their English justice and common sense confessed me slowly to be in the right; and no one is better friends with squire and farmer now, than I who was looked on as a firebrand once.

"And that, I trust, will be my fate, in good time, with the good sense and honesty of Lancashire.

"P.S.—You may do what you choose with this letter. What I say to you I say to any man. Pray thank Mr. Job for me for his clear and business-like letter on emigration."

A new volume of sermons, "Town and Country Sermons," had recently been published. They were dedicated to his "most kind and faithful friend," the Dean of Windsor,* and contained several preached at Windsor and at Whitehall, with some of the deepest and most characteristic of his Eversley sermons—particularly "The Rock of Ages," "The Wrath of Love," "Pardon and Peace," and a very important one on the Athanasian Creed, called "The Knowledge of God."

* The Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley.

CHAPTER XXII.

1863.

AGED 44.

FELLOW OF THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY—WORK AT CAMBRIDGE—PRINCE OF WALES'S WEDDING—WELLINGTON COLLEGE CHAPEL AND MUSEUM—LETTER FROM DR. BENSON—LECTURE AT WELLINGTON AND MEMORIAL—LETTERS TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, TO MR. PENGELLY, ON BEEKITES—TO MR. BATES, ON MOCKING BUTTERFLIES—WHITCHURCH STILL-LIFE—TOADS IN HOLES—D.C.L. DEGREE AT OXFORD—BISHOP COLENSO—SERMONS ON THE PENTATEUCH—THE WATERBABIES—LETTER ON THE ARTICLES—FAILING HEALTH.

" How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit, that which he obtains.
—— For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain.
What would'st thou have the good great man obtain?
Place, titles, recompense? a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses that his sword hath slain?
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, Love and Light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel—Death."

COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY had this year the honour of adding three letters to his name by being made a Fellow of the Geological Society. He was proposed by his kind friend Sir Charles Bunbury, and seconded by Sir Charles Lyell. "To belong to the Geological Society," he says in a letter to the former, "has long been an ambition of mine, but I feel how little I know, and how unworthy I am to mix with the really great men who belong to it. So strongly do I feel this, that if you told me plainly that I had no right to expect such an honour, I should placidly acquiesce in what I already feel to be true." The F.G.S. came as a counterbalance to his rejection at Oxford for the distinction of D.C.L., which his friends there proposed to confer on him.

The year was spent almost entirely at Eversley, for he found the salary of his Professorship did not admit of his keeping two homes and of moving his family backwards and forwards to Cambridge. He was therefore forced to part with his Cambridge house, and to go up twice a year merely, for the time required for his lectures (twelve to sixteen in number), and again at the examination of his class for degrees. He deeply regretted this necessity, as it prevented his knowing the men in his class personally, which he had made a point of doing during the first two years of his residence, when they came to his house, and many charming evenings were spent in easy intercourse between the Professor and his pupils, who met then on equal terms. From the first he made it one of his most important duties to do what he could to bridge over a gulf which in his own day had been a very wide one between Dons and Students. That he had succeeded in doing this was proved by members of his class, writing to consult him after they left Cambridge on their studies, their professions, and their religious difficulties, in a way that

showed their perfect confidence in his sympathy; and had circumstances allowed of his residing at Cambridge, his personal influence would have been still greater. One young man who was going into the ministry, whose cure was to be in the manufacturing districts, wrote to consult him on the subject of preaching especially.

"Permit me, while asking your advice on this point and forgiveness for the intrusion, to thank you very much for the work you have begun in me, and which I know your exertions have spread among the undergraduates of Cambridge. Speaking from the experience of these three years, there is no comparison between our status of thought now and that of 1860—chiefly, if not entirely, due to you. We are learning, I trust, to look very differently at our relations to our fellow men, at those social duties which seldom appear important to young men in our position until we come across a mind like yours to guide us. We are learning above all, I think, to esteem more highly this human nature we have, seeing, as you show us in your books and words, how it has been consecrated and raised by union with the God-made man. These are facts easily spoken, but their influence on our future life, and consequently upon those with whom we come in contact, may and doubtless will be immense. For these large-hearted views of Christian principles I must thank you. I could not leave Cambridge without testifying to you how much your silent as well as expressed influence is felt among us. That you will accept the grateful thanks of one insignificant member of our body who is unknown to you, and that you may long be spared to foster this truly noble and manly system in the midst of the rising young men, is the earnest desire of

"Yours faithfully,

"....."

"Excuse a perfect stranger (writes an undergraduate of Jesus College), but in no other quarter could I hope for a solution of my doubts" (and after detailing those doubts and saying how the narrowness of some of the clergy had repelled and shocked him, he adds) .... "I seem to have grasped a truth which came out in every one of your lectures here, that the Governor of the world is a Righteous Governor, and that even our contentions are working out His peace..... I make no apology, for I believe your sympathy will be enlisted for me, tossed about as I thus am. I have listened to your teaching here with the deepest gratitude, for you have taught me that men's confusions only bring out God's order." ....

Other letters might be given, but these, coming as they do from men whose impressions were unbiassed by the strong love and loyalty which personal intimacy never failed to call out, will suffice to show something of the work he was doing.

We now return to his own correspondence.

TO REV. E. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL.

EVERSLEY, *March* 12, 1863.

"Glad to hear from you. Your patterns of flies, which I return, are excellent (Brown Mackarel especially), and would kill well on chalk on still and bright days. I send you my pet drake for average blowing weather—rather bigger than yours, and a caperer and alder which can't be beat.

"I hope we may come across each other somewhere this year, but I shan't go to Scotland or Ireland, I fancy.

"At Inverary last August — Hardly anything. River like a turnpike road. Salmon asleep. They had to gaff to supply the house. I had one jolly turn, though—poached a 14-pounder with a triangle, hooking him just behind the vent; had an hour and three-quarters of him, and killed him. Gilly and I fell into each other's arms—and regretted we had no "whusky"!

"We are just from the Royal Wedding—at least so I believe. We had (so I seem to remember) excellent places. Mrs. Kingsley in the temporary gallery in the choir. I in the household gallery, both within 15 yards of what, I am inclined to think, was really the Prince and Princess. But I can't swear to it. I am not at all sure that I did not fall asleep in the dear old chapel, with the banners and stalls fresh in my mind, and dream and dream of Edward the Fourth's time. At least, I saw live Knights of the Garter (myths to me till then). I saw real Princesses with diamond crowns, and trains, and fairies holding them up. I saw—what did I not see? And only began to believe my eyes, when I met at the *déjeuner* certain of the knights whom I knew, clothed and in their right mind, like other folk; and of the damsels and fairies many, who, I believe, were also flesh and blood, for they talked and ate with me, and vanished not away.

"But seriously, one real thing I did see, and felt too—the serious grace and reverent dignity of my dear young Master, whose manner was perfect. And one other real thing—the Queen's sad face. . . . . I cannot tell you how auspicious I consider this event, or how happy it has made the little knot of us, the Prince's household,* who love him

* Mr. Kingsley had recently been made one of the Prince's chaplains.

because we know him. I hear nothing but golden reports of the Princess from those who have known her long. I look forward to some opportunity of judging for myself.

"Thanks for your Charity Reports. What a heavy work! How you must want a run after the salmon every year!"

His time this year was divided between his parish work and the study of science, and in corresponding with scientific men. Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" and his book on the "Fertilization of Orchids," had opened a new world to him, and made all that he saw around him, if possible, even more full of divine significance than before. Wellington College was a continual interest to him. He lectured to the boys, and helped them to start a Museum. He felt bound to do all he could for Wellington College, not only because his own son was there, and from his warm friendship with Dr. Benson, then head-master; but because he looked upon the place as a memorial of the great Prince under whose fostering care it had risen into importance, as well as of the great Duke whose name it bore. The boys were continually at the Rectory, and Mr. Kingsley was always present at their great days, whether for the speeches or their athletic sports.

The beautiful chapel, the first stone of which had been laid by the Prince Consort, was consecrated on the 16th of July, by Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, who in his sermon thus speaks of its lamented president.

"And now already, almost as soon as it has been founded, another memory (besides that of the Great Duke) entwines itself with the first. He who so justly realised its original design; he who was its first president, who nourished with such a royal magnificence and such a wise care its first beginnings; who planned all the details of its execution; who selected even the statues which were to look down from its niches; who designed its avenues, and planted the trees which are to grow into them: he, too, is taken, and the College of his care, and especially this Chapel, the foundation of which, as one of the last acts of his life of ceaseless beneficence, he himself laid, have become a commemoration of the Great and Good Prince, for whom this land has wept, as it weeps most seldom, and for very few."

Mr. Kingsley's Lecture on Natural History and the Memorial

he drew up for the Museum plan may well be prefaced by a letter from Dr. Benson, characteristic alike of the writer and his subject.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN, SUNDAY, *July* 11, 1875.

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

"Our coming to Wellington College and going away again was to you, in your long life at Eversley, with all its variety of persons and things and all its vividness, one among many shadows that came and went. But to us it was very different.

"It brought one close at intervals to great and leading men, especially to the group whose names cast light about the Prince Consort, who loved them well; and it would seem to you overstrained if I were to write down the intensity of interest with which all that Mr. Kingsley said, or did, or looked, was invested, from the day when, near twenty years ago, Canon Lightfoot and I walked over to look at his house. Many a maxim, 'fresh from life,' many a flash of bright thought are among my possessions for ever—his gift. And to how many young men I tell untired that, if they are to have the people's hearts, they must try to be in their parishes the Rector of Eversley, in their small way.

"How kind he was in some most serious circumstances to me, you know—always kind and always sound in counsel. But indeed you would be weary of my saying what every one says to you, and would find all that you know, and all that I have experienced, put with infinitely poorer modes than I am sure are moving always before your eyes and ears.

"How bright some of my own photographs are. Those evenings at Eversley—certain lyings on the grass—two or three sermons—a service at Bramshill—one or two rides—half a dozen walks—turns round the Wellington Cloisters—those lectures—some talks about Maurice—about classics—about history—about West Indies. Oh! dear Mrs. Kingsley, how I wish I could express half my gratitude to him, or half the gratitude I feel to you who always promoted my seeing of him all that my busy moments allowed. But you are occupied with greater thoughts of him—what he was to England and its youth and manhood, and thoughts of the inner circle, where all men know that he was to his children and servants a yet 'finer gentleman,' to use the grand old English word he loved to use, than he was in the finest circles.

"As I write on I feel that what I owe him is more than most. It was a great thing to see his noble words lit up with his noble life, and to see how, great as his gifts were, they were most fully at the service of his humblest parishioners. I never did, and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be

put away, as did the morning service in Eversley Church, whether he read or whether he preached. . . . . There was a bold sketch of Mr. Kingsley in the *Spectator* in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest, who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves. —The happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to Bramshill chapel-school, and, after reading the evening service, preached in his surplice with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed; and, after thanking God for words that brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which laid such stress on faith, told them that 'they who *did* good would go into everlasting life.'—His striding across the ploughed field to ask a young ploughman in the distance why he had not been at church on Sunday, and ending his talk with 'Now, you know, John, your wife don't want you lounging in bed half a Sunday morning. You get up and come to church, and let her get your Sunday dinner and make the house tidy, and then you mind your child in the afternoon while *she* comes to church.' These, and many other scenes, are brightly before me. His never remitted visits to sick and helpless, his knowledge of their every malady, and every change of their hopes and fears; the sternness and the gentleness which he alternated so easily with foolish people; the great respectfulness of his tone to old folks, made the rectory and church at Eversley the centre of the life of the men as well as their children and wives. Gipsies on Hartford-bridge flats have told me they considered Eversley their parish church wherever they went, and for his own parishioners, 'every man jack of them,' as he said, was a steady church-goer. But it was no wonder, for I never heard sermons with which more pains had been taken than those which he made for his poor people. There was so much, such deep teaching, conveyed in words that were so plain. One on the conversion of St. Paul, and one on the Church, I shall never forget. The awe and reverence of his manner of celebrating the service was striking to any one who knew only his novels. Strangers several times asked me, who saw him at service in our own school-chapel, who it was who was so rapt in manner, who bowed so low at the Gloria and the name of Jesus Christ; and so I too was surprised when he asked me, before preaching in his church, to use only the Invocation of the Trinity; and when I observed that he celebrated the communion in the eastward position. This he loyally gave up on the Purchas judgment, 'because I mind the law,' but told me with what regret he discontinued what from his ordination

he had always done, believing it the simple direction of the Prayer Book.

"An amusing incident happened once, which, I daresay, he never heard of. A sub-editor, of a famous religious paper, once attended a chapel service at Wellington, when Mr. Kingsley preached, and then withdrew his son's name from our list, and prepared a leading article upon a supposed head-master, whose doctrine and manner were so 'high.'

"What always struck me in him was the care and pains which he took with all that he undertook. Nothing was hurried, or slurred, or dashing. 'I can tell you, I've spared no trouble upon it,' he said, when we thanked him for the beautiful sermon on 'Wisdom and her seven pillars,' which he made for one of our days.*

"In the readiest and yet most modest way he helped us wonderfully. His presence looking on, helped our games into shape when we began with fifty raw little boys, and our football exploits, twelve years after, were as dear to him as to his son; 'the Kingsley' steeple-chase was the event of the year. But in far higher ways he helped us. He wrote an admirable paper for us, which was widely circulated, on School Museums; he prevailed on the Royal College of Surgeons, on Lady Franklin, and other friends, to present the boys with many exquisite natural history specimens, and started all our collections.

"His lectures (of which I trust some of his notes exist) on natural history, and two on geology, were some of the most brilliant things I ever heard. Facts and theories, and speculations, and imaginations of what had been and might be, simply rivetted the attention of 200 or 300 boys for an hour and a half or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among these. Their great effect was that they roused so much interest. At the same time his classification of facts such as the radiation of plants (Heather for instance) from geographical centres, gave substantial grounds for the work which he encouraged. 'Let us make a beginning by knowing one little thing well, and getting roused as to what else is to be known.'

"Nothing was more delightful too, to our boys, than the way in which he would come and make a little speech at the end of other occasional winter lectures, Mr. Lowne's or Mr. Henslow's, or about balloons, or, above all, when, at the close of a lecture of Mr. Barnes's, he harangued us in pure Dorset dialect, to the surprise and delight of the Dorsetshire poet.

"In our many happy talks we scarcely ever agreed in our estimate of mediæval character or literature, but I learnt much from him. When

* Published in "Discipline and other Sermons."

even St. Bernard was not appreciated by him, it is not surprising that much of the life of those centuries was repulsive, and its religious practice 'pure Buddhism,' as he used to say. At the same time, I never shall forget how he turned over on a person who was declaiming against 'idolatry.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' (he said with that forcible stammer), 'that if you had had a chance you would have done the same, and worse. The first idols were black stones, meteoric stones. And if you'd been a poor naked fellow, scratching up the ground with your nails, when a great lump of pyrites had suddenly half buried itself in the ground within three yards of you, with a horrid noise and smell, don't you think you'd have gone down on your knees to it, and begged it not to do it again, and smoothed it and oiled it, and anything else?'

"Greek life and feeling was dear to him in itself, and usually he was penetrated with thankfulness that it formed so large a part of education.

"'From that and from the Bible, boys learn what must be learnt among the grandest moral and spiritual reproofs of what is base. Nothing so fearful as to leave curiosity unslaked to help itself.' At other times he doubted. Still, if I measure rightly, he doubted only when he was so possessed with the forest ardour, that he said, 'All politics, all discussions, all philosophies of Europe, are so infinitely little in comparison with those trees out there in the West Indies. Don't you think the brain is a fungoid growth? O! if I could only find an artist to paint a tree as I see it!' In mentioning last this keen enjoyment of his in the earth as it is, I seem to have inverted the due order: but I see it as a solid, truthful background in his soul of all the tenderness and lovingness, and spiritual strength in which he walked about 'convinced,' as a friend once said to me of him, 'that, as a man and as a priest, he had got the devil under, and that it was his bounden duty to keep him there.'"

LECTURE AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

June 25, 1863.

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

"Your head-master, Dr. Benson, has done me the honour of asking me to say a little to you to-night about the Museum which is in contemplation, connected with this College, and how far you yourselves can help it.

"I assure you I do so gladly. Anything which brings me in contact with the boys of Wellington College, much more of helping forward their improvement in the slightest degree, I shall always look upon as a very great pleasure, and a very serious duty.

"Let me tell you, then, what I think you may do for the Museum, and how you may improve yourselves by doing it, without interfering

with your regular work. Of course, that must never be interfered with. You are sent here to work. All of you here, I suppose, depend for your success in life on your own exertions. None of you are born (luckily for you) with a silver spoon in your mouths, to eat flapdoodle at other people's expense, and live in luxury and idleness. Work you must, and I don't doubt that work you will, and let nothing interfere with your work.

"The first thing for a boy to learn, after obedience and morality, is a habit of observation. A habit of using your eyes. It matters little what you use them on, provided you do use them.

"They say knowledge is power, and so it is. But only the knowledge which you get by observation. Many a man is very learned in books, and has read for years and years, and yet he is useless. He knows *about* all sorts of things, but he can't *do* them. When you set him to do work, he makes a mess of it. He is what is called a pedant: because he has not used his eyes and ears. He has lived in books. He knows nothing of the world about him, or of men and their ways, and therefore he is left behind in the race of life by many a shrewd fellow who is not half as book-learned as he: but who *is* a shrewd fellow—who keeps his eyes open—who is always picking up new facts, and turning them to some particular use.

"Now, I don't mean to undervalue book-learning. No man less. All ought to have some of it, and the time which you spend here on it is not a whit too long; but the great use of a public-school education to you, is, not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to *learn*. To give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after-life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best, I presume.

"You know, as well as I, how one fellow will sit staring at his book for an hour without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour, and why? Because one has actually not *seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other fellow has simply, as we say, 'looked sharp.' He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

"Therefore, I say, that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience

that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about you, and especially of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come on anything new—which is observation. To be quick at seeing when things are like, and when unlike—which is classification. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen. When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book called 'Evenings at Home,' in which was a great story called Eyes and No Eyes, and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

"A regular old-fashioned formal story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"'Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?' said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he hardly saw a single person. He had rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?

"Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that he would rather walk alone, and so went on.

"Presently in comes Master William, dressed no doubt as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago, frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, and not down to his ankles—a pair of low shoes—which always came off if stept into heavy ground—and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

"He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a peewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog and wet he got; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf cutting, and gave him an adder; and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and wanted to go again and make out the geography of the county by Carey's old county map—which was our only map in those days; and because the place was called Campmount, he looked for a Roman camp and found one; and then he went to the ruin, and saw twenty things more, and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

"Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman enough, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

"Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough in his solemn, old-fashioned way, 'So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.'

"And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes, and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes, I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

"Ah, my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which too many young men lead when their day's work is done, and done spiritlessly, and therefore done ill, having nothing to fall back on but the theatre, or billiards, or the gossip at their club, or if they be out in a hot country, everlasting pale ale; and continually tempted to sin, and shame, and ruin, by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves, and helping themselves forward in life; then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, no matter what you observe, and of having at least some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

"The study of natural history, of antiquities, of geography, of chemistry, any study which will occupy your minds, may be the means, whether out on some foreign station, or home here, at work in London, of keeping you out of temptation and misery, of which, thank God, you as yet know nothing.

"I am happy to hear that there are many of you who don't need this advice, some who are working well at chemistry, some who have already begun to use your eyes, and to make collections of plants, insects, and birds' eggs.

"That is good as far as it goes. As for birdnesting, I think it a manly

and excellent pursuit;* no one has worked harder at it than I, when I was young, or should like better to go bird-nesting now, if I was not getting rather too stiff and heavy to bark up to a hawk's nest.

"But see. Because every boy collects for himself, there is a great deal of unnecessary destruction of eggs, especially of the small soft-billed birds, which are easiest got, and are the very ones which ought to be spared, on account of their great usefulness to the farmer in destroying insects; and next—Pray, where will nine-tenths of those eggs be seen a few days hence? smashed, and in the dust-hole, and so of the insects and plants.

"Now it seems to me, that if fellows were collecting for a College Museum, instead of every one for himself, it would save a great deal of waste, and save the things themselves likewise.

"As for a fellow liking to say, 'I have got this, and I will keep it to myself, I like to have a better collection than any one else,' that is natural enough; but like a great many natural things, rather a *low* feeling, if you will excuse my saying so. Which is better, to keep a thing to yourselves, locked up in your own drawers, or to put them into the common stock, for the pleasure of every one? and which is really more honour to you to be able to say to two or three of your friends, 'I have got an egg which you have not,' or to have the egg, or whatever else it may be, in a public collection, to be seen by every one, by boys, years hence, after you are grown up. For myself, I can't think of a better way of keeping up a corporate feeling in the college, and binding the different generations, as they succeed each other, together in one, than a museum of this kind, in which boys should see the names of those who have gone before them, as having presented this or that curious object.

"So strongly do I feel it, that I have asked Dr. Benson's leave to give two prizes every year. One for the most rare and curious thing of any kind—whether in natural history, geology, antiquities, or anything else fit for a museum, which has been *bonâ fide* found by the boy himself; and a second prize for the most curious thing contributed by a boy, never mind how he has got it, provided only that he has not *bought* it, for against that there are objections. That would give the boys with plenty of money a chance which the others had not.

"But there are so many of you who have relations abroad, or in the country, that you will be able to obtain from them rare and curious

* He never allowed his own boys to take nests, or more than one, or at most two eggs out of a nest where there were several, so that the mother bird might not miss them.

objects which you could not collect yourselves, and I advise you to turn sturdy beggars, and get hold (by all fair means) of anything and everything worth putting in the Museum, and out of which you can coax or beg anybody whatsoever, old or young.

"And, mind, you will have help. I myself am ready to give as many curious things as I can, out of my own collections; and if this Museum had been started ten or twenty years ago, I could have given you a great deal more, but my collections have been too much and often spoilt and broken, and at last the remnant given away in despair, just because I had no museum to put them in. If there had been one where I was at school, I could have saved for it hundreds of different things which are now in dust-holes in half-a-dozen counties, and also should have had the heart to collect many things which I have let pass me, simply because I did not care to keep them, having nowhere to put them, and so it will be with you.

"I only mentioned myself as an example of what I have been saying. But it is not to me merely that you must look for help. I am happy to say that you will be helped by many (I believe) real men of science, who will send the Museum such things as are wanted to start it well. To start it well with 'Typical Forms,' by which you can arrange and classify what you find. They will as it were stake out the ground for you, and you must fill up the gaps, and I don't doubt you will do it, and well.

"I am sure you can, if you will see now here is an opportunity of making a beginning—during the next vacation.

"Dr. Benson has said that he will be ready to receive contributions from scientific men after the holidays. But he has guaranteed for you in return, that some of you, at least, will begin collecting for the museum during the holidays.

"What can you do better? I am sure your holidays would be much happier for it. I don't think boys' holidays are in general so very happy. Mine used to be: but why? Because the moment I got home, I went on with the same work in which I employed every half-holiday: natural history and geology. But many boys seem to me in the holidays very much like Jack when he is paid off at Portsmouth. He is suddenly free from the discipline of ship-board. He has plenty of money in his pocket, and he sets to, to have a lark, and makes a fool of himself till his money is spent; and then he is very poor, and sick, and seedy, and cross, and disgusted with himself, and longs to get a fresh ship and go to work again—as a great many fellows, I suspect, long for the holidays to be over. They suddenly change the regular discipline of work for complete idleness, and after the first burst is over, they get very often tired, and

stupid, and cross, because they have nothing to do, except eating fruit and tormenting their sisters.

"How much better for them to have something to do like this. Something which will not tire their minds, because it is quite different from their school work, and therefore a true *amusement*, which lets them cut the muses for awhile; and something, too, which they can take a pride in, because it is done of their own free will, and they can look forward to putting their gains in the Museum when they come back, and saying, 'This is my holiday work, this is what I have won for the College since I have been away.

"Take this hint for your holidays, and take it too for after life. For I am sure if you get up an interest for this Museum here, you will not lose it when you go away.

"Many of you will go abroad, perhaps spend much of your lives abroad, and I am sure you will use the opportunities you will then have to enrich the Museum of the College, and be its benefactors each according to your powers throughout your lives.

"But there is one interest, young gentlemen, which I have more at heart even than the interest of Wellington College, much as I love it, for its own sake and for the sake of that great Prince beneath whose fostering shadow it grew up, and to whom this College, like me myself, owes more than we shall either of us ever repay; yet there is an interest which I have still more at heart, and that is the interest of Science herself.

"Ah, that I could make you understand what an interest that is. The interest of the health, the wealth, the wisdom of generations yet unborn. Ah, that I could make you understand what a noble thing it is to be men of science; rich with a sound learning which man can neither give nor take away; useful to thousands whom you have never seen, but who may be blessing your name hundreds of years after you are mouldering in the grave, the equals and the companions of the noblest and the most powerful. Taking a rank higher than even Queen Victoria herself can give, by right of that knowledge which is power.

"But I must not expect you to see that yet. All I can do is to hope that my fancy may be fulfilled hereafter, that this Museum may be the starting point of a school of scientific men, few it may be in number, but strong, because bound together by common affection for their College, and their Museum, and each other. Scattered perhaps over the world, but communicating their discoveries to each other without jealousy or dispute, and sending home their prizes to enrich the stores of their old Museum, and to teach the generations of lads who will be learning here, while they are grown men, doing the work of men over the world.

"Ah, that it might so happen. Ah, that even *one* great man of science

might be bred up in these halls, one man who should discover a great truth, or do a great deed for the benefit of his fellow men.

"If this College and Museum could produce but one master of natural knowledge, like Murchison or Lyell, Owen or Huxley, Faraday or Grove, or even one great discoverer, like Ross, or Sturt, or Speke, who has just solved the mystery of ages, the mystery after which Lucan makes Julius Cæsar long, as the highest summit of his ambition: to leave others to conquer nations, while he himself sought for the hidden sources of the Nile. Or, if it ever should produce one man able and learned enough to do such a deed as that of my friend Clements Markham, who penetrated, in the face of danger and death, the trackless forests of the Andes, to bring home thence the plants of Peruvian bark, which transplanted into Hindostan, will save the lives of tens of thousands—English and Hindoos—then, young gentlemen, all the trouble, all the care, which shall have been spent on this Museum—I had almost said, upon this whole College, will have been well repaid."

The following Memorial, written for circulation by Mr. Kingsley in reference to the Museum and Library, is inserted by the wish of Dr. Benson:

"The assistance of scientific men is requested on behalf of a Museum and Library connected therewith, now about to be established at Wellington College.

"The objects of this Museum and Library are:

"1. To help the education of the lads themselves, by calling out their powers of observation and discrimination, and instilling into them a general love of and respect for Nature. Neither the pursuit of natural history and antiquities, nor any other pursuit whatsoever, can be allowed to interfere with the regular studies of a public school. But such pursuits may, it is hoped, be profitably set before the boys of Wellington College (according to an idea of the Prince Consort), not as lessons which they are required to learn systematically, but simply as new fields of thought and interest. It is hoped, moreover, that a museum and scientific library, by accustoming them to the sight of curious objects, properly classified, may teach them much valuable knowledge without overtasking the brain, and may at the same time excite a desire to know more, which will last through after life, and give employment to hours which might otherwise be squandered in idleness.

"2. Next, it is hoped that the interests of science may ultimately be advanced by such a plan. Many of the Wellington College boys will hereafter obtain employment abroad; and some of them at least may

have learnt enough natural science to be ready to perceive and send home any curious object which they may meet; while those who have any intuitive talent for the study of natural history and antiquities will have a fair chance of developing that talent as early as possible.

"It is wished, therefore, to collect a museum, consisting, as far as possible, of typical forms in zoology, botany, geology, antiquities, and indeed in any class of objects which may be of practical use to the lads hereafter. This museum may excite the lads to try how far they themselves can complete the groups of each class; and may thus become valuable, not only for itself, but as the nucleus of a school of observers to be scattered hereafter over the world, yet kept in communication by the bond of school-fellowship.

"There are many scientific men of note who have long felt the advantages of some such plan. To them the matter need only be stated, to make them at once its advocates and supporters, and, it is hoped, the donors of objects from their own collections.

"The lads of the College, meanwhile, have begun to collect natural objects during their play-hours, and will, many of them, continue to do so during the coming vacation. After the vacation, the College will be ready to receive thankfully any donations, whether of specimens or of books, from gentlemen who are interested in the spread of science."

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.G.S., ETC., ETC.

Eversley, April 28, 1863.

"My dear Sir Charles,

"I have at last got through your big book*—big in all senses, for it is as full as an egg, and as pregnant. But I have read specially the chapter on the Analogy of Language and Natural History, and am delighted. I had no suspicion that so complete a case could be made out. And it does not seem to me a mere 'illustration' of the deceptive kind used in Scotch sermons, whereby **** used to make anything prove anything else; but a real analogue, of the same inductive method applied to a set of facts homologous, though distinct.

"I am very anxious to see a Museum established at the Wellington College, for training the boys in the knowledge of nature, and in the pursuits of natural science. As most of the boys go abroad in after life, it seems to open a great door for your scheme, of having educated gentlemen-naturalists spread abroad, and in communication with each other and with the societies at home, and I shall soon go shamelessly

* "Antiquity of Man."

a-begging for typical forms of every kind, the intermediate gaps to be filled up by the boys themselves."

TO W. PENGELLY, ESQ., F.G.S., &c.

"I have been reading your interesting paper on Beekites of 1858.

"One thing always struck me about them, and the beds in which they are found—viz., the traces of active volcanic agency; I always suspect volcanic springs where I find traces of water containing silex in solution. I *suspect* flows of hot water, holding silex in solution, may have caused our chalk flints.

"But there are (to me) distinct proofs of the conglomerata of Torquay having been deposited, some of them under active volcanic agency. Froude, the historian, first pointed it out to me, when bathing off the Beekite beds at the Thunderhole. 'See,' he said, 'that every fragment of these older rocks is *angular*. They have not been rolled on a sea-beach. Have they not been blasted out of a volcano?' At once there occurred to me the great similarity between them and the dust and gravel beds of the Eifel, which I know well; and where, round each crater of explosion, you have vast (*recent*) layers of dust and little angular bits of the Devonian strata, rasped by steam off the lips of the crater.

"Do think over this notion, unless you know all about it and more already, and tell me where I can find information about the traps of S. Devon, and their age."

TO SIR C. BUNBURY.

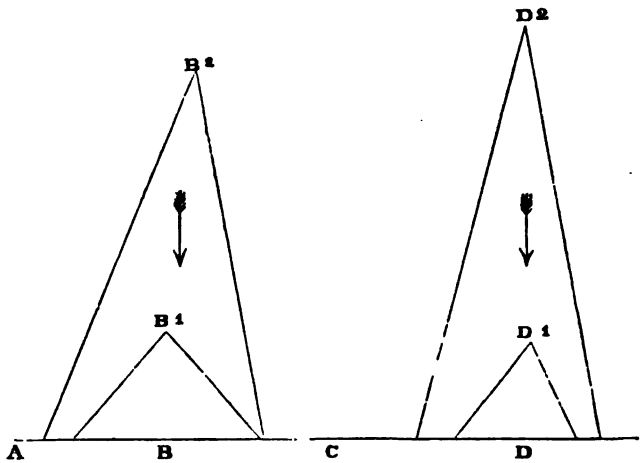
EVERSLEY, *July* 12, 1863.

"I see that Sir Charles Lyell says in his 'Antiquity of Man,' that the *whole* of England south of the Thames was laid during the glacial period. I have collected facts which leave no doubt on my mind that the whole of the Bagshot sand district was ice-travelled sea at that period, and during that period rose slowly out of the sea. If Sir C. Lyell has also come to that conclusion, and would do me the honour to point out any place in which he has dealt with the district, I need trouble him no further; but if he still adheres to his former views, perhaps he would let me, with all humility, put before him my reasons for a different opinion.

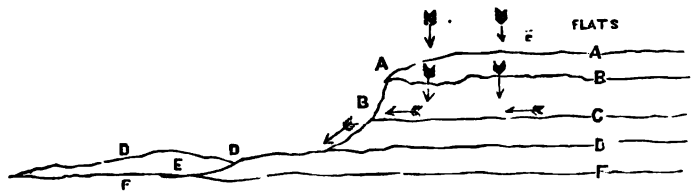
"Let A B C be an escarpment of gravel, with a horizontal line of weeping springs as in (I). Let anything, softness of strata or other, determine extra drainage to point B, then the escarpment must in time beat back to B^1, and the points A and C become *dry*—the outshed of water being intercepted by the course A B^1 C, before reaching A and C. This

process will, in the course of ages, carry the outshed back to B^2, the escarpments A B^2, C B^2, becoming dryer as they near the promontories A and C.

"A similar process beginning at D, and working back to D, D^2, would form a long dry bank B^2, C, D^2, with a boggy valley on each side, such as are common here.



A. Gravel dust.
B. Upper Bagshot.
C. Bracklesham clays.
D. Lower Bagshot.
E. Lower drift.
F. London clay.



"Rain falling on the flats percolates A and B, and is stopped by the Brackleshams at C. It runs along C to the open air, and flows over the Brackleshams, forming bogs, and eating out the escarpment A, B, C, by a continuous horizontal line of springs at its base, which often overhangs and crumbles from 5 to 6 feet at C.

"The *débris* is washed down slope C D, to E, where it rests on the flat valley bottom of London gravel, and a second line of springs breaks up through it, being thrown up off the surface of London clay (F). These are foul and chalybeate. The upper springs are all exquisitely pure and soft."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

"I am very busy working out points of Natural Theology, by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell. I think I shall come to something worth having before I have done. But I am not going to rush into print this seven years, for this reason: The state of the scientific mind is most curious; Darwin is conquering everywhere, and rushing in like a flood, by the mere force of truth and fact. The one or two who hold out are forced to try all sorts of subterfuges as to fact, or else by evoking the *odium theologicum*. . . . .

"But they find that now they have got rid of an interfering God—a master-magician, as I call it—they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God.

"Grove's truly great mind has seized the latter alternative already, on the side of chemistry. Ansted, in his Rede Lecture, is feeling for it in geology; and so is Lyell; and I, in my small way of zoology, am urging it on Huxley, Rolleston, and Bates, who has just discovered facts about certain butterflies in the valley of the Amazon, which have filled me, and, I trust, others, with utter astonishment and awe. Verily, God is great, or else there is no God at all.

"That mystery of generation has been felt in all ages to be the crux, the meeting point of heaven and earth, of God or no God; and it is being felt so now more intensely than ever. All turns on it. . . . . So does human thought come round again in cycles to the same point; but, thank God, each time with more and sounder knowledge. All will be well, if we will but remember what is written: 'He that believeth will not make haste.'

"But I ought to say, that by far the best forward step in Natural Theology has been made by an American, Dr. Asa Gray,* who has said better than I can all that I want to say. I send you his pamphlet, entreating you to read it, especially pp. 28–49, which are in my eyes unanswerable.

"A passage between me and **** (we are most intimate and confidential, though more utterly opposed in thought than he is to the general religious or other public), may amuse you. He says somewhere, 'the ape's brain is almost exactly like the man's, and so is his throat. See, then, what enormously different results may be produced

* When in America, in 1874, Mr. Kingsley had the happiness of making acquaintance with Professor Asa Gray, who among many other botanical works had lately published his admirable little book for the young on "Climbing Plants." In an important work just published in Boston (1876) on Darwinism, the Professor has made quotations from Mr. Kingsley's "Westminster Sermons."

by the slightest difference in structure!' I tell him, 'not a bit; you are putting the cart before the horse, like the rest of the world. If you won't believe my great new doctrine (which, by the bye, is as old as the Greeks), that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells, you will remain in outer darkness. . . . . I know an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's—and what does that prove? That the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while the man can do the most wonderful thing with tools very little better than an ape's.

"'If men had had ape's bodies they would have got on very tolerably with them, because they had men's souls to work the bodies with. While an ape's soul in a man's body would be only a rather more filthy nuisance than he is now. You fancy that the axe uses the workman, I say that the workman uses the axe, and that though he can work rather better with a good tool than a bad one, the great point is, what sort of workman is he—an ape-soul or a human soul?'

"Whereby you may perceive that I am not going astray into materialism as yet."

TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

EVERSLEY, *June* 28, 1863.

"Don't take the trouble to answer this. *In re* great toes of apes and men. Have you ever remarked the variableness of the hallux in our race?

"The old Greek is remarkable for a small hallux and large second toe, reaching beyond it, and that is held (and rightly) as the most perfect form of the human foot. But in all modern Indo-Gothic races is it the same? In all children which I have seen (and I have watched carefully) the hallux is far larger and longer in proportion to the other toes than in the Greek statues. This is not caused (as commonly supposed) by wearing shoes, for it holds in the Irish children who have never worn them.

"Now surely such a variation in the size of the hallux gives probability at least to your deductions from its great variability in the apes.

"Science owes you the honour of having demonstrated that the hind hand of the apes is not a hand, but a true foot. Think over what I have said."

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S., &c.

EVERSLEY, *June* 14, 1863.

"I have been reading with delight and instruction your paper on climbing plants.

"Your explanation of an old puzzle of mine—Lathyrus Nissolia—is a master-piece. Nothing can be more conclusive. That of the filament at the petiole-end of the bean is equally satisfactory.

"Ah, that I could begin to study nature anew, now that you have made it to me a live thing, not a dead collection of names. But my work lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn. It is better that the division of labour should be complete, and that each man should do only one thing, while he looks on, as he finds time, at what others are doing, and so gets laws from other sciences which he can apply, as I do, to my own."

TO H. BATES, ESQ., F.R.S., &c., &c.

EVERSLEY, *April* 13, 1863.

"'Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.' I was in the act of writing off to my bookseller for your delightful book, 'Travels on the Amazons,' when to my surprise and pleasure it appeared last night with your kind and flattering letter. It fell out thus. Clements Markham came down to me, and found me in great wonder and admiration over your extraordinary paper in the Linnean on the Mocking butterflies, and told me of your new book; and I agreed that I would write a review for 'Macmillan' of it, poor Spruce's pamphlet, &c., Markham's translations of the old Amazon voyages, and the Amazon in general. I have glanced at your book, and find it all I took it for granted it would be; and shall recommend it as strongly as possible. I may have to ask you some questions as to Wallace and Spruce; that I may do justice to every one. Is it Wallace who went to New Guinea, and brought home the birds of Paradise? If so, I know him.

"One thing more. I think your explanation of the Mocking butterflies is one of the best instances of Darwin's theories, explaining what nothing else will that I know. But have you not overlooked the causes of this adaptation which would greatly accelerate it?" . . . .

Here he proposes to Mr. Bates at some length, as an explanation of the singular mimicry of form and colours between butterflies belonging to entirely distinct families, a possible intermarriage of individuals belonging to these distinct forms. The idea was a crude one, as quickly abandoned as conceived, and it need not therefore, be given here. He concludes—"May not these be the descendants of true fertile hybrids (however rare) between Ithomia, &c., and Leptalis at a remote epoch? The possibility of any one or all of these cases I believe in. Pray think them

over, and give me your opinion if they seem to you anything beyond nonsense."

To Mr. Bates's kind reply, in which he rejected this theory, Mr. Kingsley says in a second letter, which also goes into details which would not interest the general reader:

"I honestly bow to your superior knowledge. I am not aware of any book in which cases of the kind I talked of are scientifically recorded. It is a great want. For the popular notion ought either to be confirmed or solemnly exploded. It is too important just now to be left in doubt.

. . . . . .

"There is no physical cause discovered by the microscope why ova should develope each according to its kind. To a philosopher, a hen bringing forth a crocodile would not be so wonderful, as the hundred thousands of hens never bringing forth any thing but hens.

"To talk of its being done by laws impressed on matter, is to use mere words. How can a law be *impressed* on matter? Is it *in* the matter? Is it impressed thereon as a seal on wax? Or even as a polar arrangement of parts on a solid? If so, it is discoverable by the microscope. But if 'it' were found, that would not be a Law, but only a present and temporary phenomenon—an arrangement or formation of particles for the time being—not the Law or formative cause thereof; and we should be just as far from the 'causa causativa' of the development as ever. I hope I am not boring you by all this. You will see whither it is tending; and it is the result of long and painful thought, in which I have been trying to bring my little logic and metaphysic to bear —not on physical science herself, for she stands on her own ground, microscope in hand, and will allow no intruder, however venerable; but on the nomenclature of physical science, which is to me painfully confused, from a want in our scientific men of that logical training by which things are rightly named, though they cannot be discovered thereby. And this common metaphor of 'a Law imprest on matter' is one which must be regarded merely as a metaphor, and an approximative symbol, useless for accurate science, or we shall get into horrible confusions of speech and thought about material causes and their limits, especially now when Darwin, &c., on one hand, and Lyell, &c., on another, have shown us what an enormous amount of the world's work is done by causes strictly material.

"For myself, I agree with Dr. Asa Gray, in his admirable pamphlet on Darwin, that the tendency of physical science is 'not towards the omnipotence of Matter, but to the omnipotence of Spirit. And I am

inclined to regard the development of an ovum according to kind as the result of a strictly immaterial and spiritual agency. . . . .

. . . . . .

"For the rest I yield to you. I had stupidly overlooked the great structural gulf between Leptalis and Ithomia, when I talked of a fertile hybrid; and I do not on second thoughts think much of my more complex theory. . . . .

"Anyhow, it is utterly wonderful, and your explanation, though it is the simplest, is the most wonderful of all; because it looks most like an immensely long chapter of accidents, and is really, if true, a chapter of special Providences of Him without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and whose greatness, wisdom, and perpetual care I never understood as I have since I became a convert to Darwin's views."

"These letters, written by our dearly-beloved friend Charles Kingsley," Mr. Bates says, "are very interesting as showing the working of your variously gifted husband's mind, while grappling with one of the most difficult problems in Nature. It was a great surprise to me at the time that such an out-of-the-way subject had caught his attention at all.

"I am so glad I kept the letters, and am thus able to contribute a little to the work you have in hand." . . . .

We now turn from science to fishing, and venture to insert, for those who never met him in his genial humorous moods, a letter or two written in the joy of his heart when for a short moment all care was cast away, and he became a boy again.

TO HIS WIFE.

WHITE HART, WHITCHURCH, *May* 26, 1863.

"Quite safe here, and so jolly at being on the chalk. Just starting to fish WHIT.

. . . . . .

"6.30. I re-open this, having been driven off the water by real rain—rain which is raining grass and gold. I hope it will get to Eversley. So I am settled down, and can do nothing better—indeed, nothing else—as there are no books in Whitchurch, than sit and twaddle to you. I like this place, and that is truth. It is old without being decayed. This low room has a beautiful Queen Anne's ceiling, and could by withdrawing the partition, be enlarged from the club room into a ball-room, in which the three belles and one-and-a-half beaux of Whitchurch would have full room to dance. Opposite me again, across a street rather wider than the room, is a chemist's shop,

which is also a post-office. How quietly and gracefully here the new invades the old, without dispossessing or confusing it! The two storeys are rather lower than one of an average London house, so that we will hope the folks inside are not tall; but there is a grand peaked roof with dormers, in which I suppose servants are stuffed away. But I hold my nose at the thought. In the window are a dozen bottles—some near a hundred years old, with drugs of ditto age. One hopes they are all labelled right. The only one I can answer for is one of poppy-heads. So I suppose toothaches are known here. There are also two plaster of Paris horses, indicating that horse-balls may be had within; a case of scents; an accordion; two framed prints—one seemingly of a military, the other of a fox-hunting nature, evidently by a French artist; a bottle or two filled with what looks humiliatingly like lollipops; and a blue tablet bearing a golden inscription, in the very centre of the window, which I must examine to-morrow and report to you. In front, instead of pavement, are great flints and a row of posts, which prevent the carriages of Whitchurch from rushing into the house windows, and the drunken men thereof from losing their way home. There are also two gutters, down which are running now gallons, ay, tons, of true London milk—chalk and water, with a slight tinge of animal matter. The population are 'understood but not exprest,' like words in the Latin grammar which don't appear. I know there was a Methodist parson walked up to the station an hour ago, *and came back again*, worse luck for the place; and there was a shepherd came and stood in the exact centre of the town, of course with an umbrella (all Chalk shepherds have umbrellas), and has been doing nothing certainly for an hour, in pouring rain. Also a groom boy went by, who looked as if he had been expelled Lord Portsmouth's stables for dirt. And there you have the Whitchurch news.

"Lord P. is gone to Bath. Anthony is not come nor heard of. I have written to him to-night to stir him up; but if he don't come I shall come home. . . . . But the fishing to-morrow will be splendid. I took seven brace this afternoon (none very large, but what would be a great day at Wildmoor) in three hours. Threw almost all in, for I had nought to do with them, which raised me infinitely in the keeper's eyes.

"Why do I chat on thus? Because . . . . I love to talk to you in the only way in which I *can talk*, by pen. My tongue is dumb. When I get a pen I can talk. . . . .

"Tell Rose and Maurice that I have got two pairs of bucks' horns—one for each of them, huge old fellows, almost as big as Baby." . . . .

"Wednesday. Expect me home to-morrow unless I hear of A. I have had a splendid day's fishing, and came home through the Park—

the finest, I hold, in the south of England. The keeper is an old retainer of Lord P.'s, and his huntsman whilome at Eggesford. So you may suppose we have been 'telling' Devonshire. Conceive his once running a fox from the back of Okehampton right over Yestor into the heart of the moor, and killing him, or rather the hounds did, for not a man could get near them. Oh dear, I have had such a jolly day, and the lamb chops are so good, and there is such a sponge-bath in my room." . . . .

TO J. A. FROUDE, ESQ.

WHITE HART, WHITCHURCH, *May* 27, 1863.

"And is this the way you expect to get fishing when you want it, axing for it with fierce importunity, and then running away and leaving your disconsolate partner to terrify himself into fiddlestrings with fancying what was the matter? . . . . Well . . . . but you have lost a lovely day's fishing. The first was not much, owing to the furious rain; but yesterday I went up the side stream in the Park, and after the rain it was charming. They took first a little black gnat, and then settled to a red palmer and the conquering turkey-brown, with which we killed so many here before. My beloved black alder* they did not care for—for

* "Oh thou beloved member of the brute creation! Songs have been written in praise of thee; statues would ere now have been erected to thee, had that hunchback and those flabby wings of thine been 'susceptible of artistic treatment.' But ugly thou art in the eyes of the uninitiated vulgar; a little stumpy old maid toddling about the world in a black bonnet and a brown cloak, laughed at by naughty boys, but doing good wherever thou comest, and leaving sweet memories behind thee; so sweet that the trout will rise at the ghost or sham of thee, for pure love of thy past kindnesses to them, months after thou hast departed from this sublunary sphere. What hours of bliss do I not owe to thee! How have I seen in the rich meads of Wey, after picking out wretched quarter-pounders all the morning on March-brown and red-hackle, the great trout rush from every hover to welcome thy first appearance among the sedges and buttercups! How often, late in August, on Thames, on Test, on Loddon heads, have I seen the three and four pound fish prefer thy dead image to any live reality. Have I not seen poor old Sl. Wilder, king of Thames fishermen (now gone home to his rest), shaking his huge sides with delight over thy mighty deeds, as his fourteen-inch whiskers fluttered in the breeze like the horse-tail standard of some great Bashaw, while crystal Thames murmured over the white flints on Monkey Island shallow, and the soft breeze sighed in the colossal poplar spires, and the great trout rose and rose, and would not cease, at thee, my alder-fly? Have I not seen, after a day in which the earth below was iron, and the heavens above as brass, as the three-pounders would have thee, and thee alone, in the purple August dusk, old Moody's red face grow redder with excitement, half proud at having advised me to 'put on' thee, half fearful lest we should catch all my lady's pet trout in one evening? Beloved alder-fly! would that I could give thee a soul (if indeed thou hast not one

why? She was not out. The stream was not as good as when we fished it last, owing to extreme drought. But I kept seven brace of good fish and threw in twelve. None over 1½lb. though. After two came a ferocious storm, and chop of wind to W., and after that I did nothing. Oh! I wish you had been with me; but if you will be good you shall come down week after next, and Mrs. Alder will be out then, and perhaps a few drakes on the lower shallow, and oh, won't we pitch into the fish? Lord P. is gone to Bath, and Lady P. to High Clere. . . . . So I am going home by mid-day train."

TO REV. E. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL.

EVERSLEY, *May* 29, 1863.

"By the strangest coincidence, Sir Charles Bunbury, a great geologist and botanist, and I were talking over this very evening Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads in a hole. I promised him to write to Sir A. on the strength of his kind messages to me, for further information; and behold, on coming home from a dinner-party at General Napier's, your letter anent them! Verily, great things are in these toads' insides, or so strange a coincidence would not have happened.

"Now, I say to you what I said to him. Toads are rum brutes. Like all batrachians, they breathe through their skins, as well as through their lungs. The instinct (as I have often proved) of the little beggars an inch long, fresh from water and tadpoledom, is to creep foolishly into the dirtiest hole they can find, in old walls, &c., where 99 out of a 100 are eaten by rats and beetles, as I hold—or else the world would have been toadied to utter disgust and horror long ago. Some of these may get down into cracks in rocks, and never get back. The holes may be silted up by mud and sand. The toad may exist and grow in that hole for Heaven knows how long, I daresay for centuries, for I don't think he would want food to grow; oxygen and water he *must* have, but a very little would do.

"Accordingly, all the cases of toads in a hole which I have investigated have been either in old walls or limestone rocks, which are porous as a sponge, absorb water and air, and give them out slowly, but enough to keep a cold-blooded batrachian alive.

"Now, Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads have puzzled me. I have read all that he has written, and thought over it, comparing it with all I know, and I think I know almost every case on record, and I am

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already, thou, and all things which live), and make thee happy in all æons to come! But as it is, such immortality as I can bestow on thee here, in small return for all the pleasant days thou hast bestowed on me."—'Chalk Stream Studies: Prose Idylls.'

confounded. Will you ask him for me, what is the nature of this conglomerate in which the toads are?

"I said to-night I would not believe in toads anywhere but in limestone or chalk, *i.e.*, in strongly hydraulic strata. Sir Charles Bunbury corrected me, by saying that certain volcanic rocks, amygdaloid basalts, were as full of holes as limestone, and as strongly hydraulic, and so toads might live in them.

"If Sir A. G. C. would send us a piece of the rock in which the toads lie, we could tell him more. But that the toads are contemporaneous with the rock, or have got there any way save through cracks now filled up, and so overlooked in the blasting and cutting, is, I believe, impossible, and cannot be—though God alone knows what cannot be—and so I wait for further information.

"Oh, that I could accept Sir Alexander's most kind invitation, and come and see the toads myself, let alone killing the salmon! But I cannot.

"We must send up one of our F.G.S.'s to see into the matter. . . . .

"Your flies are to me wonderful. I will try them on Itchen next week. But I have been killing well in burning sun, and water as clear as air, on flies which are to them as bumble bees."

In the summer of this year the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the Oxford Commemoration with their presence, and according to custom His Royal Highness sent in previously the names of those on whom he wished the University to bestow the honorary degree of D.C.L. Among those names was that of Charles Kingsley, who was one of the Prince's private chaplains. He had several warm friends in the University, among others Dean Stanley (then Canon of Christ Church), Max Müller, &c., who would have gladly seen this honour conferred on him; but among the extreme High Church party there were dissentient voices; and the Professor of Hebrew took the lead in opposing the degree on the ground of Mr. Kingsley's published works, especially "Hypatia," which he considered "*an immoral book*," and one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine—the very charge, in fact, that twelve years before had been brought against "Yeast" by an Oxford graduate of the same party. If the vote in Convocation had been carried in Mr. Kingsley's favour, it would have been anything but unanimous, and a threat being made of a "non placet'

in the theatre at the time of conferring the degree, his friends considerately advised him to retire; and he, in order to avoid disturbing the peace of the University on such an auspicious occasion, as considerately followed their advice. The following year some of his Oxford friends chivalrously offered to propose his name again for a distinction which he would have valued as much as any man living: but he declined, saying that "it was an honour that must be given, not fought for," and that till the imputation of "*immorality*" was withdrawn from his book "Hypatia," he could not even in prospect accept the offer.

In 1866 Bishop Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, wrote to ask him to preach one of a course of sermons in the University in Lent, but he declined that honour too on the same grounds as the degree.

"I do not deny," he says in a letter to Dean Stanley, "a great hankering for years past, after an Oxford D.C.L. . . . . But all these things are right, and come with a reason, and a purpose, and a meaning; and he who grumbles at them or at worse, believeth not (for the time being at least) in the Living God."

Again, to one who would have liked to see honour upon honour showered upon him—"Pray, pray take what God does *not* send as *not* good for us, and trust Him to send us what is good. . . . ." And so, when a disappointment was over, he would root out the memory of it before it had time to rankle in his mind and sow any seed of envy or malice. He lived on a high level, and to keep there he knew that he must crush down the unforgiving spirit which springs from egotism in the hearts of less noble men. Coupled with this, too, was not only his intense faith in the government of God, as shown in the smallest as well as the most important events of life, and in His education of His creatures, by each and every one of these events, but a deep sense of his own unworthiness, which made him content (a word he loved) with what he had already as all too good for him.

Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch had lately appeared and was the topic of general discussion, which led to his preach-

ing a series of sermons* on the subject to his own people at Eversley. In a letter to Mr. Maurice, he said, in reference to the one on the Credibility of the Plagues of Egypt and of miracles in general:—

"All this talk about the Pentateuch is making me feel its unique value and divineness so much more than ever I did, that I burn to say something worth hearing about it, and I cannot help hoping that what I say may be listened to by some of those who know that I shrink from no lengths in physical science. . . . . I am sure that science and the creeds will shake hands at last, if only people will leave both alone, and I pray that by God's grace perchance I may help them to do so.

"My only fear is that people will fancy me a verbal-inspiration-monger, which, as you know, I am not; and that I shall, in due time, suffer the fate of most who see both sides, and be considered by both a hypocrite and a traitor." . . . .

These sermons he dedicated to his friend Dr. Stanley:—

"I dedicate these sermons to you, my dear Stanley, not that I may make you responsible for any doctrine or statement contained in them, but as the simplest method of telling you how much they owe to your book on the Jewish Church, and of expressing my deep gratitude to you for publishing that book at such a time as this.

"It has given to me (and I doubt not to many other clergymen) a fresh confidence and energy in preaching to my people the gospel of the Old Testament as the same with that of the New; and without it, many of these sermons would have been very different from, and I am certain very inferior to, what they are now, by the help of your admirable book.

"Brought up, like all Cambridge men of the last generation, upon Paley's 'Evidences,' I had accepted as a matter of course, and as the authoritative teaching of my university, Paley's opinions as to the limits of biblical criticism ('Evidences,' part 3, cap. 3), quoted at large in Dean Milman's noble preface to his last edition of the 'History of the Jews,' and especially that great dictum of his, 'that it is an unwarrantable, as well as unsafe rule, to lay down concerning the Jewish history

* "Sermons on the Pentateuch." Macmillan.

that which was never laid down concerning any other, that either every particular of it must be true, or the whole false.'

. . . . . .

"A reverent and rational liberty in criticism (within the limits of orthodoxy) is, I have always supposed, the right of every Cambridge man; and I was therefore the more shocked, for the sake of free thought in my university, at the appearance of a book which claimed and exercised a licence in such questions, which I must (after careful study of it) call anything but rational and reverent. Of the orthodoxy of the book, it is not, of course, a private clergyman's place to judge. That book seemed dangerous to the University of Cambridge itself, because it was likely to stir up from without attempts to abridge her ancient liberty of thought; but it seemed still more dangerous to the hundreds of thousands without the university, who, being no scholars, must take on trust the historic truth of the Bible.

"For I found that book, if not always read, yet still talked and thought of on every side, among persons whom I should have fancied careless of its subject, and even ignorant of its existence, but to whom I was personally bound to give some answer as to the book and its worth. It was making many unsettled and unhappy; it was (even worse) pandering to the cynicism and frivolity of many who were already too cynical and frivolous; and much as I shrank from descending into the arena of religious controversy, I felt bound to say a few plain words on it, at least to my own parishioners.

"But how to do so, without putting into their heads thoughts which need be in no man's head, and perhaps shaking the very faith which I was trying to build up, was difficult to me, and I think, would have been impossible to me, but for the opportune appearance of your admirable book.

"I could not but see that the book to which I have alluded, like most other modern books on biblical criticism, was altogether negative; was possessed too often by that fanaticism of disbelief, which is just as dangerous as the fanaticism of belief; was picking the body of the Scripture to pieces so earnestly, that it seemed to forget that Scripture had a spirit as well as a body; or, if it confessed that it had a spirit, asserting that spirit to be one utterly different from the spirit which the Scripture asserts that it possesses.

"For the Scripture asserts that those who wrote it were moved by the Spirit of God; that it is a record of God's dealings with men, which certain men were inspired to perceive and to write down; whereas the tendency of modern criticism is, without doubt, to assert that Scripture is inspired by the spirit of man; that it contains the thoughts and dis-

coveries of men concerning God, which they wrote down without the inspiration of God, which difference seems to me (and I hope to others) infinite and incalculable, and to involve the question of the whole character, honour, and glory of God.

"There is, without a doubt, something in the Old Testament, as well as in the New, quite different in kind, as well as in degree, from the sacred books of any other people: an unique element, which has had an unique effect upon the human heart, life, and civilization. This remains, after all possible deductions for 'ignorance of physical science,' 'errors in numbers and chronology,' 'interpolations,' 'mistakes of transcribers,' and so forth, whereof we have read of late a great deal too much, and ought to care for them and for their existence, or non-existence, simply nothing at all; because, granting them all (though the greater part of them I do not grant, as far as I can trust my critical faculty), there remains that unique element, beside which all these accidents are but as the spots on the sun, compared to the great glory of his life-giving light. The unique element is there; and I cannot but still believe, after much thought, that it—the powerful and working element, the inspired and Divine element, which has converted, and still converts millions of souls—is just that which Christendom in all ages has held it to be—the account of certain 'noble acts' of God's, and not of certain noble thoughts of man; in a word, not merely the moral, but the historic element; and that, therefore, the value of the Bible teaching depends on the truth of the Bible story. That is my belief. Any criticism which tries to rob me of that I shall look at fairly, but very severely indeed.

"If all that a man wants is a 'religion,' he ought to be able to make a very pretty one for himself, and a fresh one as often as he is tired of the old. But the heart and soul of man wants more than that, as it is written, 'My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God.' Those whom I have to teach want a living God, who cares for men, forgives men, saves men from their sins:—and Him I have found in the Bible, and nowhere else, save in the facts of life, which the Bible alone interprets.

"In the power of man to find out God I will never believe. The religious sentiment or 'God-consciousness,' so much talked of now-a-days, seems to me (as I believe it will to all practical common-sense Englishmen) a faculty not to be depended on, as fallible and corrupt as any other part of human nature; apt, to judge from history, to develop itself into ugly forms, not only without a revelation from God, but too often in spite of one—into polytheisms, idolatries, witchcrafts, Buddhist asceticisms, Phœnician moloch sacrifices, Popish inquisitions, American spirit-rappings, and what not. The hearts and minds of the sick, the

poor, the sorrowing, the truly human, all demand a living God, who has revealed Himself in living acts; a God who has taught mankind by facts, not left them to discover Him by theories and sentiments; a judge, a Father, a Saviour, an inspirer; in a word, their hearts and minds demand the historic truth of the Bible—of the Old Testament no less than of the New.

"What I needed, therefore, for my guidance was a book which should believe and confess all this, without condemning or ignoring free criticism and its results; which should make use of that criticism, not to destroy, but to build up; which employed a thorough knowledge of the Old Testament history, the manners of the Jews, the localities of the sacred events, to teach men not what might not be in the Bible, but what was certainly therein; which dealt with the Bible after the only fair and trustful method; that is, to consider it at first according to the theory which it sets forth concerning itself, before trying quite another theory of the commentator's own invention; and which combined with a courageous determination to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that Christian spirit of trust, reverence, and piety, without which all intellectual acuteness is but blindness and folly.

"All this, and more, I found in your book, enforced with a genius which needs no poor praise of mine; and I hailed its appearance, at such a crisis, as a happy Providence, certain that it would be, what I now know by experience it has been, a balm to many a wounded spirit, and a check to many a wandering intellect, inclined, in the rashness of youth, to throw away the truth it already had, for the sake of theories which it hoped that it might possibly verify hereafter.

"With your book in my hand, I have tried to write a few plain sermons, telling plain people what they will find in the Pentateuch, in spite of all present doubts, as their fathers found it before them, and as (I trust) their children will find it after them, when all this present whirlwind of controversy has past.

"I have told them that they will find in the Bible, and in no other ancient book, that living, working God, whom their reason and conscience demand; and that they will find that He is none other than Jesus Christ our Lord. I have not apologized for, or explained away, the so-called 'Anthropomorphism' of the Old Testament. On the contrary, I have frankly accepted it, and even gloried in it, as an integral, and, I believe, invaluable, element of Scripture. I have deliberately ignored many questions of great interest and difficulty, because I had no satisfactory solution of them to offer; but I have said, at the same time, that those questions were altogether unimportant, compared with those salient and fundamental points of the Bible history on which I

was preaching. And therefore I have dared to bid my people relinquish biblical criticism to those who have time for it; and to say of it with me, as Abraham of the planets, 'Oh, my people, I am clear of all these things! I turn myself to Him who made heaven and earth.'

"I am painfully conscious, on revising for the press sermons which would never have been published save by special request, how imperfect, poor, and weak they seem to me—how much worse, then, they will appear to other people; how much more may be said which I have not the wit to say! But the Bible can take care of itself, I presume, without my help: all I can do is to speak what I think, as far as I see my way; to record the obligation toward you under which I, with thousands more, now lie; and to express my hope that we shall be always found together fellow-workers in the cause of Truth, and that to you and in you may be fulfilled those noble and tender words, in which you have spoken of Samuel, and of those who work in Samuel's spirit:—

"'In later times, even in our own, many names spring to our recollection, of those who have trodden or (in different degrees, some known and some unknown) are treading the same thankless path, in the Church of Germany, in the Church of France, in the Church of Russia, in the Church of England. Wherever they are, and whosoever they may be, and howsoever they may be neglected, or assailed, or despised, they, like their great prototype and likeness in the Jewish Church, are the silent healers, who bind up the wounds of their age in spite of itself; they are the good physicians who bind together the dislocated bones of a disjointed time; they are the reconcilers who turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, or of the fathers to the children. They have but little praise and reward from the partisans who are loud in indiscriminate censure and applause. But, like Samuel, they have a far higher reward, in the Davids who are silently strengthened and nurtured by them in Naioth of Ramah—in the glories of a new age, which shall be ushered in peacefully and happily, after they shall have been laid in the grave.' ('Lectures on the Jewish Church,' Lect. 18, p. 401.)

"That such, my dear Stanley, may be your work and your destiny, is the earnest hope of

"Yours affectionately,

"C. KINGSLEY."

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *July* 1, 1863.

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

September 18, 1863.

"I am very anxious to know what you think of Stanley's 'Lectures on the Jewish Church.' I have read them with the greatest pleasure and

comfort, and look on the book as the best antidote to Colenso which I have yet seen, because it fights him on his own ground, and yet ignores him and his negative form of thought.

"I think the book will give comfort to thousands, and make them take up their Bibles once more with heart and hope. I do trust that you feel as I do about it. . . . . I have been so 'run about' with parish work and confirmation work, that I have neglected to tell you how deeply I feel your approval of my sermons. I do hope and trust that they may do a little good. I find that the Aldershot and Sandhurst mustachios come to hear these discourses of mine every Sunday—and my heart goes out to them in great yearnings. Dear fellows—when I see them in the pews, and the smock frocks in the open seats, I feel as if I was not quite useless in the world, and that I was beginning to fulfil the one idea of my life, to tell Esau * that he has a birthright as well as Jacob. I do feel very deeply the truth which John Mill has set forth in a one-sided way in his new book on Liberty—pp. 88-90, I think, about the past morality of Christendom having taken a somewhat abject tone, and requiring, as a complement, the old Pagan virtues, which our forefathers learnt from Plutarch's Lives, and of which the memory still lingers in our classical education. I do not believe, of course, that the want really exists: but that it has been created, principally by the celibate misanthropy of the patristic and mediæval church. But I have to preach the divineness of the whole manhood, and am content to be called a Muscular Christian, or any other impertinent name, by men who little dream of the weakness of character, sickness of body, and misery of mind, by which I have bought what little I know of the human heart. However, there is no good in talking about oneself.

"I am so obliged to you for your kindness to our Maurice. I hope you were satisfied with your godson. He is a very good boy, and makes us very happy."

TO REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.

EVERSLEY, *August* 3, 1863.

"I have to thank you for your most kind and reasonable review of

* Dean Stanley's words may explain this allusion to Esau: "It was this sense that he was a thorough Englishman that endeared him to you. . . . . O rising youth of England! . . . . It is for this that he speaks to you with especial force, you whom he would have called the sons of Esau—the frank, the generous, the self-forgetful; and bids you rise to higher spiritual spheres. It is for this also that the religious world, the orthodox world, the sons of the believing, but yet timid, wily Jacob, ought to feel that in his presence they had the best because the most severe of monitors—that in his departure they have lost the most faithful of friends because the severest of critics." (Funeral Sermon on Charles Kingsley, p. 11.)

me in the 'Reader.' You have said for me all I wish said. You will understand that I have read much and hard on these critical questions about Scripture, and that I am sick of them, because they do not touch that vital religion, which is all in all to me. I will assert the right of any clergyman to write freely on them, but I will attack, if need be, any one who, while using criticism, ignores Vital Religion, which, with me, is synonymous with a belief in the main facts of the Bible. If they are taken away I have no alternative but the modern Neo-Platonist School, which I do not believe in; or to turn a jolly Greek Pagan again. In any case, to find you and myself agreeing at all is a hearty pleasure, and I wish much that I saw more of you and of rational beings in general."

The "Waterbabies" came out this year, dedicated "To my youngest son, Grenville Arthur, and to all other good little boys:"

> "Come read me my riddle, each good little man,
> If you cannot read it, no grown up folk can."

The "l'envoi," in the first edition, was suppressed in the second, lest it should be misunderstood and give needless offence:—

> "Hence unbelieving Sadducees,
> And less believing Pharisees,
> With dull conventionalities;
> And leave a country muse at ease
> To play at leap-frog, if she please,
> With children and realities."

"I think," said Admiral Sir George Back, in writing to a friend, "I told you that no one, lady or gentleman, could give me anything like a satisfactory answer to the question of 'What is the story of the Waterbabies about?' And now that I have read it, the reason is clear enough, for in the playfulness of a charming fairy tale is included the most amusing allusions to different branches of science. Of plants, freshwater and sea; of waterflies, dear to an old fisherman, and especially the gorgeous dragon-fly; of fish, birds and shells (I wish the large gull, burgomaster of Spitzbergen had been noticed); of species, of gorillas, the ories, specific gravities, latitudes and longitudes, minute computations, philosophers, examiners, etc., etc., and some poetry that did one's heart good to read.

"I will honour the shadow of the shoe-tie of any Landbaby, age *à discretion*, who will do full justice to the merits of this extraordinary book." . . .

Perhaps it was the last book, except his West Indian one, "At Last," that he wrote with any real ease, and which was purely a labour of love, for his brain was getting fatigued, his health fluctuated, and the work of the Professorship, which was a constant weight on his mind, wore him sadly.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1864-5.

AGED 45, 46.

ILLNESS—CONTROVERSY WITH DR. NEWMAN—APOLOGIA—JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE—BIARRITZ—PAU—AN EARTHQUAKE—NARBONNE—THE SCHOOLBOY'S SEA—BEZIERS—PONT DU GARD—WILD FLOWERS—NISMES—AVIGNON—SERMONS IN LONDON AND AT WINDSOR—ENCLOSURE OF EVERSLEY COMMON—DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS ERSKINE—UNIVERSITY SERMONS AT CAMBRIDGE—MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY AND CHIVALRY—MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S LONDON COMMITTEE—LETTER ON THE TRINITY—HON. STEPHEN SPRING RICE—LETTER ON SUBSCRIPTION—SAVONAROLA—LUTHER AND DEMONOLOGY—VISIT OF QUEEN EMMA OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO EVERSLEY RECTORY AND WELLINGTON COLLEGE—THE LITERARY WORLD—WESLEY AND OXFORD—THE MAMMOTH ON IVORY—BEWICK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—DEATH OF KING LEOPOLD—LINES WRITTEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

"He heeded not reviling tones
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones.
. . . . . .
He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labour working to an end."—TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE severe illness and great physical depression with which this year began were a bad preparation for the storm of controversy which burst upon Mr. Kingsley, and which eventually produced Dr. Newman's famous "*Apologia pro vita sua.*" That controversy is before the world, and no allusion would be made to it in these pages, but from the fear that silence might be misconstrued into a tacit acknowledgment of defeat on the main question. This fact, however, may be mentioned, that information conveyed to Mr. Kingsley that Dr. Newman was in bad health, depressed, and averse from polemical discussion, coupled with Dr. Newman's own words in the early part of the correspondence, in which he seemed to deprecate controversy, appealed irresistibly to Mr. Kingsley's consideration, and put him to a great disadvantage in the issue. Still throughout there were many who held with him—among them some personal friends in the Roman Catholic Church. Many private letters, too, of generous sympathy from strangers came to cheer him on—some from laymen—some from clergymen—some even from workingmen, who having come in contact with the teaching of Roman Catholic priests, knew the truth of Mr. Kingsley's statements. Last but not least, a pamphlet was published by the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, entitled "But is not Kingsley right after all?" This pamphlet was never answered.

For the right understanding of this controversy, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that it was for truth and truth only that Mr. Kingsley craved and had fought. The main point at issue was not the personal integrity of Dr. Newman, but the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue "Truth for its own sake." While no one

more fully acknowledged the genius and power of his opponent than Mr. Kingsley himself, or was more ready to confess that he had "crossed swords with one who was too strong for him," yet he always felt that the general position which he had taken up against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church, remained unshaken.*

"It was his righteous indignation," says Dean Stanley, "against what seemed to him the glorification of a tortuous and ambiguous policy, which betrayed him into the only personal controversy in which he was ever entangled, and in which, matched in unequal conflict with the most subtle and dexterous controversialist of modern times, it is not surprising that for the moment he was apparently worsted, whatever we may think of the ultimate issues that were raised in the struggle, and whatever may be the total results of our experiences, before and after, on the main question over which the combat was fought—on the relation of the human conscience to truth or to authority."†

For more than a year past Mr. Kingsley had been suffering from chronic illness increased by overwork of brain, and a thorough rest and change of air had long been seriously urged upon him by his kind friend, Sir James Clarke. At this moment, Mr. Froude, who was going to Spain to look over MSS. in con-

* It may be doubted whether any words of Mr. Kingsley's convey a more serious accusation against the Church of Rome, than Dr. Newman's own in the "Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church," when speaking of the professions of Rome he warns those who make advances to her, that "we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a pitiless and unnatural relative who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach . . . for in truth she is a church beside herself . . . crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural as madmen are—or rather she may be said to resemble a demoniac—possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own; in outward form and in natural powers what God made her, but ruled by an inexorable spirit who is sovereign in his management over her, and most subtle and most successful in the use of her gifts. Thus she is her real self only in name, and till God vouchsafes to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that evil one who governs her." (Prophetical Office of the Church, p. 101.)

These words Dr. Newman formally retracted in the advertisement to an "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," page iv., but when first published, they expressed his deliberate opinion, and as such were accepted without remonstrance by the High Church party.

† Funeral Sermon on Canon Kingsley, in Westminster Abbey, on January 30, 1875, by Dean Stanley.

nection with his Historical work, invited him to go with him, to which he answers:—

"DEAREST ANTHONY,

"This is too delightful. I had meant to offer myself to you, but my courage failed; but when you propose what can I do but accept? . . . I am ready, for my part, not only to go to Madrid, but on by mail to Alicant, and then by steamer to Gibraltar, *via* Carthagena and Malaga, coming home by sea. I have always felt that one good sea voyage would add ten years to my life. All my friends say, go, but I must not be the least burden to you. Remember that I can amuse myself in any hedge, with plants and insects and a cigar, and that you may leave me anywhere, any long, certain that I shall be busy and happy. I cannot say how the thought of going has put fresh life into me."

On the 23rd of March he started with Mr. Froude for Spain, but being ill at Biarritz he did not go over the border. It was his first visit to France, of which his impressions are given in his letters to his wife and children.

PARIS, *Sunday, March* 25, 3 P.M.

"I am writing this from the top of the Hotel Meurice, with the Tuileries gardens beneath blazing in the sun, and as crowded and noisy as a fair. We got here yesterday, with several men we knew, among others Captain Blackett. The splendour of this city is beyond all I could have conceived, and the beautiful neatness and completeness of everything delight my eyes. Verily these French are a civilised people. We went this morning to the Madeleine, where a grand ceremony was going on, consisting of a high priest brushing people with a handkerchief, as far as I could see. Next, to Notre Dame, where old women were adoring the Sacrament in a 'tombeau' dressed up with cloth and darkness, two argand burners throwing light on it above, and over it a fold of white drapery exactly in the form of the sacrificial vitta on the Greek vases, from which it is probably unconsciously derived. For the rest, they are all as busy and gay to-day as on any other. We met John Lubbock in the street going off to examine the new bone-caves in Dordogne. I am much better to-day —I may say, quite well. This air is most bracing, and the sun magnificent. I will write to you to-morrow from Bayonne. . . . . Do let me know what sport Maurice had with the hounds. . . ."

BAYONNE, *March* 26, 1864.

"A place utterly unlike anything I ever saw. Certainly very picturesque, with the yellow and brown jalousies to the windows, and the

shipping at the bottom of the street, and the red-legged soldiers everywhere. I have seen so much since I wrote this morning, I hardly know where to begin. At Coutras, the other side of Bordeaux, I felt at once I was in a new world. Everything a month earlier than with us; the fruit trees in full flower; pink and crimson almond trees by dozens everywhere. The air strangely clear, the houses low-roofed, and covered with purple-ribbed tiles like the old Roman. I saw in an instant what you mean by the colouring of the south.

"Bordeaux seems a magnificent place—the suburbs are all vineyard in the highest order. Into Bordeaux we did not go, but only into the Landes—for which, fancy one hundred miles of Hartford Bridge Flat, with pinus maritima (which we saw at Bournemouth) instead of Scotch fir, and a tall delicate heath (mediterranea) unknown to me, among the common heath. Little long-woolled sheep, cows you could put under your arm, boys on stilts tending them, with sheepskin coats (wool outside) and sheepskin pads for their poor feet, else they would have to have them asked after if there was anyone to ask, which there aint—the only birds magpies. But thrivingness and improvement everywhere; immense new plantations of the pinus, new clearings for cultivation, new smart cottages, beautiful new churches, railway stations laid out with shrubberies of foreign trees. What a go-a-head place France is! It gladdens my heart to look at it. Saw the first cork-trees about forty miles from Bayonne planted, barked all round about nine feet high for the cork. It don't hurt them, in fact they rather like it, and it gives the new wood room to expand. I saw many flowers on the banks I did not know, and maize-fields, with last year's stubble in them, and plenty of our dear English 'lady's smock' in the wet meadows near here, which looked very homy. Coming off the Landes between Morceux and Dax, saw a low ridge of clouds below the other clouds, which were the Pyrenees. I could soon distinguish the line of eternal snow—could see vast arrêtes and glaciers blazing in the sun one hundred miles off—gorges that faded into infinite cloud land; peaks just cut off by the lower banks of vapour. It was an awful sight for the first time. They were intensely clear in the rainy atmosphere, and clear all but the tops of a few of the highest. After Dax they faded, as we rounded their lower outworks, which run to the sea. The climate here, being near to the Atlantic, is much warmer than North Spain. . . . . I have just discovered a huge vulture (vautour arrian, I think) chained to a tree in the courtyard in the rain, sulking and poking and dripping."

. . . . . .

". . . My bed-room is narrow, but high—twelve or thirteen feet

high, with a tall window from ground to ceiling, with jalousies and white muslin; as is the bed, all very neat and clean. . . .

"Remark 1. All the horses in France are white except one, which I see at rare intervals.

"2. They have the most exquisite little yellow oxen here, rather bigger than a donkey. They put brown holland pinafores on their backs, and great sheepskin mats on their heads, where the yoke comes, and persuade them as a great favour to do a little work. But they seem so fond of them that the oxen have much the best of the bargain. This place is half Spanish, of course, as witness what is painted on a shop-door opposite:—'Fabrica de licores deposito de varios aguardientes venta por mayor y por menor Bither vermuth.'

"Love to the darlings, make them construe this, especially the last word, which is considered by these barbarians to be English! God bless you all with all Easter blessings. . . ."

. . . . . .

BIARRITZ, *April*, 1864.

"A pleasant day at Biarritz, which is just a cross between Bude and Scarborough. What a sea there was there you may imagine when I tell you that it is in the very bight of the Bay of Biscay, and that it was blowing great guns in from dead W.N.W. I never saw a finer sea, rushing through caverns and cracks in a strange sandstone full of nummulites and flat layers of flint. The country like the Devonshire coast. Flowers wonderful. Cliffs covered with white and red stocks, the same as our garden ones, and just as fine. I shall stop here for a week or so, to botanize and breathe sea-champagne; Tulk, who is an M.D., will take care of me.

"The Basques speak a lingo utterly different from all European languages, which has no analogue, and must have come from a different stock from our ancestors. The women are very pretty—brown, aquiline, with low foreheads, and have a quaint fashion of doing up their back hair in a gaudy silk handkerchief, which is cunningly twisted till one great triangular tail stands out stiff behind the left ear. This is a great art. The old ones tie their whole heads up in the handkerchief and look very pretty, but browner than apes from wearing no bonnets.

"It has rained to-day, again, 'marling-spikes and copper sheathing,' and the vulture (whom I have sketched much) has been dancing about trying to dry himself, and expanding great concave wings as big as windmill sails. He must be a glorious bird in his native Pyrenees."

. . . . . .

"Me voilà abonné à l'Hotel de France, Biarritz, au second, from whence

I look north over the Bay of Biscay. I could see you, if I could see far enough. Half a mile off a long point one hundred feet high, with a splendid "*phare*," or light-house.—Then, a sandy bay, with isolated sandstone rocks, over which the Atlantic is leaping before a fearful gale. Half-way is the villa Eugenie, looking like a comfortable English house of brick and stone,

> 'Where the fair empress and her mushroom court,
> Amid the admiring waves themselves disport,'

as a country poet might have written. The hills here are like the Bideford coast—still more like the Cornish—covered with the true Cornish heath, pale blue vernal squills, a great white potentilla verna, and a long blue flower, which T—— took for gentian, but which seems to me a borage or bugloss. Anyhow, I am drying all I find. The Spanish mountains are covered with snow, and look magnificent. The rocks are covered with echinus lividus, a sea-urchin that bores in limestone! T—— has found them, but only on the south-west coast of Ireland. We are going to chisel some out.

"I am quite in love with these Frenchmen. They are so charmingly civil and agreeable. You can talk to any and all classes as equals. But, alas! I have fallen among English at the *table d'hôte*. . . .

"Wednesday afternoon. A day as pleasant as one can be without you; sea and rocks wonderful.—A new and most beautiful and curious zoophite, ditto seaweed, and burrowing Echini. T. and I made a gauze pool-net, sat lazily on the beach and picked up little shells for Mary, then walked a mile out toward the battle-field of Barrillhet, of which more hereafter. I found Daphne odorata growing among heath, quite as fine as I ever saw it in an English garden. T. and I reaped it with our knives, and brought home a great bundle. God bless you. I wish I was home again."

". . . After breakfast we generally lounge the rocks till one. I have found some gigantic skate purses, which must belong to a ray twenty feet broad; then luncheon; then lounge again, sitting about on benches and rocks, watching the grey lizards (I haven't seen any green ones yet), and smoking penny Government cigars, which are very good; then *table d'hôte* at six. . . . . Yesterday we hired a carriage and went to the bar of the Adour, and saw the place where Hope carried the Guards across and made a bridge of boats in the face of 15,000 French. When one sees such things—and I shall see more—who dare sneer at 'old Peninsular officers?' To-day I was looking through the glass at the Rhune mountain, which Soult entrenched from top to bottom, and Wellington stormed, yard by yard, with 20,000 men, before he could

cross the Bidassoa; and to have taken that mountain seemed a deed of old giants. Behind it were peaks of everlasting snow, gleaming white in the glorious sun, and beneath it the shore of St. Sebastian and Fontarabia, and then the Spanish hills, fading away to the right into infinite space along the Biscayan shore. I shall go and sit there the whole afternoon. We drove through Landes yesterday, too, and saw the pine trees hacked for turpentine, and a little pot hung to each, with clear turpentine running in, and in the tops of the young trees great social nests of the pitzocampo moth-caterpillar, of which I have got some silk, but dared not open the nest, for their hairs are deadly poison, as the old Romans knew. Tell Grenville I saw a steamer come out over the bar just now tugging two schooners, and another huge steamer far out at sea, going, perhaps to Gibraltar and then to Alexandria. The rocks here are of the true old willow-plate pattern, and bridged over by the Emperor, just like them—all caves and holes—and the sea, instead of running over the rocks, runs through them. There is one opposite my window, just like a thing in a play-house scene. . . . . .

"I am just in after a long lounging afternoon under the Villa Eugenie, where I found many curious fossils, and fell asleep on the sand. The sea, which was deep blue, has been invaded from the north by a vast mass of mud, I presume the outflow of Loire, Garonne, and Adour after these great floods. It is curious to watch the battle between the two waters, quite unmixed, owing to their different specific gravity—the yellow water getting on the top of the blue and burying it. The hedges here are full of magnificent canes, ten to twelve feet high, 'Arundo donax,' with which oxen are driven, fish caught, and boys fight. The horses here all have necklaces of bells, like hawks' bells, which sound very pretty, and go like brave little rats as they are, and the oxen are darlings. . . . Oh, the blessed, blessed feeling of having nothing to do! I start sometimes and turn round guiltily, with the thought, 'Surely I ought to be doing something—I have forgotten something,' and then to feel that there is nothing to do even if I wanted! It will make me quite well. . . . ."

PAU, *Sunday.*

"I am writing from a place which, for beauty, beats everything I ever saw, and all the better for finding your dear letter here, and one from Grenville, which I shall answer at once. This place is a mixture of Bath and Edinburgh; at its foot, below, the beautiful château where Henry IV. 'Le Monstre Henri' was born, a valley of flat grass, filled with poplars, the Gare, a glacier torrent rolling over acres of grey

gravel. On the south bank of the town the loveliest châteaux, parks, *allées*, flower-gardens, trees full of singing-birds, whose notes are new to me, and trees covered with purple flowers (Judas?) wisterias, and yellow banksia roses over every wall. Frogs barking, rattling, making a dozen noises unknown at home. Opposite, broken wooded hills covered with châteaux. Ten miles off, a purple wall with white streaks, which is not the Pyrenees, but is about as high as Snowdon; twenty miles off, an abyss of cloud and snow, which is the Pyrenees. It is a place to live in! a great town, city one ought to say, as it is royal from all ages, and in the loveliest spot one can imagine.

"We went to the English church, after having all been ill; for why? the water is horrible, I suppose from the great age of the town. So Cane and I flee to the mountains to-morrow. I will write again when I return. We purpose to be here three or four days, then Bagnières, Tarbes, rail to Toulouse, Carcassonne, Beziers (all the scenes of the Albigense horrors, which I have wished to realise to myself for years), and so to the Mediterranean and Perpignan. Then we may or may not go *viâ* Barcelona to Madrid, pick up Anthony, and come home with him. But I have no plans, and don't intend to have any. Write your next letter to Poste Restante, Toulouse. I am much better here; though the water has upset me, I feel better to-day than I have felt at all. If I had wits I should tell you about Orthez, and the noble ruin we saw there; one of the Duke's great battle-fields. But you should make R—— read up this country in Napier's 'Peninsular War,' beginning at the passage of the Bidassoa, and following me hither and to Toulouse. How I shall devour it when I get home. . . . . The wine-seller opposite has made a failure—why can they never spell English words?—Scoht wiskey. . . . . "

TO HIS YOUNGEST BOY.

PAU.

"MY DEAR LITTLE MAN,

"I was quite delighted to get a letter from you so nicely written. Yesterday I went by the railway to a most beautiful place, where I am staying now. A town with an old castle, hundreds of years old, where the great King Henry IV. of France was born, and his cradle is there still, made of a huge tortoiseshell. Underneath the castle are beautiful walks and woods—all green, as if it was summer, and roses and flowers, and birds, singing—but different from our English birds. But it is quite summer here because it is so far south. Under the castle, by the river, are frogs that make a noise like a rattle, and frogs that bark like toy-dogs, and frogs that climb up trees, and even up the window-panes—

they have suckers on their feet, and are quite green like a leaf. Far away, before the castle are the great mountains, ten thousand feet high, covered with snow, and the clouds crawling about their tops. I am going to see them to-morrow, and when I come back I will tell you. But I have been out to-night, and all the frogs are croaking still, and making a horrid noise. Mind and be a good boy and give Baba my love. Tell George I am coming back with a great beard and shall frighten him out of his wits. There is a vulture here in the inn, but he is a little Egyptian vulture, not like the great vulture I saw at Bayonne. Ask mother to show you his picture in the beginning of the bird book. He is called Neophra Egyptiacus, and is an ugly fellow, who eats dead horses and sheep. There is his picture.

"Your own Daddy,
"C. KINGSLEY."

"I have taken quite a new turn, and my nerve and strength have come back, from three days in the Pyrenees. What I have seen I cannot tell you. Things unspeakable and full of glory. Mountains whose herbage is box, for miles and thousands of feet, then enormous silver firs and beech, up to the eternal snow. We went up to Eaux-Chaudes —a gigantic Lynmouth, with rivers breaking out of limestone caverns hundreds of feet over our heads. There we were told that we must take horses and guides up to the Plateau of Bioux Artigues, to see the Pic du Midi, which we had been seeing for twenty-eight miles. We wouldn't, and drove up to Gabas to lounge. Cane and I found the mountain air so jolly that we lounged on for an hour—luckily up the right valley, and behold, after rochers moutonnés, and moraines, showing the enormous glaciers which are extinct, we came to a down, which we knew by inspiration was the Plateau. We had had a good deal of snow going up; but a good road cut through it for timber carts. We climbed three hundred feet of easy down, and there it was right in front, nine thousand feet high, with the winter snow at the base—the eternal snow holding on by claws and teeth where it could above. I could have looked for hours. I could not speak. I cannot understand it yet. Right and left were other eternal snow-peaks; but very horrible. Great white sheets with black points mingling with the clouds, of a dreariness to haunt one's dreams. I don't like snow mountains.

"The Pic above is jolly, and sunlit and honest. The flowers were not all out—only in every meadow below gentiana verna, of the most heavenly azure, and huge oxslips: but I have got some beautiful things—a primrose, or auricula, among others. To-day we saw Eaux Bonnes—the rival place, which the Empress is bedizening with roads and fancy

trees and streets at an enormous cost: two great eternal snow-peaks there, but not so striking. Butterflies glorious, even now. The common one, the great Camberwell beauty (almost extinct in England), a huge black butterfly with white edge; we couldn't catch one. The day before yesterday, at Eaux Chaudes, two bears were fired at, and a wolf seen. With every flock of sheep and girls are one or two enormous mastiffs, which could eat one, and do bark nastily. But when the children call them and introduce them to you formally, they stand to be patted, and eat out of your hand; they are great darlings, and necessary against bear and wolf. So we did everything without the least mishap—nay, with glory—for the folk were astonished at our getting to the Plateau on our own hook. The Mossoos can't walk, you see, and think it an awful thing. A Wellington College boy would trot there in three-quarters of an hour. Last night, *pour comble*, we (or rather I) did something extra—a dear little sucking earthquake, went off crash—bang, just under my bed. I thought something had fallen in the room below, though I wondered why it hove my bed right up. Got out of bed, hearing a woman scream, and hearing no more, guessed it, and went to bed. It shook the whole house and village; but no one minded. They said they had lots of young earthquakes there, but they went off before they had time to grow. Lucky for the place. It was a very queer sensation, and made a most awful noise.

"Now for our plans. We leave to-morrow for Montréjean and so to Toulouse, where I expect a letter, and then to Barcelona *viâ* Perpignan."

MARSEILLES.

"Here I am, having been comforted much by your telegram of last night, and half hoping I may have a letter to-morrow—in this wonderful place, the new Paris and new Liverpool, which is rising round the old Phocæan city. The most splendid place, with the most splendid environs. The mistral is dying out, but the dust is still terrible. The scenery here, along the Mediterranean coast, was very beautiful and strange. But the mistral has prevented our seeing anything yet but a beautiful collection of Mediterranean shells and south French birds, and buying ourselves those delightful necessaries of the climate, white umbrellas. . . . ."

. . . . . .

"I am quite well to-day, and have been on a glorious drive round the city, along five miles of sea-wall with figs, aloes, and pines, and such a noble view of the sea.

"I am very glad to be able to talk over the South with you, though,

of course, this is not to be compared to Genoa, being so much of it new. Thirty years ago there were 60,000 people, and now 400,000, and it is growing daily. The works are enormous, the houses magnificent, and they have brought the Durance water over the finest aqueduct in the world, and sent it up to the tops of the houses. There are fountains everywhere. I have seen one palm-tree, which pleased me much, and the 'caprificus,' the wild fig, one reads about in Latin Poets, growing out of rocks and ruins. That was a great pleasure. Almost the only thing which grows on these barren cliffs is white Alyssum—what you are so fond of in the garden.

"Lyons to-morrow. There I shall hear from my darlings, of whom I dream every night. Whom should I just meet but Henry Glyn? Just come to this Hotel from Nice. Mistral awful last night again . . . ."

NARBONNE.

"It is strange to be sitting here and writing to you, just as if I had been travelling all my life. The novelty of the thing has worn off, and I long to be home. But I believe I am quite right in going on. I saw enough yesterday to make the groundwork of a whole romance.

". . . I was delighted with your letter about Garibaldi and Clifden . . . . he is a noble man, if ever there was one; and his reception by the English is a great political fact, which will make all tyrants and *cafards* tremble from the Pope downwards.

"We were yesterday at Carcassonne, a fortified place, where walls were built by Roman, Visigoth, Mussulman, Romane (*i.e.* Albigense) and then by French kings. Such a remnant of the old times as I have dreamed of—now being all restored by M. Viollet-le-Duc, at the expense of Government—with its wonderful church of St. Nazaire, where Roman Corinthian capitals are used by the romance people—9–10 century. We went down into real dungeons of the Inquisition, and saw real chains and torture rings, and breathed more freely when we came up into the air, and the guide pointed to the Pyrenees and said '*Il n'y a point de demons là.*'

"I shall never forget that place. Narbonne is very curious, once the old Roman capital, then the Albigense. Towers, Cathedral, Archbishop's palace—all wonderful. Whole quarries of Roman remains. The walls, built by Francis I., who demolished the old Roman and Gothic walls are a museum of antiquities in themselves. If you want to have a souvenir of Narbonne, read in my lectures Sidonius's account of Theodoric the *Visigoth* (not Dietrich the Amal) and his court here. His palace is long gone. It probably stood where the Archbishop's palace does now—opposite my window . . . ."

NISMES.

". . . . Here I am. It is all like a pleasant dream. If I had but you and R—— to show it to! But I have no one to share with me the mere pleasure of existence of this sunny South. I am sitting after a *café-au-lait* and before a cold bath, at 8.30, at an open window. Garden, trees, flowers, fountain outside, with people sitting out on the benches already, doing nothing but simply *live;* and more and more will sit there, till 10 to-night; from 7 to 10 the whole population of this great city will be in the streets, not sunning but mooning themselves, quite orderly and happy, listening to music, and cutting their little jokes, along the boulevards, under the beautiful trees these French have the sense to plant. I understand them now. They are not Visigoths, these fellows. They are the descendants of the old Roman Gauls, the lovers of the town, and therefore they make their towns liveable and loveable with trees and fountains, and bring the country into the town, while the Teutons take the town out into the country, and love each man his own garden and park, like us English—the only real Teutons left in the world. But what a country they have made of it, these brave French! For one hundred miles yesterday, what had been poor limestone plain was a garden. A scrap or two I saw of the original vegetation a donkey would have starved on. But they have cleared it all off for ages, ever since the Roman times, and it is one sea of vines, with olive, fig, and mulberry planted among them. Where there is a hill it is exactly like the photographs of the Holy Land and Nazareth—limestone walls with nothing but vineyards and grey olives planted in them, and raised stone paths about them. The only green thing—for the soil is red, and the vines are only sprouting—is here and there a field of the Roman plant, lucerne, as high as one's knee already. I came by Beziers, where the Inquisitor cried, 'Kill them all, God will know His own,' and they shut them into the Madelaine and killed them all—Catholics as well as Albigenses, till there was not a soul alive in Beziers, and the bones are there to this day.

"But this land is beautiful—as they say, '*Si Dieu venait encore sur la terre, il viendrait demeurer à Beziers,*' and, indeed it is just like, as I have said, the Holy Land. Then we came to immense flats—still in vine and olive, and then to sand hills, and then upon the tideless shore broke the blue Mediterranean, with the long lateen sails, as in pictures. It was a wonderful feeling to a scholar * to see the 'schoolboy's sea' for

* "There it is at last. The long line of heavenly blue, and over it, far away, the white-peaked lateen sails, and there, close to the rail, beyond the sand-hills, delicate

the first time, and so perfectly, in a glory of sunshine and blue ripple. We ran literally through it for miles between Agde and Cette—tall asphodel growing on the sand hills, and great white iris and vines. We are going to do the town to-day, and the Pont du Gard to-morrow. I am quite well, and have been enjoying the most glorious two weeks of sunshine. I have not seen rain for ten days. It blew a great sirocco for four days, but even that is gone now. I shall come back to you a different man. My brain is getting quite clear and well. Tell M. and G. that I love them very much, and that I have seen the most beautiful butterflies, and hear the tree-frogs quacking like drakes in the tops of the trees, but cannot see them. The butterflies are Podalirius, the great striped swallow-tail, and the Antiope, Camberwell beauty, black with a white edge—(tell M. to find them out in the butterfly-book)—and such yellows! We are just back from the Pont du Gard. I thought of your having seen it with delight. I will tell you all to-morrow. Tell G. the horses had foxes' brushes fastened between their ears to keep off the flies. . . . . God bless you. . . . ."

"My first impression of the Pont du Gard was one of simple fear. 'It was so high that it was dreadful,' as Ezekiel says. Then I said, again and again, 'A great people and a strong. There hath been none like before them, nor shall be again, for many generations.' As, after fifteen miles of the sea of mulberry, olive, and vine, dreary from its very artificial perfection, we turned the corner of the limestone glen, and over the deep blue rock-pool, saw *that thing* hanging between earth and heaven, the blue sky and green woods showing through its bright yellow arches, and all to carry a cubic yard of water to Nismes, twenty miles off, for public baths and sham sea-fights (*'naumachias'*) in the amphitheatre, which even Charlemagne, when he burnt the Moors out of

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wavelets are breaking for ever on a yellow beach, each in exactly the same place as the one which fell before. One glance shows us children of the Atlantic that we are on a tideless sea.

"There it is,—the sacred sea. The sea of all civilization, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries in the world; set there that human beings from all its shores might mingle with each other, and become humane—the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of Marseilles, and this Narbonnaise, 'more Roman than Rome herself,' to which we owe the greater part of our own progress; the sea, too, of Algeria, and Carthage, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate, surely not to be desolate for ever—the sea of civilization. Not only to the Christian, nor to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism toward humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight, as of coming home—home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed by hearsay, but which he sees at last with his own mortal corporal eyes."—*From Ocean to Sea*, Prose Idylls, p. 220.

it, could not destroy.—Then I felt the brute greatness of that Roman people; and an awe fell upon me as it may have fallen on poor Croc, the Rook, king of the Alemans—but that is a long story,—when he came down and tried to destroy this city of the seven hills, and ended in being shown about in an iron cage as *The Rook*. But I doubt not when he and his wild Alemans came down to the Pont du Gard they said it was the work of dwarfs—of the devil? We walked up to the top, through groves of Ilex, Smilax, and Coronella (the first time I have seen it growing), and then we walked across on the top. A false step, and one was a hundred feet down, but that is not my line. Still, if any one is giddy, he had better not try it. The masonry is wonderful, and instead of employing the mountain limestone of the hills, they have brought the most splendid Bath oolite from the hills opposite. There are the marks cut by the old fellows—horse-hoofs, hatchets, initials, &c., as fresh as paint. The Emperor has had it all repaired from the same quarries, stone for stone. Now, after 1600 years, they are going to bring the same water into Nismes by it. When we crossed, I was in a new world. Genista Anglica, the prickly needle furze of our commons (rare with us), is in great golden bushes; and box, shrubby thyme, a wonderful blue lily, bee-orchis, and asters, white, yellow, purple (which won't dry, for the leaves fall off).—Then wild rosemary, and twenty more plants I never saw. We went below into a natural park of ilex and poplar (two or three sorts), and watched such butterflies and the bridge, till Cane said, 'This is too perfect to last,' which frightened me and made me pray; and there was reason. For such a day I never had in my life of beauty and wonder . . . . and yet there is one thing more glorious and precious than the whole material universe,—and that is a woman's love. . . . ."

"I stopped at Nismes, and begin again at Avignon. We saw to-day the most wonderful Roman remains. I have brought back a little book of photographs. But the remarkable thing was the Roman ladies' baths in a fountain bursting up out of the rock, where, under colonnades, they walked about, in or out of the water as they chose. All is standing, and could be used to-morrow, if the prudery of the priests allowed it. Honour to those Romans—with all their sins, they were the cleanest people the world has ever seen. But to tell you all I saw at Nismes would take a book. Perhaps it will make one some day. . . . . Good-bye. I shall write again to-morrow from this, the most wonderful place I have yet seen."

AVIGNON, *Sunday.*

"We are still here under the shadow of that terrible fortress which the Holy Fathers of mankind erected to show men their idea of paternity.

A dreadful dungeon on a rock. The vastest pile of stone I ever saw. Men asked for bread, and they gave a stone, most literally. I have seen La Tour de la Glacière, famous for its horrors of 1793, but did not care to enter. The sight here are the walls—very nearly perfect, and being all restored by Viollet-le-Duc, under government . . . . We are enjoying here such weather as I hope we shall never see in England. Did you ever hear of a mistral? It is on this wise. The whole of the air between the Alps and Pyrenees rushes into the Mediterranean from north-west—a three or four days' gale, with a bright blue sky, cold wind, parching and burning, with not dust merely but gravel, flying till the distances are as thick as in an English north-easter. It is a fearful wind, and often damages crops severely; but they say it is healthy and bracing, and so I find it; but the roar and rush, and the dust and dirt, beat anything I ever felt. When one has a gale in England it has the courtesy to water the streets first. To-morrow for the Mediterranean again, *viâ* the plain of Crau, where Zeus threw great stones on the savages, who attacked Hercules as he came back from Spain with Gorgon's heads—a place I have longed to see for years . . . ."

LYONS.

"Here I found your letter, which was as cold water to a thirsty soul. . . . . I intend, please God, to be home on the 22nd, and I believe, shall bring home a stock of health with me. My brain never excites itself or tries to work, and I sleep excellently. These southern suns are terrible things, but I had no sunstroke . . . . I have seen enough in these last two or three days to last me for months. Slept at Orange the night before last, and saw the wonderful theatre, triumphal arch, &c. Then on to Lyons in the afternoon up the Rhône—the beauty of which for one hundred miles nearly is past telling—like the best parts of the Rhine and Moselle—one peep of the Alps, with Monte Viso, a cone of dazzling white, nearly one hundred miles off. We can see Mont Blanc from here—only we can't, for the cloud to-day. It thundered over the Alps in the afternoon. Below, we have not had a drop of rain for three weeks . . . . I have learnt a great deal in this town. I have learnt more history than I should have learnt at home in a year, and I have learnt, I hope, more tolerance, and wider views of man and God's purpose in putting him here. I cannot say that I have become more tolerant of the *cafards*, who set up on every high place their goddess-virgin. But I have learnt to love these French people, and to feel that we have much to learn from them, just as they have from us. Tell M. that her letter was delightful, and that I will give her lessons in the geography of France. Tell G. that there is a wonderful mechanical

clock in the cathedral here, and when I have seen it, I will write to him all about it. If J. M. is in danger I must come home and see him, and I must be at Cambridge to meet the Prince . . . . Write to Hotel Windsor, Paris."

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

BIARRITZ.

"MY DARLING MARY,

"I am going to write you a long letter about all sorts of things. And first, this place is full of the prettiest children I ever saw, very like English, but with dark hair and eyes, and none of them look poor or ragged; but so nicely dressed, with striped stockings, which they knit themselves, and Basque shoes, made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. There is a little girl here six years old, a chemist's daughter, who knits all her own woollen stockings. Mrs. * * * * has given her Mademoiselle Lili, and she has learnt it all by heart, and we have great fun making her say it. All the children go to a school kept by nuns; and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp it seems to me all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings, for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp, or any one who looks miserable. They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woollen cap with pretty colours, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash.

"The oxen here are quite yellow, and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like. I will draw you an ox cart when I come home. The banks here are covered with enormous canes, as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole, and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for doradas, which are fish with gilt heads. There is an old gentleman in a scarlet blouse and blue mushroom just gone down to fish and I am going to look at him. There are the most lovely sweet smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies, four feet high, with white and purple flowers. I saw the wood yesterday where the dreadful fight was between the French and English—and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they 'slept in the meads of asphodel,' like the old Greek heroes in Homer. There were great 'lords and ladies,' (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose—most beautiful. But you cannot think how beautiful the

commons are, they are like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with potentilla, and crimson with sweet smelling Daphne, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all.

"Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her to-morrow. Tell her I met last night at dinner a Comtesse de M. (*née* D—), the most charming old Scotch Frenchwoman, with snow-white powdered hair, and I drew her portrait for her. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battle-field, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring him home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes . . . .

"YOUR OWN DADDY."

He now returned to work and letters, and writes to Mr. Maurice—

EVERSLEY, *Friday.*

"I have just read your letter to the Bishop of London. You have struck at the root of the matter in every page. For me, I am startled by hearing a man talk of the eternity of hell-fire, who believes the Athanasian Creed, that there is but one Eternal. If so, then this fire is the fire of God—yea, is God himself, whom the Scriptures formally identify with that fire. But if so, it must be a fire of purification, not of mere useless torment; it must be a spiritual and not a physical fire, and its eternity must be a good, a blessed, an ever useful one; and amenable to the laws which God has revealed concerning the rest of his attributes, and especially to the great law 'when the wicked man turneth he shall save his soul alive.' This eternal law no metaphors of fire and brimstone can abrogate. But I have much more to say on all this; only I am not well enough to formulise it; so I must content myself, as I have for some time past, with preaching Him whom you bid me preach, sure that if I can show people His light, that of itself will dissipate their darkness.

"I am come back (from France) better, but not well, and unable to take any mental exertion."

Before going abroad he had given a lecture at Aldershot Camp on the "Study of History," and preached at Whitehall for the Consumptive Hospital; and on his return had preached one of his finest Eversley sermons, "Ezekiel's Vision," before the

Queen at Windsor Castle, and a remarkable one on "the Wages of Sin is Death," at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Those who accused him of preaching a "soft" gospel and an "indulgent" God, would have believed otherwise if they had been present and had heard his burning words, and watched the fiery earnestness with which then and always he addressed a London congregation.

". . . The wages of sin and the end of sin is death. Not the punishment of sin, but something much worse—the wages of sin and the end of sin.

"And how is that worse? My friends, every sinner knows so well in his heart that it is worse news, more terrible news, for him, that he tries to persuade himself that death is only the arbitrary punishment of his sin; or, quite as often, that the punishment of his sin is not even death, but eternal torment in the next life.

"And why? Because as long as he can believe that death, or hell, are only punishments arbitrarily fixed by God against his sins, he can hope that God will let him off the punishment. Die, he knows he must, because all men die, and so he makes up his mind to that; but being sent to hell after he dies, is so very terrible a punishment, that he cannot believe that God will be so hard on him as that. No; he will get off, and be forgiven at last somehow; for surely God will not condemn him to hell. And so he finds it very convenient and comfortable to believe in hell, just because he does not believe that he is going there, whoever else may be.

"But, it is a very terrible, heart-rending thought, for a man to find out that what he will receive is not punishment, but wages; not punishment, but the end of the very road he is travelling on. That the wages of sin, and the end of sin, to which it must lead, are death; and that every time he sins he is earning those wages, deserving them, meriting them, and therefore receiving them by the just laws of the world of God. That does torment him, that does terrify him, if he will look steadfastly at the broad plain fact. You need not dream of being let off, respited, reprieved, pardoned in any way. The thing cannot be done. It is contrary to the laws of God, and of God's universe. It is as impossible as that fire should not burn, or water run up-hill. It is not a question of arbitrary punishment, which may be arbitrarily remitted, but of wages, which you must needs take, weekly, daily, and hourly; and those wages are death; a question of travelling on a certain road, whereon, if you travel it long enough, you must come to the end of it; and the end is death. Your sins are killing you by

inches; all day long they are sowing in you the seeds of disease and death. Every sin which you commit with your body shortens your bodily life. Every sin you commit with your mind, every act of stupidity, folly, wilful ignorance, helps to destroy your mind, and leave you dull, silly, devoid of right reason. Every sin you commit with your spirit, each sin of passion and temper, envy and malice, pride and vanity, injustice and cruelty, extravagance and self-indulgence, helps to destroy your spiritual life, and leave you bad, more and more unable to do the right and avoid the wrong, more and more unable to discover right from wrong; and that last is spiritual death, the eternal death of your moral being. There are three parts in you—body, mind, and spirit; and every sin you commit helps to kill one of these three, and, in many cases, to kill all three together.

"So, sinner, dream not of escaping punishment at the last. You are being punished now, for you are punishing yourself; and you will continue to be punished for ever, for you will be punishing yourself for ever, as long as you go on doing wrong, and breaking the laws which God has appointed for body, mind, and spirit.

. . . . . .

"Oh, how men hate that message!—the message that the true wrath of God, necessary, inevitable, is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men. How they writhe under it! How they shut their ears to it, and cry to their preachers: 'No! Tell us of any wrath of God but that! Tell us rather of the torments of the damned, of a frowning God, of absolute decrees to destruction, of the reprobation of millions before they are born; any doctrine, however fearful and horrible; because we don't quite believe it, but only think that we ought to believe it. Yes, tell us anything rather than that news, which cuts at the root of all our pride, of all our comfort, and all our superstition—the news that we cannot escape the consequences of our own actions; that there are no back stairs up which we may be smuggled into heaven; that as we sow, so we shall reap; that we are filled with the fruits of our own devices; every man his own poisoner, every man his own executioner, every man his own suicide; that hell begins in this life, and death begins before we die:—do not say that; because we cannot help believing it; for our own consciousness and own experience tell us it is true!' No wonder that the preacher who tells men that, is hated, is called a Rationalist, a Pantheist, a heretic, and what not, just because he does set forth such a living God, such a justice of God, such a wrath of God as would make the sinner tremble, if he believed in it, not merely once in a way, when he hears a stirring sermon about endless torments; but all day long, going out and coming in, lying on his bed and walking by the way, always

haunted by the shadow of himself, knowing that he is bearing about in him the perpetually growing death of sin." * . . . . . .

TO REV. —— ——.

EVERSLEY, *July* 9, 1864.

"I ought before to have acknowledged the excellent sermon which you were kind enough to send me; but ill-health and absence from home have put my correspondence into confusion. I am much pleased to find a young clergyman expressing himself in language at once so sound and so liberal; and much pleased, too, to find him saying that he owes some little to my teaching. Believe me, meanwhile, that you will learn a thousand times more than you can from me, or from any man, from honest prayer, honest reading of your Bible, and honest study of the facts of human nature, as you see them round you in daily life—remembering that they are, as Bacon says, 'voluntatem dei in rebus revelatam.'"

In sending this letter to the editor, the clergyman to whom it was addressed, says:—

". . . You will confer a favour upon me by allowing me, in however humble a way, to testify to Canon Kingsley's great influence over the young men at Cambridge. It was not only the crowded room and breathless attention that told the interest, but many of us now, at the interval of fifteen years of busy life in our positions as clergymen, in dealing at home and at Missions (to which much of my life is devoted) with men of thought and mind, can trace back, as I can, their first impressions of true manly Christianity to his stirring words. . . . ."

This year the proposal for the enclosure of Eversley Common land was decided on, and was a real distress to him. For though he saw all the pros and cons, of which there were many, he regretted the change from the mere æsthetic point of view, feeling that if it were carried out (whatever substantial benefits might result), the characteristic beauty of the parish he loved so well would be destroyed, old associations and old cricket grounds broken up, which nothing new could replace. "Eversley will be no longer the same Eversley to me," he said. It was a wound to his heart and to his poet's fancy which never healed.

In the autumn a great cloud came over Eversley in the loss of Judge Erskine: and he writes to his son Mr. Henry Erskine:

* "Water of Life, and other Sermons."

"Few men can sympathise more with you and yours than I do, because few, if any, have lost more in your loss. It looks to me quite irreparable: the parish without such an influence, and I, in too many things, without a counsellor, and without the most kind and disinterested friend I have ever met. . . . . I never during all those years asked his advice without following it implicitly and finding it right and sound.

"The feeling in the parish is sound and deep, and I have seen and heard enough to-day to show me that they feel that a wise and good man is gone from among them, whose like they will not soon see again. . . . . Happy are those who call such a man father. In all my experience of men I never met so pure a spirit, combined with such sound and manful shrewdness. I have learned more from your father of the actual practical business of life than I ever learnt of any man. . . . . What a blessed providence that he should go as he went, without pain to himself or misery to those who looked on; ready to die and sure of the reward of the righteous—for righteous he was in no mere theological sense, but in that most human and most divine sense, which every one, down to the poorest in the parish, understood and admired. I believe his influence and example will live here after him. It shall not be my fault, with God's help, if any one is base enough to forget him. . . . . "

He was busy in the autumn preparing his university sermons on David, having been selected as one of the preachers at Cambridge for 1865, and in a letter to Mr. Maurice he speaks of his work:

"I have read with delight your words in 'Macmillan' on the Pope's letter. I am sure that you are right, and that the most important lesson to be drawn from it is the one which you point out. It is that longing for unity which he has outraged—the aspiration which is working, I verily believe, in all thinking hearts, which one thrusts away fiercely at times as impossible and a phantom, and finds oneself at once so much meaner, more worldly, more careless of everything worth having, that one has to go back again to the old dream.

"But what I feel you have taught me, and which is invaluable to me in writing these University sermons, from which God send me good deliverance, is, that we need not make the unity from doctrines or systems, but preach the fact that the unity is made by and in the perpetual government of the Living Christ.

"And I do see, that the mediæval clergy preached that, confusedly of course, but with a clearness and strength to which neither we nor

the modern Papists have attained. They preach their own kingdom, we a scheme of salvation. From both I take refuge more and more where you have taught me to go—to the plain words of Scripture, as interpreting the facts about me.

"Wish me well through these sermons. They lie heavy on my sinful soul."

When the Christmas vacation was over he went up to Cambridge to give these sermons. St. Mary's was crowded with undergraduates long before the services began, and he felt the responsibility a heavy one. The subject chosen was "David."

"My motives," he says, "for choosing this subject I will explain in a very few words. We have heard much of late about 'Muscular Christianity.' A clever expression, spoken in jest by I know not whom, has been bandied about the world, and supposed by many to represent some new ideal of the Christian character. For myself, I do not know what it means. It may mean one of two things. If it mean the first, it is a term somewhat unnecessary, if not somewhat irreverent. If it mean the second, it means something untrue and immoral.

"Its first and better meaning may be simply a healthful and manful Christianity; one which does not exalt the feminine virtues to the exclusion of the masculine. That certain forms of Christianity have committed this last fault cannot be doubted. The tendency of Christianity during the patristic and the Middle Ages was certainly in that direction. Christians were persecuted and defenceless, and they betook themselves to the only virtues which they had the opportunity of practising—gentleness, patience, resignation, self-sacrifice and self-devotion—all that is loveliest in the ideal female character. And God forbid that that side of the Christian life should ever be undervalued. It has its own beauty—its own strength, too, made perfect in weakness; in prison, in torture, at the fiery stake or the lonely sick-bed; in long years of self-devotion and resignation, and in a thousand womanly sacrifices unknown to man, but written for ever in God's book of life.

"But as time went on, and the monastic life, which, whether practised by men or by women, is essentially a feminine life, became more and more exclusively the religious ideal, grave defects began to appear in what was really too narrow a conception of the human character. The monks of the Middle Ages, in aiming exclusively at the virtues of women, copied little but their vices. Their unnatural attempt to be wiser than God, and to unsex themselves, had done little but disease their mind and heart. They resorted more to those arts which are the

weapons of crafty, ambitious, and unprincipled women. They were too apt to be cunning, false, intriguing. They were personally cowardly, as their own chronicles declare; querulous, passionate, prone to unmanly tears; at times cruel—cruel with that worst cruelty which springs from cowardice. . . . .

"Gradually, to supply their defects, another ideal arose. The warriors of the Middle Ages hoped that they might be able to serve God in the world—even in the battle-field; at least the world and the battle-field they would not relinquish, but make the best of them. And among them arose a new and a very fair ideal of manhood; that of 'the gentle, very perfect knight,' loyal to his king and to his God, bound to defend the weak, succour the opprest, and put down the wrong-doer; with his lady or bread-giver, dealing forth bounteously the goods of this life to all who needed; occupied in the seven works of mercy, yet living in the world, and in the perfect enjoyment of wedded and family life. This was the ideal. Of course, sinful human nature fell short of it, and defaced it by absurdities; but I do not hesitate to say that it was a higher ideal of Christian excellence than had appeared since the days of the Apostles, putting aside the quite exceptional ideal of the blessed martyrs.

"A higher ideal, I say, was chivalry, with all its shortcomings. And for this reason; that it asserted the possibility of consecrating the whole manhood, and not merely a few faculties thereof, to God; and it thus contained the first germ of that Protestantism which conquered at the Reformation. . . . .

"Then the Old Testament, with the honour which it puts upon family and national life, became precious to man, as it never had before; and such a history as David's became, not as it was with the mediæval monks, a mere repertory of fanciful metaphors and allegories, but the solemn example for good and for evil of a man of like passions and like duties with the men of the modern world. . . . .

"Now if all that Muscular Christianity means is that, then the expression is altogether unnecessary; for we have had the thing for three centuries—and defective likewise, for it is not a merely muscular but a human Christianity which the Bible taught our forefathers, and which our forefathers have handed down to us."

He closed the course with these words of warning:

"Therefore, settle it in your minds, young men, that the first, and the last, of all virtues and graces which God can give, is self-control; as necessary for the saint and the sage, lest they become fanatics and pedants, as for the young man in the hey-day of youth and health;

but as necessary for the young man as for the saint and the sage, lest, while they become only fanatics and pedants, he become a profligate and a cumberer of the ground. Remember this—remember it now, in the glorious days of youth, which will never return, but in which you are sowing seed of which you will reap the fruit until your dying day. Know that as you sow, so you will reap. If you sow to the flesh, you will of the flesh reap corruption; corruption—deterioration, whether of health, of intellect, of character, in some shape or other. You know not, and no man knows, what the curse will be like: but the curse will surely come. The thing which is done cannot be undone, and you will find that out, before and not merely after your dying day. Therefore rejoice in your youth, for God has given it to you; but remember, that for it, as for each and all of His gifts, God will bring you into judgment. And when the hour of temptation comes, go back —go back, if you would escape—to what you were all taught at your mother's knee, concerning the grace of God; for that alone will keep you safe, or angel or archangel, or any created being safe, in this life and in all lives to come." *

The letters of 1865 that have been recovered are few. He was so broken in strength, that to get through the duties of his professorship and his parish was as much, nay, more than he could manage, and in the summer he was forced to leave home with his family for three months' rest, and settle quietly on the coast of Norfolk.

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *May* 21, 1865.

"I have delayed writing to you. First, I have had a tragedy on hand; next, I wanted to tell you the end of it. Henry Erskine, as you I suppose know, is dead at the age of forty-nine. We buried him to-day; the father hardly cold in the ground. His death is to me a great sorrow —a gap in my life which I feel and cannot fill. A nobler, honester, kindlier man never lived, or one more regretted by men of all kinds who knew his private worth. Such a death as his draws one closer to the men of our own age whom one has still left, and among others to you.

"I am delighted to see you on Mill's committee at Maurice's side. You have done a good deal of good work, but never better than that. I wish I were a Westminster elector for the time, that I might work for him and with you. I am much struck with his committee-list in to-day's 'Times,' so many men of different opinions and classes, whom one

* Sermons on David.

knew and valued for different things, finding a common cause in Mill, R— C—, and Holyoake, too, side by side. I do hope you will succeed. I am just writing to Mill at Avignon anent this noble book of his on Sir W. Hamilton, and shall tell him of many things which ought to please him. I answered your good friend as kindly as I could, but as I have had to answer dozens—that the doctors forbid my preaching. I gave my necessary Whitehall sermon to the Consumptive Hospital as to an old and dear friend; but I have refused all others. I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day; a sadder and a wiser man, the former, at least, I grow every year. I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds (I am too weak for a day's fishing, and the doctors have absolutely forbidden me my salmon). I have had one or two this year, of three and two pounds, and a brace to-day, near one pound each, so I am not left troutless. . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *May* 18.

"Your letter comforted me, for (strange as it may seem for me to say so) the only thing I really care for—the only thing which gives me comfort—is theology, in the strict sense; though God knows I know little enough about it. I wish one thing—that you would define for me what you mean by being 'baptized into a name.' The preposition in its transcendental sense puzzles me, and others likewise. I sometimes seem to grasp it, and sometimes again lose it, from the very unrealistic turn of mind which I have in common with this generation. I want your definition (or translation of the formula into words of this generation) that I may tell them somewhat as to what you mean.

"As to the Trinity I do understand you. You first taught me that the doctrine was a live thing, and not a mere formula to be swallowed by the undigesting reason, and from the time that I learnt from you that a Father meant a real Father, a Son a real Son, and a Holy Spirit a real Spirit, who was really good and holy, I have been able to draw all sorts of practical lessons from it in the pulpit, and ground all my morality, and a great deal of my natural philosophy upon it, and shall do so more. The procession of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, for instance, is most practically important to me. If the Spirit proceeds only from the Father, the whole theorem of the Trinity, as well as its practical results, fall to pieces to my mind. I don't mean that good men in the Greek Church are not better than I. On the contrary, I believe that every good man therein believes in the procession from both Father and Son, whether he thinks that he does or not. But in this case, as in others,

one has extreme difficulty in remembering, and still more in making others understand, that a man may believe the facts which the doctrine connotes without believing the doctrine, just as he may believe that a horse is a horse, for every practical purpose, though he may have been mistaught to call it a cow. It is this slavery to formulæ—this mistaking of words for conceptions, and then, again of conceptions for the facts, which seems our present curse; and how much of it do we not owe to the Calvinists, who laid again on our necks the yoke of conceptions which we were bursting at the Reformation, because neither we nor our fathers could bear it. It was this which made me reject Mansel and Hamilton's 'The Absolute' and 'The Infinite,' and say, 'If these men's arguments are good for anything, they prove that either 1. God is not The Absolute and The Infinite, as they assert He is; or, 2. That there is no God.' What they are meant to prove really being, that we cannot conceive what we cannot conceive, which is not new, though true; and also, in Mansel's case, that though we cannot conceive an *Un*conditioned God, we can easily enough conceive an *Ill*-conditioned one, which, again, though true, is not new. It was therefore with great comfort that I found Mill, in his chapter iv., take exactly the same line against those words; only, of course, with infinitely more force and clearness.

"I am taking a regular course of metaphysic, and so forth, as a tonic after the long debauchery of fiction-writing. I say to you, once for all, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee—not all, but a little, and I know you will not take me by the throat. If you did, you would break my heart; which could be much more easily broken than people think. If a man is intensely in earnest after truth, be it what it may, and also intensely disgusted with his own laziness, worldliness, and sensuality, his heart is not difficult to break.

"Poor Spring Rice!* That was a noble gentleman, and had he had health, might have been a noble statesman. I never met a more single eye. 'Look to the single eye in others,' he once said to me, 'I judge of every man by the first question I ask him. Has he an *arrière pensée* or not? Does he answer what he knows, simply, or what he "thinks will do?" If the former, he is my friend henceforth; if the latter, he is nothing to me.'

"I don't quite understand one point in your letter. You say, 'The *Articles* were not intended to bind men's thoughts or consciences!' Now, I can't help feeling that when they assert a proposition, *e.g.*, the Trinity, they assert that that and nothing else on that matter is true, and

* The late Right Honourable Stephen Spring Rice.

so bind thought; and that they require me to swear that I believe it so, and so bind my conscience.

"In the case where they condemn an error, it seems to me quite different. There they proscribe *one* form of thought, and leave all others open by implication, binding neither thought nor conscience. Thus the Tract XC. argument was quite fair—*if its author could have used it fairly.* The Romish doctrine of Purgatory is false; but denying that does not forbid me to believe other doctrines of Purgatory to be true, and to speculate freely on the future state. So that what you say applies clearly (to me) to the cases in which the Articles deny. It applies also to all cases in which the Articles do not affirm, *e.g.*, endless torture.

"Also to all in which it uses words without defining them, *e.g.*, the Article on Predestination, which I sign in what I conceive to be the literal sense not only of it, but of the corresponding passage in St. Paul, without believing one word of the Calvinistic theory, or that St. Paul was speaking of the future state at all.

"But how does your theorem apply where the Articles not only assert, but define? That I want to understand.

"For myself, I can sign the Articles in their literal sense *toto corde*, and subscription is no bondage to me, and so I am sure can you. But all I demand is, that, in signing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, and demand the right to put my construction on the words, answerable only to God and my conscience, and refusing to accept any sense of the words, however popular and venerable, unless I choose. *In practice*, Gorham and Pusey both do this, and nothing else, whenever it suits them. I demand that I shall have just the same liberty as they, and no more.

"But the world at large uses a very powerful, though worthless, argument. Lord **** answered, when I asked him why the Articles had not defined inspiration, 'Because they never expected that men would arise heretics enough to deny it!' I had to reply—and I think convinced him—that that line of thought would destroy all worth in formula, by making signing mean, 'I sign the XXXIX. Articles, and as many more as the Church has forgotten to, or may have need to, put in.'

"But the mob, whose superstitions are the very cosmogony of their creed, would think that argument conclusive, and say,—of course, you are expected to believe, over and above, such things as endless torture, verbal dictation, &c., which are more of the essence of Christianity than the creeds themselves, or the Being of a God.

"Meanwhile, each would make a reservation—the 'Evangelical' of

the Calvinist School would say in his heart—and of course (though I daren't say so) every man is expected to believe conversion, even though not mentioned; and the Romanist, of course every man must believe in the Pope, though not mentioned; and the reigning superstition, not the formulæ actually signed, becomes the test of faith.

"But how we are to better this by doing away with subscription, I don't see yet.

"As long as the Articles stand, and as long as they are interpreted by *lawyers only*, who will ask sternly, 'Is it in the bond?' and nothing else, I see hope for freedom and safety. If subscription was done away, every man would either teach what was right in his own eyes—which would be somewhat confusing—or he would have to be controlled by a body, not of written words, but of thinking men. From whom may my Lord deliver me!

"For as soon as any body of men, however venerable, have the power given them to dictate to me what I shall think and preach, I shall answer—my compact with the Church of England is over. I swore to the Articles, and not to you. I have preached my last sermon for you. . . . . There is my living, give it to whom you will; I wipe off the dust of my feet against you, and go free.

"And therefore I do *not* care for **** and **** trying to make the Articles a tyranny, by making them talk popular superstition, because I have faith sufficient in the honesty and dialectic of an English lay lawyer to protect me against their devices; and, for the sake of freedom, cannot cast in my lot with ****, dearly as I love him.

"Now, do tell me whether this seems to you sense or nonsense. . . ."

That his mind was deeply exercised at times, the following extract from a letter to Mr. Maurice shows:—

"I feel a capacity of drifting to sea in me which makes me cling nervously to any little anchor, like subscription. I feel glad of aught that says to me, 'You must teach this and nothing else; you must not run riot in your own dreams!' . . . ."

It may be a comfort to troubled souls to remember the calm assured faith with which he faced life and death, and when standing on the very threshold of the next world, was heard repeating again and again, "It is all right—all under rule." Perhaps his dearly loved George Fox's words best express the habitual attitude of his heart and mind for thirty years. "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an

infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness : and in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—(*George Fox's Journal.*)

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *Saturday.*

"Many thanks for your letter. I am very sorry I differ from you about Savonarola. It seems to me that his protest for the kingdom of God and against sin was little worth, and came to nought, just because it was from the merely negative inhuman monks' standpoint of the 13th century; that he would at best have got the world back to St. Bernard's time, to begin all over again, and end just where Savonarola had found them. Centuries of teaching such as his had ended in leaving Italy a hell on earth; new medicine was needed, which no monk could give. A similar case, it seems to me, is that of the poor Port-royalists. They tried to habilitate the monk-ideal of righteousness. They were civilized off the face of the earth, as was poor Savonarola, by men worse than themselves, but more humane, with wider (though shallower) notions of what man and the universe meant.

"As for Luther, I am very sorry to seem disrespectful to him, but the outcome of his demonology was, that many a poor woman died in shame and torture in Protestant Germany, just because Luther had given his sanction to the old *lie*, and he needs excusing solely for that. I do not undervalue his protest against man's true and real spiritual enemies. I excuse his protest against certain fancied enemies, which were not spiritual at all, but carnal, phantoms of the brain, and suffered to do carnal and material harm. Ever since the 4th century had this carnal counterfeit of the true demonology been interweaving itself with Christianity. It had cost the lives of thousands. It is so horrible a matter that I (who have studied it largely) cannot speak of it calmly, and do not wish to. And of its effects on physical science I say nothing here, disastrously retarding as it has been, and therefore costing thousands of lives more, and preventing the sick from being properly treated, or sanitary precautions taken. But of this more when I have the very great pleasure of becoming your guest."

In the autumn Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands came on a visit of two days to Eversley Rectory. King Kamehameha, her husband, had read Mr. Kingsley's books and she was anxious to know him. She also wished to combine with her visit to Eversley one to the Wellington College, of which she had heard much,

and where it was said if her little son had lived, he would have been sent for his education. It was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley to take Queen Emma to the college, and to point out to her all the arrangements made by the wise and good Prince, of whom she had heard so much, to help to make it a first-rate modern school, all of which were so admirably carried out by the Head Master. Dr. Benson took her all over it, and into its beautiful chapel and museum. After seeing the boys at dinner in hall, and tasting their pudding at the high table, she asked for a half-holiday for them, upon which Ponsonby, then head of the school, called for three cheers for Queen Emma; and as they resounded through the dining hall at the granting of her request, she was startled almost to terror, for it was the first time in her life that she had heard the cheers of English public school boys. She went on the playground, and for the first time saw a game of cricket, examined the bats, balls, wickets, and pads, looking into everything with her own peculiar intelligence. After dinner at Eversley Rectory, she drove over again to Wellington to be present at the evening choral service in chapel, followed the musical notes of each hymn and chant, and was struck, as every one was, by the reverent behaviour of the boys. In driving back to the Rectory that night, she said, "It is so strange to me to be staying with you and to see Mr. Kingsley. My husband read your husband's 'Waterbabies' to our little Prince." Queen Emma wrote soon after an autograph letter to Dr. Benson, which was read aloud to the boys, expressing her deep gratification with her visit to Wellington College. At the same time she wrote to Mr. Kingsley:—

November 3, 1865.

"I have the pleasure to fulfil my promise of sending you a Book of Common Prayer in Hawaiian, together with a preface written by the Translator of the former, Kamehameha IV., my late husband, and king of our islands, and a portrait of myself which will, I hope, sometimes remind you of one who has learnt to esteem you and Mrs. Kingsley, as friends in whose welfare and happiness she will always feel the greatest interest. Please remember me kindly to your daughters,

"And believe me to be,

"My dear Mr. Kingsley,

"Yours very truly,

"EMMA."

TO THE REV. J. MONTAGU.

November 30, 1865.

"I shall be delighted to do all I can for ——, but I fear I am a very Esau now with the Press, going my own way, and joining no literary clique, without which one must submit to hatred and abuse . . . . If —— will send her books to 'Fraser's Magazine,' I will do what I can to get them fair play and a bit of courtesy into the bargain. But really, I have no influence in the 'literary world;' and as for living in it, it is just what I don't and won't. Not the writing merely, but what a man writes, makes him an object of interest to me . . . . So you are leading a hum-drum life—happy man! Free from ambition, disappointment, fears, shame, foolish exaltation, vanity and vexation of spirit. Had I not a boy going to Cambridge, I would never write another word, but live between my microscope, and my roses. God bless you . . . ."

TO DR. RIGG.

EVERSLEY, *December* 16, 1865.

"I shall be very glad to see Wesley's Journals or any thing which explains him to me. He has long seemed to me a true son of Oxford; possibly the precursor of the late great Oxford movement. Had he been born fifty years ago, and under the influences which he himself originated (*qu. e. imposs*) he would have been a great high churchman, the fellow but the superior of Newman and Pusey, and then you would have been just where many an honest, humorous high churchman is now. Possibly you would have been a rival of Dr. Hook, of whom you often remind me. It is these thoughts which make a man liberal—when one considers how man is the creature of circumstances, and we have nought but what we have received. Only to escape atheism and despair, let us remember that the Creator and Ordainer of the circumstances is not chance or nature, but the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and of us. I shall be always glad to hear from you."

TO —— ——, ESQ.

October 1, 1865.

"In reference to the drawing of a mammoth on ivory, reported by Mr. Milne Edwards from La Madelaine, let me call your attention to the fact, that a proboscidean, or elephantine animal appears again and again on the sculptured 'standing stones' of Scotland. A glance at any good work on them will show the beast, deformed in its lower extremities, as if the sculptor had forgotten the tradition of their form, but always with a trunk. The occurrence of this form on stones which

(whatever be their age) are probably prior to that of the introduction of Christianity into Scotland, has long demanded, in my mind, an explanation. From whence did these Celts hear of the elephant, and why should they associate it with the mysterious symbols of their cultus which appear on these stones? I have for some years past believed the explanation to be, that any elephantine animal had become extinct a few generations before, and had by that time become mythic, magical, and sacred."

TO MR. T. DIXON.

(Cork-cutter of Sunderland.)

EVERSLEY, *December* 28, 1865.

"You and your friends in free kindness could not have devised a present more to my taste than 'Bewick's Autobiography,' I have read it through, and am equally delighted and astonished at it. Brought up as I was on 'Bewick's Birds,' and owing much of my early inspirations, such as they were, to his love of natural scenery as well as his love of ornithology, I always held him to be a great genius in his own line, but I was not prepared to find him so remarkable a man in other respects—his temperance and thrift, his simple virtue, his sound and wide views on all matters political and social, astonish me as do the prophecies, if I can so call them, and none more than those on social and economic reform which has since been carried out—salmon preservation amongst the rest. Delightful are the sketches of simple, sturdy, north country life in the last century. A noble breed of men they must have been, and we will hope that the race is not worn out; they cannot be, and need not be, just what their fathers were.

> 'The old order changeth yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

So says Tennyson—and so you may find it come true; the times in which we live after all, are better and not worse than Bewick's, and you may find it easier, not more difficult, to live a life like Bewick's now than one hundred years ago. As for regretting the good old-fashioned life, we must recollect that it too had its bad side. For one thing it would be impossible now for the country to be plunged into such a war as Pitt's, or preyed upon by such a swarm of placemen as it was in Bewick's time, simply because whatever the hand-workers have lost they have gained in intelligence, in weight, in power of expression, and of action; for want of which in Bewick's days they became mere food for powder at the beck of an aristocracy. The aristocracy too have

learned by the awful lesson of the French Revolution to comport themselves differently from the eighteenth century, and if they are induced to forget themselves again there are plenty to give them a stern but friendly jog and say 'work or perish,' as all classes must do now, high and low, rich and poor. All Christmas blessings to you and your friends. I heartily thank you for your unexpected remembrance of me."

On the 9th of November, he went, by royal command, to stay at Windsor Castle, and on the following day, while he was preaching before the Court, a telegram came to the Queen to announce the death of Leopold, King of the Belgians. Mr. Kingsley had been asked to write a few lines in the album of the Crown Princess of Prussia, and with his mind full of this great European event, wrote the following Impromptu, which is inserted here by her kind permission.

November 10, 1865.

"A king is dead! Another master mind
Is summoned from the world-wide council-hall.
Ah for some seer, to say what lurks behind—
To read the mystic writing on the wall!

"Be still, fond man: nor ask thy fate to know.
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings.
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Guiding thy kings and thee, the King of kings.

"C. KINGSLEY."

CHAPTER XXIV.

1866—1867.

AGED 47—48.

CAMBRIDGE—DEATH OF DR. WHEWELL—THE AMERICAN PROFESSORSHIP—MONOTONOUS LIFE OF THE COUNTRY LABOURING CLASS—PENNY READINGS—STRANGE CORRESPONDENTS—LIFE OF BEWICK—LETTERS TO MAX MÜLLER—THE JEWS IN CORNWALL—THE METEOR SHOWER—LETTER TO PROFESSOR ADAMS AND SERMON IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL—THE HOUSE OF LORDS—A FATHER'S EDUCATION OF HIS SON—"FRASER'S MAGAZINE"—BIRD LIFE, WOOD WRENS—NAMES AND PLACES—DARWINISM—BEAUTY OF COLOUR, ITS INFLUENCE AND ATTRACTIONS—FLAT-FISH—ICE PROBLEMS—BAGSHOT SANDS—ST. ANDREWS AND BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ABERGELDIE CASTLE—SCOTTISH ANTIQUITIES—HORACE FIELD'S HEROISM—RULES FOR STAMMERERS

"We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we, in our march,
Fain to drop down and die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand!
If in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing! To us thou wert still
Cheerful and helpful and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE the Professor was giving his usual course of lectures in the Lent term of 1866 at Cambridge, a great blow fell upon the University in the death of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, and he writes home:

"I am sorry to say Whewell is beaten by his terrible foe. It is only a question of hours now. The feeling here is deep and solemn. Men say he was the leader in progress and reform, when such were a persecuted minority. He was the regenerator of Trinity; he is connected with every step forward that the University has made for years past.

"Yes. He was a very great man: and men here feel the awful suddenness of it. He never was better or pleasanter than on the Thursday, when I dined there, and he was asking me for my 'dear wife.' His manner with women was always charming. He was very kind to me, and I was very fond of him.

. . . . . .

"Whewell is dead! I spoke a few solemn words to the lads before lecture, telling them what a mighty spirit had passed away, what he had been to Cambridge and science, and how his example ought to show them that they were in a place where nothing was required for the most splendid success, but love of knowledge and indomitable energy. They heard me with very deep attention. He is to be buried in the College Chapel, Saturday. . . . . I am up to the eyes in work, sending round my Harvard address." . . . .

The Harvard address alluded to here was on the subject of an American Professorship, which had been proposed for Cambridge. The following letter to Sir Charles Lyell explains its object:

BARTON HALL, *February* 18, 1866.

"I take the liberty of enclosing a broadsheet which I have just issued at Cambridge. It expresses, I am happy to say, the opinions of all the most educated Cambridge men, on the subject of the proposed American Lectureship, to be founded by a Mr. Yates Thompson, of Liverpool, and supplied by the authorities of Harvard College, United States. If any of your many American friends are interested in the matter, you would perhaps kindly show them this broadsheet.

"I have done myself the honour of signing the requisition to Government about Sir J. Hooker's collection of dried plants, &c.

"I think, considering that governments (like the unjust judge) will not take the trouble to do right, unless they are forced, that it would be well to bring the press, *e.g.*, the 'Times,' the 'Saturday Review,' the 'Athenæum,' to bear upon public opinion; or the whole matter may be 'burked' unknown."

THE AMERICAN LECTURESHIP.

"I trust that it will not be considered impertinent, if I, as Professor of Modern History, address a few words on this matter to the Masters of Art in this University.

"My own wish is, that the proposal be accepted, as frankly as it has been made.

"Harvard University—an offshoot, practically, of our own University—is a body so distinguished, that any proposition coming from it deserves our most respectful consideration; and an offer of this kind, on their part, is to be looked on as a very graceful compliment.

"The objections are obvious; but after looking them through fairly, as they suggested themselves to me, I must say that they are fully met by Mr. Thompson's own conditions; by the Vice-Chancellor's veto, and by the clause empowering either University to put an end to the Lectureship when they like.

"But they are best met by the character of Harvard University itself. Its rulers, learned and high-minded gentlemen, painfully aware of our general ignorance about them, and honourably anxious to prove themselves (what they are) our equals in civilization, will take care to send us the very best man whom they can find. And more than one person suggests himself to my mind, whom if they chose (as they would be very likely to choose) I should gladly welcome as my own instructor in the history of his country.

"When I did myself the honour of lecturing in this University on the History of the United States, I became painfully aware how little was known, and how little, then, could be known, on the subject. This

great want has been since supplied by a large addition to the University Library of American literature. I think it most important that it should be still further removed by the residence among us of an American gentleman.

"If there should be, in any minds, the fear that this University should be 'Americanized,' or 'democratized,' they should remember, that this proposal comes from the representatives of that class in America, which regards England with most love and respect; which feels itself in increasing danger of being swamped by the lower elements of a vast democracy; which has, of late years, withdrawn more and more from public life, in order to preserve its own purity and self-respect; which now holds out the right hand of fellowship to us, as to one of the most conservative bodies in this country, because it feels itself a conservative element in its own country, and looks to us for just recognition in that character. It is morally impossible that such men should go out of their way, to become propagandists of those very revolutionary principles, against which they are honourably struggling at home.

"And if there be (as there is) an attempt going on just now to 'Americanize' England, on the part of certain Englishmen, no better defence against such a scheme can be devised, than to teach the educated young men of England as much as possible about America; to let them hear the truth from worthy American lips; and judge for themselves.

"But I deprecate the introducing into this question any notions drawn from general American politics, or manners. We have no more right to judge of Harvard by our notions of the '—— —— ——,' or the 'Black Republican' pulpit, than Harvard would have to judge of Cambridge by Reynolds's 'Mysteries of London,' or '—— ——' It is simply a question between two dignified and learned bodies. Let it remain as such. There are as great differences of civilization, rank, learning, opinions, manners, in America, as in England; and if we are not yet convinced of that fact, it will be good for us that a highly-educated American gentleman should come hither and prove it.

"Of the general importance of the scheme, of the great necessity that our young men should know as much as possible of a country destined to be the greatest in the world, I shall say little. I shall only ask—If in the second century before the Christian era the Romans had offered to send a lecturer to Athens, that he might tell Greek gentlemen of what manner of men this new Italian power was composed, what were their laws and customs, their intentions, and their notion of their own duty and destiny—would Athens have been wise or foolish in accepting the offer?

"May I, in conclusion, allude to one argument, which would of course have no weight with the University in a question of right and wrong, but which may have weight in one, like the present, of expediency?

"If we decline this offer, I fear that we shall give offence, not of course to gentlemen like the rulers of Harvard, but to thousands who care as little for Harvard as they do for our own Cambridge. A sensitive people like the Americans, instinct with national feeling, among whom news is spread far more rapidly than in England, will be but too likely to take up our refusal as a national insult. The lower portion of the American press will be but too likely to misrepresent and vilify our motives; and a fresh soreness between us and Americans may be caused (by no real fault of our own) at the very time when we should be doing all in our power to promote mutual good will and good understanding.

"C. KINGSLEY."

"*February* 9, 1866.

The offer was finally rejected by vote of the Senate, to the great regret of many leading men in the University.

The death of Dr. Whewell, the appointment of Mr. Maurice to the chair of Moral Philosophy, the discussion of the American Professorship, and the happiness of having his eldest son an undergraduate of Trinity, made this a year of no ordinary interest, as far as Cambridge was concerned, to the Professor.

His yearly residences at Cambridge gave him not only the advantage of associating with scholars and men of mark in the University, but of paying visits in the neighbourhood to houses where good pictures and charming society refreshed and helped him through the toil of his professional work—to Wimpole, to Ampthill Park, and other country houses, where he and his were always made welcome. While staying at Ampthill he first saw the pictures at Woburn Abbey and Haynes Park, which were of deep interest to him, and in reference to this time Mr. George Howard writes from Naworth Castle in 1876:

"Once I went over the picture gallery at Woburn with him, it was a great treat to me, as his talk over the historical portraits was delightful. He then made a remark which has since seemed to me quite a key to the criticism of historical portraits: 'That it was formerly the habit of portrait painters to flatter their sitters by making them as like the reigning king or queen as they could.' . . . .

" . . . . You know how much I felt his influence, and how much I loved him. Of course his character and sayings influenced me on a variety of subjects, but I feel that I am chiefly grateful for what he said and felt on the subject of art. I am not talking of his opinions and criticisms, interesting and individual as these always were. The thing which, above all, was a help to me, was to find that such a man as your husband cared so intensely for the things of beauty, and unlike the majority of preachers and teachers, thought them neither objectionable nor unworthy of pursuit. I think that I can almost date my appreciation of Greek art to a, to me, very memorable visit to Eversley, when, among other things, your husband showed me a book of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Vases. In later years he has been to many painters' studios with me. At A. Legros', a French painter and my master, he was delighted with his pictures, and particularly with his masterly painting of the human body, which he said was the thing which the English wanted.

"Last week I was down at Cambridge, and as I passed your old house on the Trumpington Road I thought of the happy times when I had been there, to lectures, first with the Prince of Wales, and then to spend evenings often; how kind it was of him to treat a boy, as I was, as a friend and companion, but it was just that that was characteristic of him, and made so many feel for him as I do."

During his heavy parish work, which was done single-handed the greater part of this year, he was more than ever struck by the monotonous, colourless existence of the English labourer, varied only by the yearly benefit-club day, and evenings at the public-house. The absence of all pleasure from their lives weighed heavily on his heart, more especially in the case of the poor hard-worked wives and mothers who, if respectable, were excluded from even the poor amusements of the men; and for their sake, as well as for his men and boys, he began a series of Penny Readings, which now have become so common. It was characteristic of his chivalrous spirit that at the first meeting, when the school-room was crowded with men and boys, he made an appeal to them for their wives and mothers, dwelling on the life of toil they led, and saying how anxious he was to give them a share in this amusement, which they so sorely needed. It was therefore arranged that, while the men and boys paid their pennies, the widows and poor overburdened mothers should have free tickets.

These meetings, in which his parishioners would kindly help him, occurred once a fortnight, and though set on foot for the poor, brought all classes pleasantly together during the autumn and winter nights; they had music (the best that could be got), the best poetry, the most heroic stories. Sometimes he would give simple lectures on health; accounts of his own travels; and latterly extracts from his eldest son's letters from abroad, in which stories expressly for the Penny Readings at home were not forgotten. Village concerts, too, were given, got up by his daughter and son, in which friends from London helped for his sake; and the sight of the well-lighted and decorated room to people who saw nothing at home from one year's end to another but a farthing dip candle, was a pleasure in itself; the poor mothers were gratified at seeing their sons in Sunday garments step up on the platform to help in choruses and part songs, while the young men gained in self-respect and refinement, by the share they took in the preparation as well as the performance. "It was to him most curious," he used to say, "to watch the effect of music upon the poor people—upon, alas! seemingly unimpressionable drudges, in whom one would expect to find no appreciation for refined sound"; but yet who would walk two miles to the village school-room on a wet night and sit in rapt attention the whole evening, "showing their approbation of good music, not by noisy applause, but by a kindling face and eye during the piece, and a low hum of approbation after, that hinted at a deep musical under-current below that rugged exterior." Penny Readings are common now, but in his own immediate neighbourhood the Rector of Eversley took the lead in inaugurating these pleasant gatherings.

His literary work this year consisted in two lectures on Science and Superstition* at the Royal Institution. He preached for the first time in one of the Great Nave services at Westminster Abbey,† for the Bishop of London's Fund; to the boys of Wellington College; to the Queen at Clifden; and his usual Chapel Royal sermons. In the little congregation at Eversley for some of the summer months, many distinguished men might be

* Since republished in "Health and Education."

† These sermons have since appeared in a volume, "The Water of Life."

numbered; among them were Sir George Hamilton Seymour and General Sir Wm. Codrington.

The correspondence was, as usual, of a varied and singular character. One day there came a long letter from a London newspaper reporter, who, in return for some kindly, cheering words, revealed the inner life of Bohemia with wonderful vividness, and ended, "I have written you a very long and tedious letter, Mr. Kingsley, and were I writing to an ordinary man, I should be mad to address him at this length and in this vein. But *you* understand things, and I am almost certain that you will understand me and my long-windedness. Thank you again. Think gently of Bohemia and its free Lances." . . . .

Another, from "A Chartist and Cabman," at Brighton, thanking him for "Alton Locke."

Again, from a man who had lived abroad, and only signed himself "One who can never forget you," who had accidentally read "Alton Locke" "in a time of overwhelming misery"—"You were the means of saving me from ruin and destruction, to which I was fast drifting."

From South Australia, 1867, a barrister writes, thanking him for his "Sermons for the Times," "Pentateuch," and "Good News," telling him how they were read frequently by the special magistrate, by his brother barrister, and by himself, in remote places, where they have "no Church clergymen, and the Bishop appoints laymen to read sermons. I could not," he says, "write as a stranger to a man who has so honestly spoken to me of my life and its duties, presented for the first time in the light in which you pourtray them." . . . .

The Rev. W. Impey, general superintendent of Wesleyan missions at Graham's Town, South Africa, after thanking him on his own behalf for spiritual help, adds:—

"I am only saying what thousands elsewhere could reiterate—but it may be some gratification to you to know that in the far off corners of the world, in the regions of heathen darkness, and of the very shadow of death, and to men whose lot has been cast on the very verge, or beyond it, of civilized life, your books have, under God's blessing, conveyed light and peace and comfort."

"The debt I owe you," writes a newspaper compositor, from Leeds,

"of which you know nothing, is this, that under God's blessing you have been the means of preventing me from becoming perhaps one of the dregs and scum of idle scoundrelism, and of raising me to a position from which I can estimate, faintly it may be, what is due from man to his own manhood, and to his fellow man and to God. Before I read 'Alton Locke' I was idle and dissolute." . . . .

Letters came from China, from the heart of Africa, from the other side of the Rocky Mountains—all telling the same tale.

One or two found their way to "Charles Kingsley, England," many were without any signature—simple outpourings of loving hearts, neither written from egotism or from the desire of getting an autograph in return. One, also anonymous, dated Glasgow, May 11, 1867, is so touching in itself and so significant of Mr. Kingsley's daily acts of mercy unknown to all but himself and those who received them, that it must be given entire:

"CHARLES KINGSLEY,

"My dear friend, permit me to engage your kind attention for a little. I often remember you and 'the kindness of God,' which you showed towards me some years ago. You found me in the way near Hartly Row, a poor, homeless, friendless, penniless stranger. God sent you as an angel of mercy to me, a very unworthy creature. You were, indeed, like the good Samaritan to me. You took me to the Lamb Inn, and there, for your sake, I was very hospitably cared for. On the walls of a room in that inn I wrote a prayer, which came from the very depths of my heart. It was for you, that the Father of the fatherless would make you most glad with His countenance for ever. That prayer I have often breathed since then.

"I was not aware, till afterwards, that you were the author of so many books, and a person of so great note. I rejoice in your honourable fame."

These letters, and many a strange communication that he received, not only cheered him in his work, but gave him fresh knowledge of human nature in all its varied aspects that few men have, and deepened his own humanity. He little thought they were treasured up, to give others some small insight into his great work, by one who feels it is no treachery to disclose them now, or to mention what he never alluded to in his lifetime!

TO MR. T. DIXON.

EVERSLEY, *October* 27, 1866.

"The volumes of Bewick are come, and may I beg you to give to the Miss Bewicks the enclosed letter of thanks.

"I am delighted with the new vignettes—all showing the genius which shines from every touch of the truly great man's hand. Of course, as the happy possessor of a Newcastle copy of 1804, on which my father literally brought me up, I prefer the old, untouched plates, for softness, richness, and clearness. But we cannot expect everything to last; and the volumes which have been sent to me are very valuable as memorials of Bewick, as well as proofs of the kindness of people whom I know not, yet respect.

"I do not quite understand the end of your letter, in which you are kind enough to compliment me for following Carlyle's advice about one 'sadly tried.' I *have* followed the sage of Chelsea's teaching, about my noble friend, ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica. I have been cursed for it, as if I had been a dog, who had never stood up for the working man when all the world was hounding him (the working man) down in 1848-9, and imperilled my own prospects in life in behalf of freedom and justice. Now, men insult me because I stand up for a man whom I believe ill-used, calumniated, and hunted to death by fanatics. If you mean Mr. Eyre in what you say, you indeed will give me pleasure, because I shall see that one more 'man of the people' has common sense to appreciate a brave and good man, doing his best under terrible difficulties: but if not, I know that I am right."

TO THE MISSES BEWICK.

"MY DEAR LADIES,

"I received with great pleasure the present of your father's works in two volumes. The old edition of 1804 is fresher and richer in the printing of the wood-cuts, but this is very interesting to me and to my children, as containing so many new vignettes which the old edition wants, and which all show the genius which always accompanied his hand.

"Ladies, it is a great boon from God to have had a great father. And I had no idea what a noble specimen of an Englishman he was, till you did me the honour of sending me his 'Life.' The wisdom, justice, moderation, and energy of his character impressed me with a moral reverence for him, even greater than that which I already felt for his

artistic honour. Happy are the daughters who have sprung from such a man, and who will meet him again in heaven.

TO THE SAME.

April, 1867.

"Mrs. Kingsley and I have to thank you very much for your most valuable present of your father's handwriting, and the sketch accompanying it. I shall treasure them and pass them on as heirlooms to my eldest son, who has been brought up on your father's books, and is going out some day as a naturalist and a settler.

"But, my dear madam, you must not speak of my approving your father's labours, you must speak of me as one who has been your father's loving, reverent pupil, as was my father before me.

"When your father's book of birds first came out, my father, then a young hunting squire, in the New Forest, Hampshire, saw the book in London, and bought at once the beautiful old copy which has been the text-book of my boyhood. He, a sportsman and field naturalist, loved it and carried it with him up and down in days when no scientific knowledge could be had, from 1805–1820, and when he was laughed at in the New Forest for having bought a book about 'dicky birdies,' till his fellow squires borrowing his copy, agreed that it was the most clever book they had ever seen, and a revelation to them, who had had these phenomena under their eyes all their lives and never noticed them.

"That my father should have introduced into the south of England, first, your father's book, and have known his great pupil, Yarrell, in person, is to me a great pleasure. Yarrell and my father were friends from youth till death, and if my father had been alive now he would have joined me in respect and affection for the daughters of the great and wise Bewick.

"I am, my dear Ladies,

"Your obliged Servant,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

TO MR. T. DIXON.

(Of Sunderland.)

EVERSLEY, *November* 20, 1866.

"If you knew the continual labour in which I live, you would forgive my omitting to answer a letter at once.

"Your letter did interest me and deeply. I felt pleased and proud to find a man, and evidently more than one in that small circle of yours, who had the true ambition. Not the mere political ambition, laudable as well as lawful in a free Englishman, but which he can share with scamps, and spouters, and self-seekers; but the true ambition which cries

after *wisdom* rather than riches, and knows what Solomon meant when he spoke of her in his proverbs: the ambition to know what is beautiful, good, and true, that he may go and do likewise. Ah! that more men in all ranks would choose the part which you and your lost friend have chosen. Then they would look on the inequalities—I do *not* mean the injustices—but the necessary inequalities of position in this world as slight matters, while they toiled after the divine equality of virtue and wisdom which is open to all men in a free land, and try to take their place among 'the aristocracy of God.' I will send you a sermon which I preached about that lately. Meanwhile, your record of your sight of our dear and lost Prince Consort has touched me deeply. I shall not betray your confidence by showing it to certain persons who loved and honoured him, even as I did. As for the uselessness of the monument in Hyde Park, though, I do not agree. I think it is good to have in a land great beacons of that kind, which attract the attention, and impress the imagination of the most brutal and careless. This ought to be done, and not to leave the other undone."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *January* 11, 1866.

"I feel deeply much of what you say, especially about modern good works. But many men among the clergy will tell people that common virtues, and duties, and sympathies, and instincts, are not of the Spirit of God, who confines Himself and His operations to the sensations of devotees, and if any one says (as I do without ceasing) the contrary, as I find it written in the Bible, he is called a Pantheist, and a Rationalist, and a Muscular Christian. So what is to be done, but hammer on at the Old Testament (as I do), and try to make people understand that, as the only hope of making them understand the New? If one does not succeed, I certainly see great fear of that practical atheism which you dread.

"I hope to have a heavy shot at this falsehood this spring, when I preach for the Bishop of London's Fund." . . . .

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *November* 16, 1866.

"DEAREST MAN,

"Story, bless you, I have none to tell you, save that in Cornwall these same old stories, of Jews' tin and Jews' houses, got from the miners, filled my young brains with unhistoric nonsense, like Mara-zion,

the bitterness of Zion; which town the old folk, I can't tell why, call Market Jew still.

"That the Jews came to Cornwall as slaves after the destruction of Jerusalem is possible and probable enough, but I know of no evidence. That the old smelting works, and the tin found in them was immemorially called Jews' tin and Jews' houses is well known; also that they are of an awful antiquity. Market Jew, as a town, is a name *you* must explain. That is all. I put it in 'Yeast,' into the mouth of a Cornish ex-miner. But I am glad you are taking the matter up, and working Carew, Polwhele, and Borlase. I should expect you to find the root of the myths in that fruitful mother of wind eggs, the sixteenth century.

"It is a delight to hear from you. Only you don't tell me how our lovely G. is. I long to see her and the babes.

"My dear Max, what great things have happened for Germany, and what great men your Prussians have shown themselves. Much as I was wroth with them about Schleswig-Holstein, I can only see in this last campaign a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honour of every North German woman. To allow the possibility of a second 1807–1812 to remain, when it could be averted by any amount of fighting, were sin and shame, and had I been a Prussian I would have gone down to Sadowa as a sacred duty to wife and child and fatherland.

"I am reading much German now, and shall need to ask you questions, specially about the reaction from 1815–1820, and the alleged treachery of the princes in not granting constitutions.

"Meanwhile, tell me if Gervinus, whom I am studying on that matter, is worthy of credit, and recommend me a good author, specially one who has thought before he wrote, and not, like Gervinus, *thought in writing*, to the perplexing of himself and reader." . . . .

EVERSLEY, *April* 19, 1867.

"Your article on 'Are there Jews in Cornwall?' is very clear and satisfactory to me. What you say about metamorphic language is most true (even in my little experience) and worthy of fuller development, unless you have done it elsewhere.

"You do not mention 'Jews' tin.' This is lumps of smelted tin (if I recollect right) with a coating of hydrated oxide of tin, which is caused by lying in water and bog. Jews' tin is found inside Jews' houses, or in the diluvium of old stream-works.

"May this not be merely, according to your etymology, 'house tin,' the tin found in the houses?

"Ah! that I had legs as an antelope and time as a butterfly, I would

take you to lonely places and show you old ruined houses, and pit workings, and stream workings, and cromlechs, and stone circles, and real British villages, made thus (here was a sketch). The old kraal of flat granite slabs, and inside it the circular huts of ditto, about ten feet diameter, the stones leaning inward, probably thatched with heather, which now, by decomposing into peat soil, has buried the whole half-way up, and bridges of single granite blocks, polished by the feet of ages. And our 'portion should be among the smooth stones of the brook,' and we would pour out to them 'our drink offering' as we talked over old nature-worship, and lost ourselves and our toil in the abysses of the ages.

"But that will not be yet. Best love to dearest G. and the children."

The great meteor shower of November, 1866, was naturally of intense and, as he said himself, awful interest to him. In trembling excitement he paced up and down the church-yard, where he had a greater sweep of horizon than elsewhere, long before the time arrived, and when the shower began called his wife and children out of their beds to watch with him. He preached upon the great spectacle in his own church and at the Chapel Royal.

TO PROFESSOR ADAMS.

EVERSLEY, *November* 14, 1866.

"The Jinns* (according to the Mussulman theory of meteors) must have had a warm time of it about 1 A.M. this morning, and the Eastern peoples (if the star shower was visible to them) must be congratulating themselves that (unless the angels are very bad shots) there is a very fair chance of the devil being killed at last.

"What I saw may at least amuse you. I presume any local observations have value, however small.

"I saw the first meteor about 11.50, *i.e.*, as soon as the head of Leo rose above our rather high horizon. From that time the star rain increased till about 1 A.M., and diminished till about 2.30, when very few passed. They went on, I am told, till 5.30 this morning. I saw no increase or diminution in the size of the meteors from beginning to end.

* The Jinns or second order of spirits are supposed by the Mussulman to be many of them killed by shooting stars, hurled at them from heaven; wherefore, the Arabs, when they see a shooting star, often exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!"—Notes to Lane's "Thousand and One Nights."

Some of them were larger and more brilliant than common shooting stars, but not many. The most brilliant *appeared* of a reddish colour, their tails green and bluish. They all proceeded from the one point in Leo, only one other star (as far as I saw) fell at right angles to their course, from the zenith to the north. I was struck by the fact that they all proceeded in quasi-straight lines without any of that wavering and uncertainty of direction so common in meteors. Any large number became visible only about the zenith, or in falling towards the western horizon.

"But the most striking (and to me) awful phenomenon was the point of departure in Leo, where, again and again, meteors appeared and hung for a moment, their tail so much foreshortened as to be wholly or almost wholly unseen. These must have been coming straight at us. Surely some may have struck our planet?

"The seeming generation of these magnificent objects out of a point of nonentity and void, was to me the most beautiful and striking sky phenomenon which I ever witnessed. Yet the actual facts of their course are far more wonderful and awful than even that appearance. I tried to picture to myself the thought and feelings of a mediæval observer, however rational or cool-headed he might have been, in presence of that star shower; and when I thought of the terror with which he had a right to regard it, and the fantastic explanation which he had a right to put upon it, I thanked you astronomers for having 'delivered us by science from one more object of dread.'

"I ought to say that there was here (in North Hants) no sign of an Aurora Borealis, which is said to have accompanied the star shower in certain cases.

"By-the-bye, what a lecture one might have given (illustrated by nature's own diagrams) on the perspective of parallel lines and the meaning of a vanishing point."

In his sermon at the Chapel Royal, after speaking of the seemingly pitiless laws of Nature, "as we miscall them," he bursts forth:—

"Horrible, I say, and increasingly horrible, not merely to the sentimentalist, but to the man of sound reason and of sound conscience, must the scientific aspect of nature become, if a mere abstraction called law is to be the sole ruler of the universe; if—to quote the famous words of the German sage—'If, instead of the Divine Eye, there must glare on us an empty, black, bottomless eye socket;' and the stars and the galaxies of heaven, in spite of all their present seeming regularity,

are but an 'everlasting storm which no man guides.' It was but a few days ago that we, and this little planet on which we live, caught a strange and startling glimpse of that everlasting storm which—shall I say it?—no one guides. We were swept helpless, astronomers tell us, through a cloud of fiery stones, to which all the cunning bolts which man invents to slay his fellow-man, are but slow and weak engines of destruction. We were free from the superstitious terror with which that meteor-shower would have been regarded in old times. We could comfort ourselves with the fact that heaven's artillery was not known as yet to have killed anyone; and with the scientific explanation that most of the bolts were small enough to be melted and dissipated by their rush through our atmosphere.

"But did the thought occur to none of us, how morally ghastly, in spite of all its physical beauty, was that grand sight, unless we were sure that behind it all there was a Living God? That He had appointed the path, and the time, and the destiny, and the use of every atom of that matter of which science could only tell us that it was rushing without a purpose, for ever through the homeless void. . . . .

"In one word, the question is not whether there be a God, but whether there be a Living God, who is in any true and practical sense Master over the universe over which He presides; a King who is actually ruling His kingdom, or an epicurean deity who lets his kingdom rule itself.

"Is there a Living God in the universe, or is there none? That is the greatest of all questions. Has our Lord Jesus Christ answered it, or has He not?"* . . . .

TO PROFESSOR LORIMER OF EDINBURGH.

EVERSLEY, *December* 17, 1866.

"I received some months since (and I hope duly acknowledged) your book on 'The Constitutionalism of the Future.'

"I laid it by for study, when I should have time to do it justice. I now write to express my great pleasure, both in the matter and the manner of it. The views which you put forth are just those to which I have been led by twenty years of thought and observation; its manner, I wish I could copy. In it, clearness and method are not merely ornamented, but strengthened by a vein of humour, which is a sure sign of mastery of the subject, and of that faculty which no education can give, called genius. I wish that in the writings of our mutual friend, Mr. Mill, I could see some touch of that same humour. I wish that there was

* "The Meteor Shower," "Water of Life and other Sermons."

any chance of your wise advice being adopted; but Mr. ——'s party have let loose that spirit of envy, which is the counterfeit of your righteous idea of equality relative, and tempts men to demand that impossible equality absolute, which must end in making the money lenders the only privileged class. To men possessed by envy, your truly scientific, as well as truly religious method, of looking for the facts of God's world, and trying to represent them in laws, will be the plot of a concealed aristocrat. I fear, too, that Mr. Mill and those who follow him most closely, will hardly support your method, and for the same reason, Mr. Mill (of whom I speak with real reverence) seems to me to look on man too much as the creature of circumstances. This it is, which makes him disparage, if not totally deny, the congenital differences of character in individuals, and still more in races. He has, if I mistake not, openly denounced the doctrine of difference and superiority in race. And it is this mistake (as it seems to me) which has led him and others into that theory that the suffrage ought to be educational and formative, which you have so ably combated.

"Of course if it is assumed that all men are born into the world equals, and that their inequality, in intellect or morals, is chargeable entirely to circumstance, that inequality must be regarded as a wrong done by society to the less favoured. Society therefore has no right to punish them by withholding the suffrage, for an inferiority which she herself has created; she is bound to treat them as if they were actually what they would have been but for her, and if they misuse their rights, she must pay the penalty of her previous neglect and cruelty. This seems to me to be the revolutionary doctrine of 1793—1848, which convulsed Europe; and from its logic and morality there is no escape as long as human beings are asserted to be congenitally equal, and circumstances the only cause of subsequent inequality. I have some right to speak on this subject, as I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it, in spite of its seeming justice and charity, by the harsh school of facts. Nearly a quarter of a century spent in educating my parishioners, and experience with my own and other's children, in fact, that schooling of facts brought home to the heart—which Mr. Mill has never had—have taught me that there are congenital differences and hereditary tendencies which defy all education from circumstances, whether for good or evil. Society may pity those who are born fools or knaves, but she cannot, for her own sake, allow them power if she can help it. And therefore in the case of the suffrage, she must demand some practical guarantee that the man on whom it is bestowed is not dangerously knavish or foolish. I have seen, also, that the differences of race are so great, that certain races, *e. g.*, the Irish Celts, seem quite

unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions. They take the letter of freedom which killeth, without any conception of its spirit which giveth life. Nay, I go further, and fear much that no Roman Catholic country will ever be fit for free constitutional government, and for this simple reason, De Tocqueville and his school (of whom I speak with great respect) say that the cause of failure of free institutions in the Romance countries has been, the absence of the primary training in municipal self-government. That I doubt not. But what has been the cause of that want?—the previous want of training in self-government of the individual himself. And as long as the system of education for all classes in the Romance countries is one of tutelage and espionage (proceeding from the priestly notions concerning sin), so long will neither rich nor poor have any power of self-government. Any one who knows the difference between a French *lycée* and an English public school ought to see what I mean, and see one main cause of the failure of all attempts at self-government in France. May I without boring you (at least you are not bound to read this long letter) go on to another subject, which seems to me just now of great importance? I think the giving intellect and civilization its due weight, by means of plurality of votes, as you so well advise, practically hopeless just now. But is there no body or influence in the state which may secure them their due weight nevertheless? I think that there is, namely, the House of Lords. You seem (and herein alone I differ from you) to regard as the majority do, the Peers, as standing alone in the state, and representing only themselves. I, on the contrary, look at them as representing every silver fork in Great Britain. What I mean is this, a person or body may be truly representative without being elected by those whom they represent. You will of course allow this. Now the House of Lords seems to me to represent all heritable property, real or personal, and also all heritable products of moral civilization, such as hereditary independence, chivalry, &c. They represent, in one word, the hereditary principle. This, no House of Commons, no elective body, can represent. It can only represent the temporary wants and opinions of the many, and that portion of their capital which is temporarily invested in trade, &c. It cannot represent the hereditary instinct which binds man and the state to the past and future generations. If you watch the current of American feeling and society you will see full proof of this. If the family bond should break up there, soon the bond will break up which makes a nation responsible in honour for the deeds of its ancestors, and therefore regardful of the obligation of international

treaties. Now a body is required which represents the past and the future, and all material or spiritual which has been inherited from the past or bequeathed to the future. And this body must itself be an hereditary one. Some may answer, 'Just as much as, Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.' But it seems to me,

"1. That such a body must be non-elected, to keep it safe from the changes of temporary popular opinion. An elective upper chamber is a monster which is certain to become a den of demagogues and money-lenders.

"2. That it must be hereditary, because it is impossible for men to represent that which they are not themselves. The Peers are the incarnation of the hereditary principle. I look on them therefore as what they are in fact, not a caste, not even a class, but a certain number of specimens of a class chosen out by the accident (and a very fair choice, because it prevents quarrels and popular intrigues) of being eldest sons. I look on them as the representatives, not only of every younger brother, &c., of their own kin, and of every family which has ever intermarried, or hopes to intermarry with them (though that would include the great majority of well-educated Britons), but as the representatives of every man who has saved up enough to buy a silver fork, a picture, a Yankee clock, or anything, in fact, which he wishes to hand to his children. I hold that while Mr. Bright may, if he likes, claim to be represented merely by the House of Commons, his plate and house is represented by the House of Lords, and that if the House of Lords were abolished, Mr. Bright's children would discover that fact by the introduction of laws which would injure the value of all heritable property, would tax (under the name of luxuries) the products of art and civilization, would try to drive capital into those trades which afforded most employment for *un*-skilled labour, and supplied most the temporary necessities of the back and belly, and would tend to tax the rich for the sake of the poor, with very ugly results to civilization.

"This picture may seem overdrawn. But I answer, this is already the tendency in the United States. The next fifty years will prove whether that tendency can be conquered or not in a pure democracy, such as they have now for the first time become, since they have exterminated their southern hereditary aristocracy, and their northern hereditary aristocracy, the Puritan gentlemen of old families have retired in disgust from public life. May I ask you to think over this view of the House of Lords. And may I ask you how far you think, if it be correct, it can be wisely pressed upon all classes, and specially upon the titled *persons* (there is no titled *class* in these realms) themselves?

"Pray excuse the length of this letter. But your book awoke such

an interest in me—a solitary country thinker—that I could not resist the temptation of pouring out to you some of the results of my years of practical observation of, and pondering on, facts."

TO HIS WIFE.

CAMBRIDGE, 1867.

". . . . Delightful evening last night; dined at Paget's, and then gave a lecture (from more notes than I could use) on the Norman Conquest, to the Albert Institute—an admirable thing got up by High Church bachelors and undergraduates for getting hold of shopmen and middle-class lads. That class abounded in the room, and were much delighted, as far as appearances could go, with what I told them of the Conquest and the doughty deeds, and grand old Norse blood of their own ancestors. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Spoke for one hour and a quarter, and had notes enough to speak two.

"My morning lecture was a very difficult one—all about the changes in Europe at the Congress of Vienna. But Mr. Maurice said I made it all clear, and highly approved of the *moral*. M. is developing fast. He has just asked me for a copying pass to the Fitzwilliam, where he wants to draw the statues. He has just been regretting that he has read so little, and is craving after natural history, and for the first time in his life, he says, after Art. Ah! what a blessing to see him developing under one's eyes, and to be able to help him at last by teaching him something one's self! It is quite right that the schoolmasters should have the grounding and disciplining, but the father who can *finish* his boy's education, and teach him something of life besides, ought to be very thankful. . . . . I am well, and as busy as a bee to-day, not an hour unemployed." . . . .

In the spring of 1867 he undertook the editorship of "Fraser's Magazine" for a few months for Mr. Froude, who had to go to Spain to study the archives of Simancas for his history, and he seized upon this opportunity to get a few papers on science into its pages, and wrote to his friends Professor Newton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and others, begging for help, to which they kindly responded—Professor Newton writing on the Birds of Norfolk; Sir Charles on the Flora of South America; he himself contributing one of his most lovely idylls, "A Charm of Birds."

TO PROFESSOR NEWTON.

April.

"I write begging you for an article in 'Fraser's Magazine,' of which I am *pro tem.* editor. I want to make it gradually a vehicle for advanced natural science, and have written to several leading men in that sense.

"Could you give me anything, however short—Spitzbergen above all? . . . . Do pray help me, and, if you are good enough, make John Clark, or any of your friends, help me also, and we will try and get a little real natural science into folks' heads. . . . .

. . . . . .

"You must tell me instantly where I can get most information about our birds of passage. Especially I want to know why the three phyllopneustes build dome-shaped nests? With what other birds are they embryologically connected? Also, is the hyppolais a warbler embryologically, or is he a yellow finch connected with serins and canaries, who has taken to singing? Can you tell me where I can find any Darwinite lore about the development of birds? Can you tell me anything about anything? For, as you won't write me an article for this month, I must write one myself, whether I know about it or not, or be covered with shame and contempt, for I have promised Longman that we would have a Natural History article."

EVERSLEY, *May* 16, 1867.

"Your bird-books are delightful. Gladly would I give up history, to think of nothing but dicky-birds—but it must not be yet.

"Some day, ere I grow too old to think, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save natural history, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies. . . . . I have scribbled off an article on the song of birds, and finished—according to your hint—on bird murder, bringing in the sea-bird question. Also, I took the liberty of sending the bird murder part of your letter to Mark Lemon, begging him to pitch into the fellows in 'Punch.' That is the place, for they are sure to see it, and be laughed at by their compeers.

"I have got two pair of wood-wrens in the parish, one on my own 'mount.' I never observed them before. They are mysterious, unhappy, scrofulous little beauties, and cry like sick children." . . . .

TO REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.

EVERSLEY, *May* 23, 1867.

"I will surely be with you, please God, on Sunday morning. . . . . I am writing a sermon on the Wheat and the Tares, entreating general

toleration of all parties, and bringing it to bear on the Bishop of London's Fund question. I presume that you will not object to this line of preaching. . . . . but if you do, let me know, and I will try something else. The older I grow, the more tolerant I get, and believe that Wisdom is justified of all her children, and poor dear old Folly of some of hers likewise."

TO REV. ISAAC TAYLOR.
(Rector of Settrington.)

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 15, 1867.

"I have been recommending strongly to my students your admirable 'Words and Places,' as a book which every educated Englishman should know. I hope some day to have the honour of making your acquaintance, and telling you in person all that I think of the book.

"I have, in my own copy, marked many derivations, about which I should like to consult you further. May I mention one of them now? In page 360 you derive the curious group of names like 'Ewshot' almost confined, I think, to my own Aldershot country, from 'holt' as a suffix. I cannot say that I am satisfied with this, though I believe all authority is on your side. But the S in shot, recurring in all cases, seems to point to a root beginning in sh; 'shaw,' for a copse, is a common word still in that district; but it wants the final t, as distinctive as the initial s.

"Meanwhile the hundred is called Hold-shot; the first half of the word evidently being holt, and holt-holt would thus be a mere reduplication. The hundred is called in Domesday Hold-sete; and I have guessed that sete, a settlement, may be the original root. Hold-shot, now a moated farm, belonging to Lord Eversley, is evidently a spot of vast antiquity, and buried in great woods. Its antiquity is sufficiently shown by the fact that so obscure a farm gave the Norman name to the hundred.

"I trust that you, with your genius for accurate research, will not consider this letter as an impertinence. Should anything bring you to North Hants, it would delight me to receive you as my guest, and to show you notable places."

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.L.S., F.G.S.

EVERSLEY, *June* 6, 1867.

"I am very anxious to obtain a copy of a pamphlet, which I unfortunately lost. It came out shortly after your 'Origin of Species,' and was entitled 'Reasons for believing in Mr. Darwin's Theory'—or some

such words. It contained a list of phenomenal puzzles, forty or more, which were explicable by you and not otherwise. If you can recollect it, and tell me where I can get a copy, I shall be very glad, as I may specially want it in your defence.

"I advise you to look at a wonderful article in the 'North British' about you. It is a pity the man who wrote it had not studied zoology and botany, before writing about them.

"The Duke of Argyll's book is very fair and manly, although he cannot agree with you. What he says about the humming birds is his weakest part. He utterly overlooks sexual selection by the females, as one great branch of natural selection. Why on earth are the males only (to use his teleological view) ornamented, save for the amusement of the females first? In his earnestness to press the point (which I think you have really overlooked too much), that beauty in animals and plants is intended for the æsthetic education and pleasure of man, and (as I believe in my old-fashioned way), for the pleasure of a God who rejoices in His works as a painter in his picture—in his hurry, I say, to urge this truth, he has overlooked that beauty in any animal must surely first please the animals of that species, and that beauty in males alone is a broad hint that the females are meant to be charmed thereby—and once allow that any striking new colour would attract any single female, you have an opening for endless variation. . . . .

"Altogether, even the 'North British' pleases me, for the writer is forced to allow some natural selection, and forced to allow some great duration of the earth; and so every one who fights you is forced to allow some of your arguments, as a tub to the whale, if only he may be allowed to deny others, while very few have the honesty to confess that they know nothing about the matter, save what you have put into their heads.

"Remark that the argument of the 'North British,' that geological changes were more violent, and the physical energies of the earth more intense in old times, cuts both ways. For if that be true, then changes of circumstance in plants and animals must have been more rapid, and the inclination to vary from *outward circumstance* greater; and also, if the physical energies of the earth were greater, so must the physical energies of the animals and plants; and, therefore, their tendency to *sport* may have been greater; and not without a gleam of scientific insight have the legends of so many races talked of giants and monsters on the earth of old." . . . .

EVERSLEY, *July* 12, 1867.

"I flee to you, as usual, in ignorance and wonder. Have you investigated the migration of the eye in flat-fish? I have been reading

a paper on it by Professor Thompson in 'Natural History Magazine' for May, 1865. I took to your methods for explaining *how* the miracle takes place; whether the eye passes through the skull, or round the soft parts, is a minor question. Will you kindly do me the honour to look at two lectures of mine on 'Science and Superstition,' given at the Royal Institution, and reprinted in *Fraser's Magazine* for June and July? I think you will find that I am not unmindful of your teaching. I heard with extreme pleasure that your health is much improved."

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE, *December* 15, 1867.

"I have been here three or four days, and have been accidentally drawn, again and again, into what the world calls Darwinism, and you and I and some others, fact and science. I have been drawn thereinto, simply because I find every one talking about it to any one who is supposed to know (or mis-know) anything about it; all showing how men's minds are stirred. I find the best and strongest men coming over.

"1. Because, being really great men, they know so much already which they cannot co-ordinate with your theories (at least as yet), and say (as they have a right), 'I will stand by what I do know from mathematics, before I give in to what I *don't* know from ————.' That last dash is the key of the position. They don't know. The men have been asking me questions, *e.g.*, 'You don't say that there are links between a cat and a dog? If so, what are they?' To which I have been forced to answer—my dear fellow, you must read and find out for yourself. I am not bound to answer such a question as that. I am not bound to teach you the alphabet, while you are solemnly disputing about my translation of the language.

"That is what it comes to, my dear and honoured master. If men don't agree with you, it is because they don't know facts: and what I do is simply to say to every one, as I have been doing for three days past, 'Will you kindly ascertain what facts there are to be known or disproved, before you talk on this matter at all?' And I find, in Cambridge, that the younger M.A.'s are not only willing, but greedy, to hear what you have to say; and that the elder (who have, of course, more old notions to overcome) are facing the whole question in quite a different tone from what they did three years ago. I won't mention names, for fear of 'compromising' men who are in an honest, but 'funky,' stage of conversion: but I have been surprised, coming back for three or four days, at the change since last winter. I trust you will find the old university (which has always held to physical science and free thought, and allows, as she always has done, anybody to believe

anything reasonable, *provided he don't quarrel with his neighbours*) to be your firmest standing ground in these isles.

"I say this, especially now, because you will get, I suppose, an attack on you by an anonymous 'Graduate of Cambridge,' which I found in the hands of at least one very wise and liberal man, who admired it very much, but knew nothing of *the facts*. He showed it me, and, in the first three pages I opened at hazard, I pointed him out two or three capital cases of ignorance or omission, on which I declined to read any more of the book, as coming from a man who knew not, or did not choose to know, anything about *the facts*.

"Excuse the bad writing. I have a pen, which, if natural selection influenced pens, would have been cast into the fire long ago: but the disturbing moral element makes me too lazy to cast it thereinto, and to find a new one. I have, as usual, a thousand questions to ask you, and no time, nor brain to ask them now."

TO J. CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

July 1, 1867.

"I have been studying carefully your 'Frost and Fire.' I read it with full satisfaction as a gallant and steady inductive chase, which has, I think, surely run into its game. I wish we could meet and have a talk about ice-action. I am working at ice-problems in my Bagshot sands and gravels; and your book has thrown light on many phenomena which had outwitted me for years past.

"I am going to Deeside this summer, to Tarland, and then up into Braemar. You do not deal much with the Dee. Can you tell me the name of a good local geologist?"

In the summer he was refreshed by a visit to Scotland, which included some days of the British Association at St. Andrew's, and a visit to M. Van de Weyer at Abergeldie Castle. His visits to Scotland were always invigorating and congenial to him.

In a letter to his friend, Professor Skelton, he says:

"I shall be at the British Association at Dundee this year to see all your good Scotch *savans*. Shall you be there? I am afraid I am a bad Englishman, for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen. You have given me a great pleasure. I know most of your poems through 'Fraser,' and delighted in your drawings of West Highland scenery; but I did not know till now that you were the author of the little book of Highland songs with the bull on it, which was Mrs. Kingsley's delight last year. Our especial favourites are 'The Reply' and 'The E'en brings a' hame.'"

TO HIS WIFE.

ST. ANDREW'S, *Sunday, September 7.*

"I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the sea-birds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University and City received the British Association, and feasted them. Every thing was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire, 'East Neuk;' we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. I sat at dinner between dear old Phillips and Geikie, with Grant-Duff next, who has asked me to come on to him if I have time, and kill his salmon. Hurrah! To-day to church at one, and dine at Principal Tulloch's after, to meet Stanley, who is in great force in his beloved St. Andrew's, which he called, in a very charming speech last night, his second university. Jowett comes to-morrow with a reading party. Blackwood (of the Magazine), who lives close by, has been most civil to me, wanting me to come and stay with him, &c.; he has told me much that is curious about De Quincey, Hogg, Wilson, &c. He and B. and T. have been trying hard to make me preach in Boyd's Church; but I talked it over with —— last night, and I was glad to find that he thought with me, that it is quite legal; but that there was no need for a sudden and uncalled for row with the Puseyites. I am most careful about all that. Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been. But the racket of the meeting is terrible; the talking continual, and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much; so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie to-morrow; with the Provost of Dundee, and worse, the dear Red Lion Club crying to me to stop and dine. I will bring for M. home, the Red Lion Club card, with the comicalities on it, which poor Edward Forbes designed. These dear Scots folk—I should like to live always among them; they are so full of vigorous life and heart. I am very well, but longing for the heather. The rains here have been all but disastrous. All the corn almost is green here. Tell Maurice golf is the queen of games, if cricket is the king; and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw.

"Kiss all the darlings for me, Grenville especially."

"Best of all," said Dean Stanley in a letter from Dundee, speaking of the banquet, "was Kingsley's speech, comparing the literature of science to camp followers picking up scraps from

the army, plundering, begging, borrowing, and stealing, and giving what they got to the bairns and children that ran after them, ending with a very delicate and well-timed serious turn of 'the voice of God revealed in facts.'"*

ABERGELDIE CASTLE, *Thursday, September* 19, 1867.

"I am quite unhappy to-day thinking of your parting with the dear boy, for I can understand, though my man's coarser nature cannot feel as intensely the pang to you of parting with a bit of yourself. More and more am I sure, and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the *mother* is the more important, and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be first regarded.

"I suppose you will write to me all about his starting; but I have no fear of his being anything but happy, and Madame V. says that boys are always so much healthier as soon as they go to school.

"Tell M. I will answer her delightful letter; I am quite well, better than I have been for four years." . . . .

TO MARY.

(With a picture of Abergeldie.)

"MY MARY,

"This is the real castle where I am, and in the bottom of that tower a real witch was locked up before she was burnt on Craig-na-Ban,

* A contemporary paper thus mentions the speech :—

"Professor Campbell, St. Andrew's, then proposed 'The Literature of Science,' coupling with it the name of Professor Kingsley. He also mentioned the names of Professor Forbes, Dr. Chambers, and others, who deserved honour in connexion with this toast.

"Professor Kingsley said he had to return thanks for the unexpected honour of coupling his name with any toast within those learned walls, and especially in connexion with the meeting of such a body as the British Association. He did not speak for those honoured names which Professor Campbell had mentioned, but only for what he would call the camp-followers of science, who came after the great columns of the army, hanging on to the outskirts, perhaps taking care of the sick and wounded, perhaps foraging and plundering a little. Other men laboured, and they entered into their labours. However, the best thing they could say was that while they robbed—and they robbed pretty handsomely, too—they always kept a few scraps for the children. They were always fair and just, and even generous to them; and with regard to the children, what he wanted was to teach them a scientific habit, to teach them to understand that the great Master of the universe was speaking to little children face to face in everything. (Applause.) If they, as the camp-followers of science, could get a few little children to understand that, they would have saved the British Association in the future a great deal of trouble."

overhead. At the back of the house, under my window, which is in the top of the tower, the Dee is roaring, and the salmons are *not* leaping, and a darling water-ouzel, with a white breast, is diving after caddises. And as soon as I have had luncheon I am going to fish with two dear little girls, who catch lots of trout with a fly, and a real gilly in a kilt, who, when he and I caught a salmon two days ago, celebrated the event by putting on his Prince of Wales tartan and uniform, taking an enormous bagpipe, and booming like an elephantine bumble-bee all round the dinner-table, and then all about the house. It is very pleasant—like a dream—real stags in the forest looking at you, and real grouse, and black cock, and real princesses walking about; but I long to be home again with you all, and that is truth. Love to Rose, and tell her to write to me to Aboyne.

"Your affectious pater,

"C. K."

TO JOHN STUART, ESQ.

(General Register House, Edinburgh.)

EVERSLEY, *October* 19, 1867.

"Your papers came to hand. I am really very much obliged to you for thinking of me. The pamphlet on 'Crannoges' tells me all I can know (I presume), and certainly all I need know, to get a clear conception of their nature and frequency. The fact of their enduring up to the seventeenth century is quite new and curious to me. . . . .

"I shall lend my copy to Lady Huntly, who is deeply curious about her own Loch Ceanner, and the Caneue and island.

"The Maeshowe is equally curious. I had heard of the place; but the records of the 'Jerusalem-farers' are quite new, and refreshing glimpses of the old world."

EVERSLEY, *January* 14, 1868.

"Many thanks, my dear sir, for your most valuable letter. I only regret that I have taken up so much of your time by my ignorance.

"The origin of 'Desart' is most curious and unexpected.

"The life of 'Bartholomew Farne' I have seen many extracts from; but the document itself I have not seen, and I do not know in what form, or by whom, it has been published. If you can give me a line ot information on this point you would add much to my already great obligation to you.

"I shall certainly look at Ferguson's Autobiography; but surely it, or part of it, was published years since. In my boyhood he was one of my heroes; and I remember a story of his making a map of the stars by holding a paper between him and the sky, and pricking out their places,

unless I dream. The story, too, of the farmer who did his work for him I seem to recollect. I will surely renew my acquaintance with him for your sake as well as his own, and my own. But the story is to me only another proof that the last century and the beginning of this, did breed in Scotland men of a native nobleness and energy which has no parallel in England, save, perhaps, among borderers and lake 'statesmen' of Wordsworth's acquaintances." . . . .

"It may enable you," (says Mr. Stuart, when sending these letters to the editor), "better to understand the first in date if I mention that in October, 1867, your husband and I met under the hospitable roof of Mr. Grant-Duff at Eden, in Banffshire. When we met at dinner, the canon was recounting his experiences in the capture of a salmon on the river Doveren, which flows past the house at Eden. Before coming to Eden he had been visiting the Marchioness of Huntly on Deeside, and had been much interested by the inspection of a Crannog, or stockaded island,*

* Mr. Stuart kindly sent some notes which will be interesting in explanation :—

"(1) Crannoges, or more correctly 'crannogs,' is the name given to the Stockaded Islands, which occur so frequently in the Lochs of Ireland and Scotland. They are analogous to the pfalbauten of the Swiss lakes.

"(2) Ceanner or Canmore, or Kinnord are different spellings of the name of the loch when Lady Huntly's crannog was found.

"(3) Caneue—is *Canoe.*

"(4) Maeshowe is the name of a great mound in Orkney, which was opened in 1861. It contained a large central chamber, on the walls of which were cut numerous inscriptions in Scandinavian Runes.

"(5) 'Jerusalem-farers' is the literal translation of a word in one of the inscriptions applied to those who are recorded to have broken into the chamber, and who appear to have been a number of men collected by the Earl Ronald for the Crusades, who wintered in Orkney in the year 1153.

"(6) Desart, a middle-age word, applied to the retreats of the Celtic monks of Scotland and Ireland, from the Latin *Desertum.* The word enters into the topography of both countries; as for instance, the parish of Dysart in Scotland was the *Desert* of St. Serf, and Temple Disart is only one of many similar names in Ireland originating in the same way.

"(7) Bartholomew was a recluse, who spent his life on one of the Farne Islands; and his life was printed for the members of the Surtees Society.

"(8) Ferguson, whose autobiography is referred to, was James Ferguson, the astronomer, who from a very humble beginning, rose to the topmost height of scientific research. The circumstance in his career, which I brought under your husband's notice, is one which has always had a peculiar interest with me, and I felt sure it would appeal to the canon's warm heart. Ferguson, when a little boy, became the servant of James Glashan, my maternal great-grandfather. The lad used to go out to the fields at night after his work was over, and in his own rude fashion, make observations on the position and courses of the heavenly bodies, making fair copies on the following day of the hasty maps thus formed. On these occasions, and when his

in Loch Kinnord, which had been recently explored by Lady Huntly, and this serves to explain a reference in his letter, to a paper on the subject of these early remains which I had sent to him.

"His mind was open to an interest in everything which was possessed of historical association, and so you will see that he was pleased to have an account of mine of the great tomb in Orkney called 'Maeshowe,' with its runic inscriptions, of which I had been telling him when we met.

"At this time, however, he was full of enthusiasm on the history of the early saints and hermits. It happened that I was then on my way to the Abbey of Deer—the site of one of the Celtic Monasteries founded by St. Columba and his disciple St. Drostan—as I was engaged in the preparation of The Book of Deer,' a copy of the Gospels which had belonged to the early foundation, and I wished to identify the localities specified in the legend of its founder. There was thus a common ground of discussion between us, and I recollect that our conversation was prolonged to a late hour of the night. I had arranged to resume my journey on the following morning at an early hour, and hardly expected to see any of my friends; but just as I was preparing to take a hasty and solitary meal in the dining-room, the canon joined me and said, 'There are just one or two points in what we were speaking of last night, that I wish to have a farther talk about;' and so we resumed our discourse, which was prolonged till the moment when I had to say 'Good-bye.'

"I need hardly say that the hearty eagerness which your husband displayed in all even the minutest parts of the history of our Celtic Church and its missionary founders, was very charming, and that it led to a farther communication referred to in your letter."

TO W. PENGELLY, ESQ., F.G.S., &c.

EVERSLEY, *November* 7, 1867.

"I see in the last quarterly of the Geological Society, that Mr. D. Macintosh writes on the curving of 'Slate Laminæ in Somersetshire.'

"I don't know his address, but perhaps you may tell him from me, that there are remarkable instances thereof in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe. If I recollect right, S.W. of the town, the curvature is up the hill. I could never understand it. But the conception of a crawl-

plans required even more leisure for their success, the worthy master of this infant philosopher took the flail and did the work which required to be done, so as to give him the opportunity of working out his designs at leisure.

"GENERAL REGISTER HOUSE, EDINBURGH, *January*, 1876."

ing mass of ice explains it to me now, as it does many things which puzzled me in youth.

"I have been reading, I need not say with what pleasure, certain tracts of yours which I had not ere now time to study. I shall not intrude compliments on you, but come to a question.

"Among the 'Raised Beaches in Barnstaple Bay,' you take no notice of Northam Pebble Ridge. I have long considered this as a raised beach, because: 1. It is high above high-water mark. 2. I could never find any signs of accretion to it, the sea bottom outside being all smooth white sand. 3. Because a similar pebble ridge, as it seems to me, is forming, or has been formed, at Buckich Gore, running out far to sea northward, to the westward of the Ridge (four miles to the west), and intercepting any stones which may fall from the cliffs, at least between Bucks and Hartland Point. 4. Because beneath the pebble ridge at low tides, there are exposed beneath the sand, beds of blue clay and peat, seemingly homologous with the other sunken forests of West of England and North Wales.

"Now this bears on your Presidential address, p. 26, where you say that 'In no instance are the subaerial portions of the forests overlain by marine deposits beyond the reach of the waves at the existing level.' Of course, all depends on what you think the pebble ridge to be. I have looked at it long, and have come to the same conclusion as (I think) Phillips came. But that it is of the same era as the raised bedded beach of the north side—Braunton and Saunton (which I used to puzzle over as a boy, and which you have so well vindicated against Spence Bate), I do not say. It seems to me rather of the same era as certain raised shell beaches which I could show you about Hunstanton, on the north coast of Norfolk, which certainly seem to me later than the submerged post-pliocene forests of Brancaster, &c.

"Pardon my daring to differ from you in opinion."

TO MR. T. DIXON.

EVERSLEY, *Christmas*, 1867.

"Many thanks for the trouble which you have so kindly taken for me, and for the letters you have sent me.

"I am much surprised to hear of almshouses paying rates. The whole Poor-Law Question must be looked into. It has got into the hands of the small shopkeepers, as far as I can see, altogether. But as for shifting the burden of rates and taxes,—the true place to shift it, it seems to me, is on to the large shopkeepers and employers of labour, who rapidly grow rich, and therefore could endure a little more

taxation. As for putting it on the land—you cannot be aware that land does not now pay more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. to buy, so that the possession of it is a *luxury*, which only the rich can afford. This is owing to the heavy burdens which lie already on the (generally) exhausted and poor soil of England; and its effect is, that the land is drifting into too few hands. That happens by no privilege or injustice, but simply by supply and demand, there being so very few purchasers for the luxury of being a landowner. This is a serious evil, and a growing one. But I do not think that much shifting of taxes is needed—what is needed, is not squandering them when they are raised—and if there is that waste it must be the fault of the House of Commons, and nobody else. If we do not put good men into Parliament, we must be punished by our own folly. God grant the working men in their elections may choose honest and virtuous men (I don't care what their opinions are), leaving them as much *un*-pledged and free as possible, and trusting to their conscience and honour to do what is right."

He made acquaintance this year with Professor Shairp of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrew's, who thus recalls the meeting which was so welcome to Mr. Kingsley:

"Twice only was I privileged to meet him, but of both meetings I have a very vivid and pleasing remembrance.

"The first was in (I think) October, 1867, at Benson's Home, Wellington College. Mr. Kingsley came with your son Maurice to dinner; as there was no one there, but Benson and myself, we had his conversation all to ourselves. During dinner I remember his saying that whenever he was tired or out of spirits the book he most turned to was Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I expressed some surprise at this, saying that I thought Carlyle's, if a stimulating atmosphere, was certainly not a soothing but a disturbing one to me. Of this latter element, the soothing I mean, I think I said I found what came home to me far more in some of the best of Newman's 'Parochial Sermons'—not those which deal with controversial subjects, but those which dwell on great universal truths. Mr. Kingsley did not quite agree, and we had a good deal of friendly discussion arising out of this.

"Afterwards, in the drawing-room, he told me that he wished to know more minutely about our old Scottish ballads. I think he wished it for something he had on hand to write.

"We sat for a long time in close talk on the ballads; and I remember being much struck by his acquaintance, and still more with his fresh appreciation and insight into them—much keener, I thought,

than that of most educated Scotchmen. I was very sorry when the time came that evening when we had to rise and go. The only other time I met him was in July, 1872 (I think), at a garden-party given by the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta, in the Precincts. When I met Mr. Kingsley, he came aside from the throng, and we walked up and down on the grass for some time. I remember when I told him I was going to return to the Highlands, he said, with a sort of half sigh, 'Ah, yes!—those Highland hills—I wish I were among them,' and spoke with the deepest delight of what he had seen of them.

"Both times, whenever we met, I felt as if he had been an old friend. This, for many reasons, which you may guess."

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY.

"What is a National Freedman's Aid Union, which writes to me, and which has your name on it? What do they want to do?

"I am very glad these slaves are freed, at whatever cost of blood and treasure. But now—what *do* they want from us? There is infinite wild land for them to till. There is infinite political skill in the north to get them and the land in contact. There is infinite money in the north to furnish them with tools and seed; and there is, I hope, infinite common sense in the north to punish them as 'strong rogues and vagabonds' if they won't work.

"What do they ask our money for, over and above? I am personally shy of giving mine. The negro has had all I ever possessed; for emancipation ruined me. And yet I would be ruined a second time, if emancipation had to be done over again. I am no slave-holder at heart. But I have paid my share of the great bill, in Barbadoes and Demerara, with a vengeance; and don't see myself called on to pay other men's!

"But tell me what will be done with this money when it is got. For got it will be, in plenty. Is it to be spent in turning the south into a big Hayti of savage squatters? or as a rate in aid to keep these poor wretches from starving, which ought to be done by the American government. They have had the gain. They have made themselves by this war the biggest and most terrible nation on earth. What do they want with a rate in aid?"

TO HORACE FIELD, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *November* 3, 1867.

"I have just read a book of yours, called 'Heroism,' sent to me last

April, but mislaid. Pray excuse my seeming rudeness in not having before acknowledged it.

"I have been not only surprised, but deeply touched with much of it. It re-echoes much which I have felt and thought about the mystery of life; here and there there is (it seems to me) great wisdom and insight, and everywhere honesty and original thought and speech. I regret much that you have used the Swedenborgian nomenclature, and even spelling. Conjugial for conjugal, though allowed by a few Latin examples, is a pedantry on Swedenborg's part, which must not be followed, save by those who wish to make themselves answerable in the world's eyes for all his peculiarities. So of 'angels' and 'devils,'—quite agreeing with your general meaning, and of 'heaven' and 'hell.' I must say that in the dense ignorance and stupidity with which we are just now surrounded, you had better not use these words as you do, without previous definition, or you will be supposed to be a mere supporter of the very popular superstitions of the mediæval Church, with which you exactly do *not* agree. But of your belief in a special providence, of a perpetual education of men by evil as well as good, by small things as well as great, I cannot speak too highly. If I did not believe that, I could believe nothing; and your book is delightful to me, because I find one other man in England who does believe it. The explanation which you give, goes for little with me. It is as good as any other I ever heard; perhaps better; but what comforts me, is the recognition of the fact by one pious man, who yet believes in physical science and political economy.

"If I were to advise you—it would be, read and study Darwin. In him you will find a justification for much which you have said—and an explanation—without troubling your mind with merely mediæval devils (who have no ground of existence in any facts known to me), of much which you have said.

"I should like very much to hear from you, and beg you to forgive the seeming neglect of my not having acknowledged your book till now."

The following letters may be valuable to stammerers. His own great mental suffering from this cause made him most anxious to help others. They were the rules he had arrived at in his own case after years of observation:

TO L. T., ESQ.

July 3, 1867.

I have seldom known a worse case than my own. As for stammer-

ing, I believe it to be perfectly curable, by the most simple and truly scientific rules—if persevered in. The great obstacles to cure are—1. Youth, which prevents attention and force of will. 2. In after life, nervous debility of any kind.

"But with the cure of stammering, nervous debility decreases, owing to the more regular respiration, and therefore more perfect oxygenation of the blood, and so the health improves with the speech.

"Try a simple experiment, it is an old and notorious method. Before beginning to speak, take two or three deep breaths, and always breathe at a stop, so as to prevent doing what all old stammerers do, speaking with an empty lung.

"Take a pair of very light dumb-bells and exercise your chest with them, taking care to *in*-spire deeply when you raise them over your head, and when (consequently) the ribs are raised, and the lungs expanded. Do this slowly and quietly, and I think you will find, though it will not cure you, yet it will relieve and literally *comfort* your breathing enough to give you confidence in my hints."

TO MISS ———.

"You can cure yourself, or all but cure yourself in three months, without any one observing it, if you will think over, and practise, what follows, and which is a matter of simple common sense.

"And you *must* try; or you will find your health and spirits fail you. Especially you will find your chest contract from the effort to force your breath out by unnatural means.

"Now, you stammer mainly because your upper teeth, like mine, shut over the lower ones. Therefore, if you do not open your mouth wide, your breath is forced out between your teeth, with great exertion, instead of between your lips. If the breath goes out between the lips, then the lips can act on it to form the consonants; and you can *articulate*. If not, you cannot.

"Therefore you must first open your mouth wide when you speak. You will be afraid to do so at first, lest people remark it. They will not. Every one opens ~~their~~ mouths, and therefore *they only observe a person who does not.*

"If you find it difficult to speak with your mouth open (and it will very likely give you pain in the ear at first, but only at first), get a bit of cork, cut it about so thick ——, and put it between your back teeth, and speak so. By-the-bye, if your back teeth are bad, you ought to get rid of them, and have false teeth. Toothache and bad teeth are very bad for this complaint.

"You *must* practise reading out loud to yourself, opening your mouth at the vowels as wide as you can, and perhaps keeping the cork in at first, till you have made a habit of it. Begin by reading *poetry* (which is easiest) the first thing in the morning, and then again in the evening before dinner.

"Read for a quarter of an hour each time. Then try prose. But always keep up reading aloud, for months to come, or even for years.

"2. You must, in reading and in speaking, *mind your stops.* You have been in the habit of speaking from an *empty* lung. You must learn to speak from a *full* one. For if there is no wind in the organ-bellows, the pipes will not sound; and also, an empty lung is an unwholesome and injurious thing. For if there is no air in the lungs, the blood is not oxygenated. The more you read aloud, from a full lung, the stronger and healthier, and more cheerful you will feel; for air is the finest of all tonics.

"Now how to do this. Before beginning to read, take two or three long full breaths. And also (and this is an excellent rule) before you begin to speak to any one, especially if you are nervous, take two or three breaths and then open your mouth and speak. You will find the nervousness go, and the words come out, as by miracle. Remember Balaam's ass could not speak, till his 'mouth was opened.'

"At each full stop, you should stop, and take a long breath; at a colon, a less full, at a semi-colon less, at a comma less still. But keep *sacredly* to the *habit of breathing at every stop.* Read and speak SLOW; and *take care of the consonants, and the vowels will take care of themselves.*

"And how to take care of the consonants? By taking care of the tongue and lips.

"Now if you will watch any one who speaks beautifully you will see, that the tongue lies quite quiet, on a level with the lower front teeth, and never flies up in the mouth. You will see also that they use their lips a great deal; and form the consonants with them. But you will see also, that they keep the *upper* lip down and still, so that the upper front teeth are hardly seen at all; while they move the under lip a great deal, making it play upon the upper. Watch the Bishop of Winchester (S. Wilberforce), or Bright, or any great actress, and you will see this.

"Now, I know (though I have not seen) that your tongue flies about in your mouth. It did in mine: it always does, because it is trying to do the work which the lips should do. So get into the habit of determinately keeping it down. You will find it easy enough after a while. But at first, when you speak and read, always be sure that you can feel your lower teeth against the tip of your tongue. I know a beautiful

great lady who lets her tongue fly about in her mouth, and consequently you often cannot understand her.

"Also keep your upper lip down, and right over your upper teeth, and pronounce the consonants with your lower lip against them. Some people will pronounce the consonants against the upper teeth, instead of the lip, and let the lip fly up. But it is dangerous. One of the most beautiful people I know does that when she is excited; and then you can hardly understand her.

"Practise this (as I used) before a looking glass, to see that your upper lip is down tight, your mouth open, and your tongue lying low and still; and after a very little while, you will find it quite easy, because it is quite natural; because your organs will have returned to their natural uses, and you will be speaking like other people.

"Lastly, use some sort of exercises morning and evening to expand your chest. Raising your arms over your head a few dozen times is as good as anything—or Indian clubs—or something of that kind. Anything to raise the ribs and expand the chest.

"If you will attend to these rules, you can cure yourself. You will fail and fall back often. Never mind. You will succeed better and better each time, till habit becomes nature. I stammered far worse till I was five-and-thirty, or forty almost. But you are young, and can do what you choose easily.

"Do not be discouraged about your lips. You will soon acquire the power of moving the under while you keep the upper still, if *you take pains to open your mouth wide.*

. . . . . .

"Summa:—1. Open your mouth. 2. Take full breaths and plenty of them, and mind your stops. 3. Keep your tongue quiet. 4. Keep your upper lip down. 5. Use your lower lip. 6. Read to yourself out loud. 7. Read and speak slow, slow, slow."

CHAPTER XXV.

1868.

AGED 49.

ATTACKS OF THE PRESS — LECTURES ON SIXTEENTH CENTURY — LILLY'S EUPHUES—LAY-HELP—MR. LONGFELLOW—LETTERS ON EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION—ON MILITARY EDUCATION—NEWMAN'S DREAM OF ST. GERONTIUS—SANDHURST—COMTISM—SIR HENRY TAYLOR ON CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT—LETTER FROM MR. DUNN—PROPOSED VISIT TO WEST INDIES—ICE ACTION IN SCOTLAND—LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM HARRISON.

"LIFE, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

WORDSWORTH.

"It is the best commentary on that epitome of the life of Christ which presents itself in its most splendid originality—that 'He went about doing good.' It is the point which the rarest and noblest of his followers have found it most difficult to imitate; it is the point in which His life transcended most absolutely the ideal of the attainments of His very greatest forerunners. The seclusion of the hermit, the self-maceration of the ascetic, the rapture of the mystic—all these are easier and more common than the unwearied toil of a self-renouncing love."—CANON FARRAR.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE professorial lectures this year were on the 16th century, and were crowded, as usual; but the severe attacks on his teaching in two leading newspapers in the preceding autumn had inclined him, for the honour of his University and for his own honour, to resign his post. But as he believed that both attacks sprang from some personal feeling, he thought it best, before sending in his resignation, to consult some of the Cambridge authorities, on whose friendship and impartiality he could rely. They strongly advised him to retain the Professorship, and on their advice, though the work was too heavy for him, he determined to keep it on for at least another year.

Writing home at this time he says:

"I have been very unhappy about your unhappiness about me, and cannot bear to think of your having a pang on my account. But you must remember that these battles and this abuse, painful as they may be, are what every man has to go through who attains any mark, or does any good in the world. Think how far more obloquy was gone through by Buckland, Milman, Maurice, Hare, Stanley, Robertson, Arnold; they have all had to fight their fight. But they conquered, and so shall I, please God, in spite of my mistakes. . . . . In the meantime I will keep out of war, and *do the duty that lies nearest me*, that all may be well. So pray comfort yourself and think cheerfully and hopefully of the future, which after all is not so very dark, if one looks at it fairly. . . . ."

". . . . . I have got well through my lecture on Paracelsus. I should think there were a hundred men there, and the Public Orator and Wright—only about fifteen cards. So the men came for love. Then I heard a noble lecture from Mr. Maurice, and walked with him. I told my men to-day to read something of his. I am quite happy in the

thought of being home on Saturday with my work done. My mother's illness is a sufficient reason for my return." . . . .

Professor Max Müller, in speaking of "The Roman and Teuton," which was more severely criticised than any of Mr. Kingsley's works, says:

"His lectures were more largely attended than any in Cambridge, and they produced a permanent impression on many a young mind. They contain the thoughts of a poet and a moralist, a politician, a theologian, and before all, of a friend and counsellor of young men while reading for them and with them one of the most awful periods in the history of mankind, the agonies of a dying empire, and the birth of new nationalities. History was but his text, his chief aim was that of the teacher and preacher, and as an eloquent interpreter of the purposes of history before an audience of young men to whom history is but too often a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be ready against periodical examinations, he achieved what he wished to achieve. . . . . According to the unanimous testimony of those who heard them delivered, they stirred up the interest of young men, and made them ask for books which undergraduates had never asked for before at the University Library."*

That he was doing a work among the undergraduates, there are many who will testify; and at the day when the history of all hearts shall be revealed, and perhaps not till then, will it be known how many young men owe the first dawn of a manly spiritual life to the very lectures on which severe strictures were passed.

The Rev. J. Pulliblank, of Liverpool, thus recalls his influence on him in his own undergraduate days:

"I revered and still revere your husband, and can never tell anybody how much I owe him, until 'in that high place' I can speak out and tell *him* all. I find a few memoranda, written in a note-book at the time, at Cambridge. After a lecture I think on the French Revolution or on the colonization of America,—'We have not yet reached,' he said, 'and I know not when we shall reach, the true aristocracy, when the ἄριστοι, the *best* men, shall have the governing of our country; but thus much

* Preface to "The Roman and Teuton," by Max Müller, 1875.

I do know, that we shall at last come to it, and that we pray for it every time we use the Lord's Prayer. "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth*, as it is in Heaven. Thy name be hallowed."' The underscored words marked by that pause, which was so deeply significant. In G. R. Crotch's rooms, conversation arose about the delay of some reform. Somebody said 'public opinion' wanted awakening. Prof. Kingsley: 'It is not the many who reform the world, but the few, who rise superior to that public opinion which crucified our Lord many years ago.'

"In E. H. Palmer's (now Professor Palmer's) rooms, March 23, 1868, the talk was about the state of nature and the natural man, in which one of us young men propounded some advanced views. Professor Kingsley agreed, till an example was given—viz., the N. American Indian. Then he said, 'No, no, that I won't grant; the savage is not a natural man, but a most unnatural beast, playing all manner of unnatural and unwholesome pranks upon himself.' Then I remember he went on with what was a favourite topic of his, that civilization seems the only natural state for man, because savage races are decaying even before civilization touches them. He instanced the North American Indian, and said that European civilization, bad as it was, did not kill them; they were dying out before ever a white man set eyes on the New World.

"I had the rare pleasure of sitting next to Prof. Kingsley at several of Prof. Maurice's lectures on 'Conscience.' One day, Maurice was speaking of the inadequacy of Mr. Bain's theory of conscience as tested by facts (Lecture III.), Prof. Kingsley's fighting blood was evidently roused, and when Nelson's famous signal was referred to (it was quoted, though it is not printed in the Lectures), I had to shrink into very small compass, for a strong right hand, shot out straight from the shoulder, passed quite as near as was pleasant to my face. I looked and saw that Prof. Kingsley could not see for tears. Then Maurice went on to quote Sir Hastings Doyle's lines on the 'Sinking of the Birkenhead,' and at the end we all rose, as near to tears as to anything else, and cheered. Two or three days afterwards, just a few words in one of Prof. Kingsley's lecture: 'You who come to this room on the other days of the week, know from one who can teach you, and me also—(God grant that we may learn) what *duty* is.'"

Happily he was well and vigorous this year, and had so much work on hand in his parish and with his pen, that he had not time to be depressed by the attacks of the press. He began his little history of the Hermits for the "Sunday Library;" brought

out a series of Papers for Children on Natural Science in "Good Words for the Young," called, "Madam How and Lady Why;" lectured for the Hampshire Diocesan Society; preached at Whitehall and St. James's London, at Sandringham, and at Windsor; and got through nearly sixteen volumes of Comte's works, in preparation for his next year's lectures at Cambridge.

TO MR. T. DIXON.

EVERSLEY, *Friday, January* 17, 1868.

"I send you a letter about the land question, which you can use as you like. I think if you will go over it with any neighbouring farmer, you will find it pretty right; and if he will alter prices, from my south country estimates to your north country ones, it will be, I think, valuable to quiet the minds of many who think they could do better than now, if the land was in their hands, being ignorant that agriculture is the least paying trade (in England) that a man can follow *owing to the general exhaustion of all the good soils.*

"We got your MSS. and the story-books—which last delighted me. I have not seen the 'Builder' on Home Colonization. I have not so much hope of it in England as I had; but if it could be applied to Ireland, it might do well. There is a remarkable letter in yesterday or the day before's 'Times' (in small type) on colonization for Ireland. But *emigration* is the thing. Mr. Walter, of Bearwood, is just back from America, and advising every man who is ill at ease here, to go to Canada or the United States; either (he says) will make a man and a yeoman of him at once.

"I am pleased with what you say of your father. Give me the man, who, like the old middle-age master workers, is not ashamed to teach his men by doing their work with them. *That* spirit is dying now in manufacturers and shopkeepers. Really, the country squires, who are many of them good practical farmers, and do not think it below them to use their own hands at hard labour, are the only examples left. My father would have put his hand to a spade or an axe with any man, and so could I pretty well, too, when I was in my prime, and my eldest son is now working with his own hands at farming, previous to emigrating to South America, where he will do the drudgery of his own cattle-pens and sheep-folds; and if I were twenty-four and unmarried, I would go out there too, and work like an Englishman, and live by the sweat of my brow."

January 25, 1868.

"I return your interesting and sad letter. One comfort for your

relative is, that in America she can be mistress of her own property, and not ruined, as well as ill-used, by a bad husband.

"I cannot but think that you might find worthy capitalists round you who would advance money for a scheme even temporary, for employing the poor fellows on breaking up waste land. But if they are not accustomed to it they will find it terrible work. I have handled spade and fork myself at it many an hour, and *know*. Our lads here can do it, because the one set of muscles get hardened to it from youth; but only the strong ones can make much wages at it.

"Ah, that advice which I used to give twenty years ago had been taken! That the trades' unions would have organized an emigration committee for each trade, and chosen by ballot a certain number to emigrate every year, on funds furnished by the society; then things might have been different. But they had not confidence enough in each other, and were unwilling to sacrifice a portion of their earnings to set some of their number up in affluence and comfort; and so, penny wise and pound foolish, have spent tens of thousands in doing nothing, where they might have spent thousands in doing permanent good.

"As for the Emperor, who shall speak to him? He is one of those who has seen the good and chosen the evil. He *knew* (his writings show it) what he ought to do. But he put himself on the throne by the help of the army and the priests; and he has been their slave ever since. And now he is growing old and weak, and has no force left to free himself from the net which he has wound about his own feet; and when he dies, God help France. But the man (to do him justice) has done all the good he could in the employment which he has given, which has been enormous; and the working people love him for that, and ought to do so. But his whole career is proving, and will prove more when it is over, that there is a Providence which rules this earth, whose name is neither Political Economy, nor Expediency, but The Living God, who makes every right action reward, and every wrong action punish, *itself*."

Mr. Kingsley was now asked to write a preface to a reprint of Lilly's "Euphues," one of his most treasured books, and he writes in answer:

"Your letter followed me to Sandringham, or I would have answered at once. I am delighted, but not surprised, to find that you and Professor Morley appreciate Euphues. I preached a bit of him at Sandringham on Sunday, as good doctrine: 'Tis virtue, gentlemen, that maketh the poor rich, the base-born noble, the deformed beautiful, the subject a

sovereign,' &c. One of the finest things in the English language. . . . . I fear that Scott has done the book lasting harm (probably he never read it through), and I do not feel inclined to write a preface to it. What I would do, would be to review it, and spread it in all ways among young men and young women over whom I have influence."

TO HON. AND REV. H. LYTTELTON.

March 22, 1868.

". . . . I am exceedingly obliged to you for doing me the honour of asking my criticism. I have none to give save complete approval.

"If you can show that lay-preaching is legal (which is greatly to be desired—and I am heartily glad to find that you are of that opinion), I should advise by all means your trying the experiment. I do not think that you will get a list of clergymen who will be 'practically acquainted with the subjects assigned,' in most cases; while it would be pitiable if you could not, on the ground of their being laymen, avail yourself of the services of many a good Christian. Such a man as Mallet,* for instance, of the Board of Trade, whose views on pauperism, and on political economy in general, are as Christian as they are scientific. Your notion of discussion afterwards, which should re-act upon the clergy, is also very good."

TO REV. SIR WM. COPE, BART.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *May* 2, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM COPE,

"I find that your Newman's poems have been returned without my expressing my opinion of the Dream of Gerontius. I read the Dream with awe and admiration. However utterly I may differ from the *entourage* in which Dr. Newman's present creed surrounds the central idea, I must feel that that central idea is as true as it is noble, and it, as I suppose, is this: The longing of the soul to behold Deity, converted by the mere act of sight, into a self-abasement and self-annihilation so utter, that the soul is ready, even glad, to be hurled back to any depth, to endure any pain, from the moment that it becomes aware of God's actual perfection and its own utter impurity and meanness.

"How poor my words are in expressing in prose what Dr. N. has exprest in poetry, I am well aware. But I am thankful to any man, who under any parabolic, or even questionably true forms, will teach that

* Sir Louis Mallet.

to a generation which is losing more and more the sense of reverence, and beginning confessedly to hate excellence for its own sake, as the Greek ostracised Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the Just. As for the mocking of the fiends, I did not feel with the Bishop of Oxford that it indicated any possibility of unbelief, but rather showed merely that Dr. N. had looked fairly at the other side of a great question, and dare say the worst which can be said on it, which he would not have dared to do, had he not made up his mind. Jean Paul Richter says somewhere, that no man believes his own creed thoroughly till he can afford to jest about it, a daring paradox, which seems to be fulfilled in Dr. N. But there was much in Gerontius, as in the rest of the book, which shocked and pained me much, and which will continue so to do."

After his first introduction to Mr. Longfellow, whom he was invited to meet at dinner on his arrival from America, he writes to his wife:

". . . . I have seen Mr. Longfellow. The dinner last night was a success, and all went well. Tennyson was not there, but Maurice and the Orator (W. G. Clark of Trinity), who had come all the way from Cambridge. Longfellow is far handsomer and nobler than his portraits make him. I do not think I ever saw a finer human face. I had an opportunity of telling him something of what we all felt for him, and of the good work he had done in England, and to get a promise out of him that he would come and see us when he comes back in May. He had three very pleasant gentleman-like Americans with him. I kept in the background and talked to them." . . . .

In the spring of this year he was consulted by a friend in the army, who was deeply interested in the subject of military education, on the state of Sandhurst. A Military Education Commission had recently been proposed by Lord Eustace Cecil, on which some officers wished to see Mr. Kingsley placed. This wish, however, was not carried into effect; there being those in the Government (at that time a Conservative one) who thought him too much of a reformer.

The two following letters on this subject are interesting as showing his opinion of what alone could benefit Sandhurst, and these proposed changes, though not at his suggestion, have been in some measure carried out since:

TO CAPTAIN ——.

EVERSLEY, *June* 12, 1868.

"I have no time (never less) to write on the Sandhurst matter; but as for facts, I do know a man who has had as many opportunities as any man of knowing the conduct of cadets *outside*, and if he is willing to say what he knows (which hardly any one is) I will put him in communication with you. But you will do very little good, I warn you, because beside the military party which may wish to keep things as they are, the whole of the dissenting radical party will be opposed to any real reform of the thing. They are glad enough to revile its faults, but would be sorry to see them amended, lest it should become strong and popular.

"Moreover, you will not mend Sandhurst till you mend the education given at schools. A Sandhurst lad's time is taken up there in learning what he ought to have learnt at school.

"What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got. The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people."

. . . . . .

EVERSLEY, *July* 15, 1868.

"I have received a note from Lord Eustace Cecil, asking me whether I would give evidence before the Military Education Committee, and if I could speak with any knowledge upon the education and discipline of Sandhurst.

"I have declined, and said that my knowledge of Sandhurst being principally second-hand was not available as evidence. It is plainly a very different thing to be an enquirer, and to be the person enquired of.

"Moreover, I object much just now to give any evidence which may justify, or seem to justify, the press in raising an outcry for putting Sandhurst, and military education in general, under the control of the House of Commons. That body has a great deal too much to do already; and the worst management possible for Sandhurst under military men would be better, and more practical, than management by a House of Commons, who would make the subject a party question. It is the duty of every soldier to preserve the army for the Queen, and not to let it be pulled about hither and thither by a body, the majority of which will more and more dislike, and long to abolish, the army, as an organ of authority and central order.

"What should be done with Sandhurst is: 1. Either to make it a mere finishing college, for one year, for young men who have already been through public schools, and have there learnt self-government, by

having got into the fifth or sixth forms, and to treat such young men with the full liberty and confidence which they have at the universities. This would be the best plan; but failing that, Sandhurst should be turned into a thorough public school, taking lads in at 13 or 14, or even 12, and conducting their whole education till they enter the army. In either case, all the teachers and other officers should be military men, who should not be shelved by becoming Sandhurst professors, but have their time there, which should not be more than five years, counted to them as if they were with their regiments, and all such teachers should have gone through the Staff College.

"Only those lads who passed through Sandhurst with honour should go into the army by direct commission. Those who did not should be turned into the world (as from other public schools), and not be allowed to enter by purchase, as having already proved themselves incompetent.

"Much as I dislike any professional education, whether for the church, or the army, or any other business, I think that this plan would be far better than the present.

"The chaplain, if he is to have any moral influence, should be always a young man, a scholar, a gentleman, and an athletic genial man—such as can be found by dozens at the universities. And his post should be only for five or seven years, never a permanent and shelving one.

"I should allow corporal punishment in the case of the younger boys; but as military men would naturally dislike (as I do) to inflict it, I should allow (as in several public schools) the prefects the power of the cane, and in all things give them the same rights and powers as they hold in public schools, and demand from them the same honour and sense of public responsibility."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *September* 10, 1868.

". . . . I have been reading with great delight (and have lent my curate, Harrison) your 'Lectures on Conscience,' for which I thank you very much indeed. Those which I heard, I gain more from, now that I can ponder them over in print. I feel more and more that the root of the matter is in your view; and I am very glad to see that Rolleston of Oxford, in an address he has just sent me, gives in his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine that the I is the man, and has nothing to do with physiology at all. The present tendency of physiologists to deny psychology and metaphysic, for the sake of making man a function of his own brain, which is done by a psychology and a metaphysic of their

own inventing, though they call it by a different name, must be combated, or we shall all drift together into some sort of Comtism.

"I am hard at work, for some time past, at Comte. I will not trouble you yet with my opinions on him. A great deal of what he says is by no means new to me meanwhile, so that I am not dazzled by it, though at times it is difficult not to be cowed by his self-sufficient glibness and cheerfully naïve sophistry. But I cannot but hope that my love for natural science, and practice in inductive processes, may be of use to me in forming a fair estimate of him on his own ground. As far as I have gone, I suspect more and more that he is not an inductive (the only truly positive) philosopher, but a mere systematizer and classifier. As for the 'laws' on which he determines the 'evolution' of the middle age and sixteenth century, they seem to me a set of mere maxims worthy of Polonius. His great discovery of the three stages of the human mind I don't believe at all, even though fetichism were the first stage, which is not proved. But of all this I must talk to you. I hope to come up to Cambridge a while next term for that very purpose, and to lecture the whole of the Lent Term on these matters. My notion is, to take your 'Kingdom of Christ,' Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and Bunsen's 'God in History,' and show the men how you all three hold one view (under differences), and Comte and all who are on his side an absolutely different one.

"Whether God will give me understanding to do this decently, or at all, is another question; but I shall think of nothing else between now and then. I am quite well again, and as busy as the day is long.

"We have had letters from Maurice from Lisbon and Bahia, full of spirits and information, and are expecting daily one from Rio. He has ere now, please God, reached his destination."

EVERSLEY, *Oct.* 23, 1868.

"I shall be in Cambridge for three or four days in the first week of November. I want much to have serious talk with you about Comte and his school. My heart is very full of it, as well as my head. The very air seems full of Comtism. Certainly the press is; and how to make head against the growing unbelief in any God worth calling a God is more than I can see.

"I have read nearly the first volume of Bunsen's life, which has at once elevated and humiliated me. But now Bunsen would be written down by the whole press as a mystic dreamer, if not a Tartuffe. We have had much pleasant talk about you at Broadlands, with its host and hostess."

On receiving a pamphlet from Sir Henry (then Mr.) Taylor on crime and how to deal with it, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, he writes:

TO HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *December* 26, 1863.

"I have to thank you for your able and rational pamphlet.* How far Mr. Gladstone will be able to act upon its suggestions is a question by no means hopeful. As against any just and rational treatment of crime, two influences are at work now.

"1. The effeminacy of the middle class, which never having in its life felt bodily pain (unless it has the toothache) looks on such pain as the worst of all evils. My experience of the shopkeeping class (from which juries are taken) will hardly coincide with yours. You seem, page 19, to think them a hardier and less dainty class than our own. I find that even in the prime of youth they shrink from (and are often unable to bear, from physical neglect of training) fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by an average public schoolboy. I think that Mill and those of his school are aware of this, and look on it with disfavour and dread, as an instinct of that 'military class' whom they would (whether justly or not) destroy; and that from the 'extreme left' of thought you would have heavy opposition on this ground, and also because,

"2. The tendency of their speculations is more and more to the theory that man is not a responsible person, but a result of all the circumstances of his existence; and that therefore if anything or person is responsible for a crime, it is the whole circumambient universe. Doubtless, men who utterly believed this might be as Draconic towards human beings, as towards wasps and snakes, exterminating the bad as failures of nature, not as criminals. But the average folk, who only half believe this theory, supplement it by a half belief in the human responsibility of a criminal, a confusion which issues in this:

"The man is not responsible for his faults. They are to be imputed to circumstance. But he is responsible for, and therefore to be valued solely by, his virtues. They are to be imputed to himself. An ethical theorem, which you may find largely illustrated in Dickens's books, at least as regards the lower and middle classes.

"Hence the tendency of the half-educated masses in England will be (unless under panic) toward an irrational and sentimental leniency.

* On Crime and its Punishment.

"As for corporal punishment; after having long objected to it, even in the case of boys, I have come round in the last ten years to a full concurrence with what you say about it in your pamphlet.*

"On one point alone I hesitate to agree with you. Direct legislation against drunkenness, as such, will be very difficult to work fairly, because drunkenness is so very undefined and gradual a state. Where the drunkard has committed a breach of the peace, or used language likely to provoke the same, the course would be clear. But short of that, I fear lest the policeman would become the judge of who was drunk and who sober; a power which would involve the chance of terrible extortion of money from monied men. On the other hand, it seems clear to me that any person convicted repeatedly of being drunk and disorderly, is a fit subject for penal servitude."

January 5, 1868.

"I am sorry: but pleased. Sorry that you should have taken the trouble to write me a second letter, after a first one, which was all and more than I had a right to wish for; glad that I see your handwriting a second time; and that your second letter contains a kind word from Mrs. Taylor, to whom pray remember me.

"I am glad to hear that your pamphlet is attracting the attention which it deserves. Believe me you are one whom I regard with deep respect and admiration, and your opinion will always, in any and every matter, have great weight with me. In these confused days, one takes refuge more and more with those who, in addition to cultivated minds, keep their chivalry and old-fashioned principle."

He made at this time the personal acquaintance of Mr. Henry Dunn, of Blackheath, author of several very suggestive works that had interested him deeply,† and had the pleasure of receiving him at the Rectory. Mr. Dunn thus recalls their meeting:

"I have a very lively and most pleasant recollection of my visit to Eversley. Especially do I remember with abiding interest a conversation I had with your husband during a somewhat lengthened walk. We had

* In case of boys, however, he objected to flogging for any offences, except bullying and cruelty, believing that in boys, as well as in little children, falsehood is often the result of the fear of corporal punishment.

† "Destiny of the Human Race," "On the Study of the Bible," "The Kingdom of God," &c.

been speaking of the evangelical party in the Church of England, and of the unhappy tendency sometimes manifested by their writers to revile those who differ from them, when Mr. Kingsley, as if glad of the opportunity, enlarged on their many excellencies, and on the good they had been permitted to accomplish. There was a generosity of tone in all that he said which greatly excited my admiration. Recollecting how often he had himself received injuries in that quarter, I felt afresh the beauty and force of the apostle's words 'not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.' Passing on we came in sight of a poor labouring man employed in field work, to whom Mr. Kingsley called my attention, and then said, 'he is one of my dissenting parishioners, a Baptist and a high Calvinist. He is ignorant and often mistaken in his interpretations of Scripture, but I honour him. He is a good man, well acquainted with his Bible, and conscientiously living according to the light he has. Why should we quarrel?'

"This absence of all assumed superiority over a poor, uninstructed, and perhaps conceited man, and the glad recognition of good in a class who are often provoking, was to me a very instructive example. Some further exchange of thought on the lessons God teaches us through humiliations occasioned by the remembrance of past sins and imprudences brought our conversation to a close, and left on my mind some very salutary impressions. I felt that Mr. Kingsley's genius and varied talent, his peculiar rapidity of thought, and the incessant excitement of his mind, were blended with a spirituality far deeper than that of many who, however devoted, are but too ready to sit in judgment on others, and to censure whatever they cannot understand. It has often been said that the best of a man is to be seen in his books. But it is not always so. Admirable as those of Mr. Kingsley are, I, for one, on this occasion, could not but feel that their writer had 'hidden life,' unexpressed in his publications, which excelled them all."

TO J. A. FROUDE, ESQ.

December 23, 1868.

"Thanks for your note. I quite agree that the contrast between the men and the institutions they worked, is tragical enough. A sadder tragedy is the contrast between the men and the institutions they made. All that—and all that I know so intimately in Sprenger, Debrio, &c., of witch torture, &c., was *made* by these men. They wrote folios on it—each worse than the one before. I have many, and think I know all which are worth being known. And if I had ever found, in a single document, a passing sigh or tear—a passing regret for having to do the thing—

if I had ever found anything more human than Sprenger's licking his lips over the poor 'pinguis et satispulchra' (his own words), whom he stripped, tortured, and burnt, I could agree with those who want these things to be forgotten. But as long as I live, they shall never be forgotten. The spirit of . . . . prurience and hysteria which dictated them lives still; and as long as it lives, men who have wives and daughters must protest, wisely or foolishly, in season or out, against that which is not dead, and would gladly do more than live once more. As for 'the softening influences of civilization,' I will believe in them when I see men obeying them, without (as now) being compelled to do so by laws and soldiers."

TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

EVERSLEY, *December* 30, 1868.

"At last I find time to sit down and answer at leisure your most kind letter. If you knew the amount of work which has fallen on me lately, from much sickness in the parish, and when I was overwhelmed with more literary work than I could get through, you would excuse my long silence. I need not say how glad I am to find that you approve of my plan of going out to the West Indies, and how grateful I am for offers of advice. Our plans stand at present thus. After my Cambridge lectures, R. and I hope to sail on the 2nd of April,* and to pass some six weeks in Trinidad. There is much chance that my host (Governor Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's youngest son) and I shall be able to go on (as he went last year) to Caraccas, on Humboldt's track, and visit the famous Guacharo caves. Meanwhile, our hope is that Maurice will be able to join us, and prospect with me for land in Trinidad, and I am anxious that he should settle under the British flag, and not amid ruffians (as he describes them) like the Argentine Spaniards,† under a government in whose stability and morals I have no faith. There are, I am assured by Mr. Gordon, good government lands in Trinidad to be had at nominal rents, and a great future prospect of English colonization in the Cumana district of Venezuela, on the opposite shore of the Gulf of Paria. In any case, the lad will bring up to us, for transmission home, the insects, &c., which he is collecting in Entre Rios, and we three shall do our best to collect in Trinidad. Newton, John Clark, and Crotch are going to give us all needful hints as to zoology, but to you I must come for botanical hints. 'Griesbach's Flora' I know of, and shall of course be glad to

* The voyage was postponed to December 2, so as to ensure the healthy season

† In Entre Rios, South America.

know more. Meanwhile, I am studying at odd hours, 'Lindley's Vegetable Kingdom,' for the general sketch of the families which I may be likely to see. But the best book is De Verteuil's Trinidad (now rare), which I hope to be able to show you this spring. It contains botanical and zoological catalogues (the birds by Leoland, who has published a large illustrated work on the birds of Trinidad). But I can only, for the present, look out for what may be known, as all my time must go to preparing my Cambridge lectures.

"Meanwhile, I look forward to learning much in conversation with you, if you will allow me the privilege, and comfort myself with the thought that I can read all the way to the West Indies, being a good sailor. R., too, longs to be taught by you; she is full of enthusiasm for natural history, but I think butterflies and beetles are likely to be her specialities, and she threatens (I trust she will not carry out the threat) to come home loaded with live monkeys, ant-eaters, and parrots. Some good skeletons at least must be got for the Cambridge Museum, and if possible a collection of birds' skins.

"And now, to thank you again for your letter, and to wish from us all to Lady B. and to you all Christmas blessings."

TO PROFESSOR GEIKIE.

EVERSLEY, *November* 30, 1868.

"Macmillan tells me, to my surprise and pleasure, that you wish to hear from me as to what I saw of ice-work on Dee-side this time last year. Anything that I can say can be of very little use to you, but here it is, or a sketch of it.

"All I saw corroborated your theory and no other. I found the mountains shaved off to one height; Lochnagar not a peak, but the highest point of a set of sloping ridges, from which (I presume) glaciers had slipped downwards, and then worn out into cliffs and corries by subsequent air-denudation. The whole Balmoral estate seemed scooped, first by ice and then by rain and rivers, out of a great plateau which had joined the top of Lochnagar. That this scooping was at first done by ice I conclude, because I found on the top of the Coile Hills (*vide* McGillivray) blocks of Lochnagar granite in streams between ice-polished knobs of serpentine, about 1700 feet high. Also at the Linn of Muic I found ice-worn rock in the waterfall, well distinguished from the water-worn, denoting that at a later period the valley of the Muic had still carried its glacier to the Dee from the back of Lochnagar—and a hundred similar cases.

"When I meet you I will go over on the Ordnance map a good deal

of ice-geography of this kind. I found no boulders which need have been transported by icebergs, everywhere thousands which may have come in an ice-sheet either from Lochnagar or the Cairngorms at the valley-head. Morven, with its hornblende rocks, was scattered over with granite blocks to within 300 feet of the summit, and *all round it;* as if the ice-sheet had been continuous over the top. As for the boulders in the silt of Dee, which seemed some 40 feet deep, they were of all kinds, from the Cairngorm and Lochnagar ranges, and no water which I saw could have moved them thither. Ice had brought them: water rounded them after. The great moraine deposit was the Moor of Dinnett, where three glaciers, one from Lochnagar, one from the Cairngorms by Braemar, and one out of the great ice-hollow of Logie Coldstone, &c., under Morven (which ran over into the valley of the Don, as I can prove by the blocks on the slap between the two watersheds), had met. The silt lies in circular pits, in banks, and in very strange forms of dry rubbish, shot for miles of flat low moor from 50—200 feet above the Dee, judging by the eye.

"I have much more to tell in detail, but all I saw was explained by your admirable little book."

In addition to the Penny Readings in the parish, the Rector had opened a reading-room for the men, for which books, bagatelle-boards, and various games were provided. He made it a self-governed club, and sanctioned the managers having in a cask of good beer, each glass to be paid for on the spot, in hopes it would prevent their going to the public-houses on their way home. The men drew up their own rules under his eye; and for a winter or two it succeeded, but the scattered population made difficulties, and the attraction of seven public-houses in a parish of only 800 inhabitants, was after a time too strong for the young men—the reading-room languished, and eventually was shut up.

His parish cares were now shared by the able help of the Rev. William Harrison, who for six years carried out all his plans in church and parish with an earnest devotedness which won him the love and reverence of the people of Eversley, while it lifted a heavy burden from his Rector's mind, and gave him the intimate companionship he needed in their joint labours. For Mr. Harrison thoroughly understood him, and was one with whom, notwithstanding their disparity in age, he could take

sweet and bitter counsel, according to the mood and circumstances of the moment, and open his heart on all subjects, from theology and the great social questions which were so interwoven with his religious faith, to lighter ones of art and literature; in whose hands too he could leave the parish and his pulpit with peace of mind during his residences at Chester from 1870 to 1873. Mr. Harrison soon followed him to Westminster as Minor Canon, and was with him in his last failing months, in his great sorrow, and on his death-bed. His own words will best show the deep love he bore him.

"Soon after I entered upon my duties as curate at Eversley, in May, 1868, old parishioners, who could recall the days prior to Mr. Kingsley's residence among them, began to tell me of the many great reforms he had effected in the parish in the years during which he had worked there. I do not think that the majority of his people ever fully understood that their rector's words were eagerly listened for in the outside world, and that his name was known far and wide. For these things never affected his manner towards them. They loved him emphatically for himself: for what he was, and had been to them. They loved him because he was always the same—earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man; ready for, and vigorous in every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness; the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying.

"He knew his people intimately: their proper callings, tastes, failings, and virtues. He was interested, as a matter of fact, and not from the mere desire to please, in the occupations of everyone, and had the right word for each and all. Men at once felt at ease with him, because there was such unmistakable ring of sincerity, such evident understanding of their wants, and such real acquaintance and sympathy with what they were thinking and doing in all that he said. The poor could tell him freely what they felt and what they wanted, seeing at once that he knew more about them than men of his social standing generally know. At the same time there was a natural stateliness in his bearing which precluded the possibility of undue familiarity in any one towards him. He is too frequently misunderstood to have been a mere clerical 'Tom Thurnall'; a character which he has drawn with great skill, and with which certainly he had many points of sympathy. That he was unfettered by conventional modes of thought and speech, and exhibited at moments a certain element of fierceness, with a detestation of all cant

and unmanliness, cannot be denied. But there was, when I knew him, a lofty courtesy and abiding seriousness about him, in his very look and appearance, and in all he said and did, which marked him out from other men, and secured to him at all times the respectful attention and reverence alike of friends and strangers. 'I am nothing,' he once said to me, 'if not a Priest.'

"I think that the tenderness of his nature has never been sufficiently dwelt upon. In his warm and manful love for physical strength, and for capability of any kind, his imaginative forbearance toward dulness and weakness has, as it seems to me, been sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, even towards wrong-doing and sin, although terribly stern in their presence, he was merciful in an unusual degree. He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse.'

"It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet, to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way. Nature appealed to him from many diverse sides. For not only would his mind busy itself with the more scientific and abstruse thoughts which a landscape might suggest, but he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its forms and colours. He had retained the freshness of boyhood; and approached and noted everything with delight. It was refreshing to see how much enjoyment he could extract from things which most men would never perceive or notice; with what untiring and reverent perseverance he would seek to know their *raison d'être;* and with what a glow and glory his fruitful imagination clothed everything.

"He certainly possessed the power of investing natural objects at the right moment with his own thought, either for joy or pathos, in a most striking manner. Thus I recollect on one occasion (amongst the Welsh mountains) the eagerness with which he knelt down by the side of a trinkling waterfall, and said in a whisper of delight, 'Listen to the fairy bells?' And thus, again, I recall with tender sorrow an incident that occurred in one of the last walks he ever took, on those dark winter days which preceded his own illness, and when a great and overwhelming sorrow was hanging over him. We were passing along one of the Eversley lanes. Suddenly we came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish!'

"The Eversley Sunday was very characteristic of Mr. Kingsley. It

was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinarily accepted level. One thing was specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the churchyard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention.

"Yet during service his manner was always impressive; and at times, as during the celebration of Holy Communion—until the recent Judgment he always consecrated in the Eastward Position—it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a School. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. 'He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.'

"Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced for ever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, were matchless.

"Doubtless there is more or less truth in the assertion that Mr. Kingsley was a Broad Churchman. But assuredly in no party sense; and the only time I ever heard him approach to anything like an exact definition of his position, he described himself as 'an old-fashioned High Churchman.' As in his earlier days, so in his latest, he was the devoted admirer and friend of Professor Maurice, of whom he used touchingly to speak as 'my master.' It was his pride to belong to the Church of England, '*as by law established*';—he was never tired of quoting the words, nor of referring to the Prayer Book on all disputed points. I have never known any one speak more emphatically and constantly of the value of the Creeds, and the efficacy of the Sacraments, to which he alluded in almost every sermon I heard him preach. But perhaps the proem of 'The Saint's Tragedy,' 'Wake again, Teutonic Father-Ages,' is as true and beautiful an index of his religious position as can be found. The two most distinctive features of his religious teaching were, I think, that the world is God's world, and not the Devil's, and that manliness is entirely compatible with godliness. Yet, whilst his name will indissolubly be associated with the latter doctrine, it must not be supposed that he was lacking in gentleness and delicate sympathy. There was in him a vein of almost feminine tenderness, which I fancy increased as life advanced, and which enabled him to speak with a peculiar power of consolation to the sad and suffering, both in private and from the pulpit. With Puritanism he had little sympathy: with Ritualism none. The former was to his rich poetic imagination and warm chivalrous nature ludicrously defective as a theory of life. The latter was, in his opinion, too nearly allied in spirit to Romanism ever to gain his support or sanction in any way: and of Rome he was the most uncompromising opponent I have ever known. None of the great parties in the Church—it is an important fact—could lay claim to him exclusively. Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions; a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues; unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church regimen;—these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field.

"The opinion may be taken for what it is worth, but it certainly is my opinion, that whilst Mr. Kingsley's convictions, during his career as a clergyman, remained substantially the same, as may be proved by a careful comparison of his later with his earlier writings, his belief in Revealed Truth deepened and increased, and his respect for the constituted order of things in Church and State grew more and more assured. Yet never, I fancy, at any time did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him. Probably few escape the stress of that

THE STUDY WINDOW, EVERSLEY RECTORY

[To face p. 284, Vol. II.

conflict now-a-days; but I think he knew more about it than most of us. For his reverence for what is called 'consistency' was very limited, and his mind was always busy with the workings of those life-problems which had left their mark upon his brow, and wrought into his very manner a restless energy which foretold a shortened career. Nevertheless there is no doubt but that the victory remained with faith.

"Surely if ever room could be haunted by happy ghosts it would be his study at Eversley, peopled as it must ever be with the bright creations of his brain. There every book on the many crowded shelves looked at him with almost human friendly eyes. And of books what were there not?—from huge folios of St. Augustine* to the last treatise on fly-fishing. And of what would he not talk?—classic myth and mediæval romance, magic and modern science, metaphysics and poetry, West Indian scenery and parish schools, politics and fairyland, &c., &c.—and of all with vivid sympathy, keen flashes of humour, and oftentimes with much pathos and profound knowledge. As he spoke he would constantly verify his words. The book wanted—he always knew exactly where, as he said, it 'lived'—was pulled down with eager hands; and he, flinging himself back with lighted pipe into his hammock, would read, with almost boylike zest, the passage he sought for and quickly found. It was very impressive to observe how intensely he realized the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt. Nor did the work of the study even at such moments shut him in entirely, or make him forgetful of what was going on outside. 'It's very pleasant,' he would say, opening the door which led on to the lawn, and making a rush into the darkness, 'to see what is going on out here.' On one such occasion, a wild autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, 'Come out! come out!' We followed him into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a south-westerly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighbouring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, 'What a night! Drenching! This is a night on which you young men can't think or talk too much poetry.'

"Nevertheless, with this appreciation of nature in her wilder moods, he possessed all a poet's love for her calmness. Indeed I think that

* Once the property of John Sterling, and given to Mr. Kingsley by Thos. Carlyle.

anything that was savage in aspect was deeply alien to his mind; inasmuch as he could never forget the injurious powers that lurk in untamed nature to destroy human life, which to him was more precious than any inanimate beauty however sublime. Order and cultivation were of supreme value in his eyes; and, from a point of artistic beauty, I believe he would have preferred an English homestead to an Indian jungle. Nay, even town scenes had a very great charm for him; and one bright summer day, after his return from America, whilst walking in Kensington Gardens, he declared that he considered they were as beautiful as anything he had seen in the New World. And again, looking at some photographs of bleak and barren mountain ranges, he said to a young painter who was admiring their grandeur—'Yes; paint them, and send the picture to the Academy, and call it, "The Abomination of Desolation!"' Yet, withal, the descriptions of scenery which are so profusely scattered up and down his pages fully testify to his almost unique powers of appreciating nature in all her aspects and circumstances. I sometimes wondered whether his scientific knowledge had not dulled the splendour and dissipated much of the mystery that fill the world for the poet's heart. I once ventured to hint something of the sort to him. A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly,—'Yes, yes; I know what you mean; it is so. But there are times—rare moments—when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days.'

"I should not venture to speak of his home-life, unless permission had been granted me to do so, feeling that it is the most difficult of tasks to lift the veil from any family life without marring its sacredness; and that it is wholly beyond my power to preserve in words the living 'sweetness and light' which pervaded his household. That household was indeed a revelation to me, as I know it was to others;—so nobly planned and ordered, so earnest in its central depths, so bright upon its surface. Many, now scattered far and wide, must remember how picturesque the rectory itself was. Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping, dark roofs, its gables, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings, old and new. And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebeland sweeping upward towards the half-cultivated, half-wild copse; through which the hidden path, henceforth sacred ground to those who loved him, leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats. Marked features in the scene to them, and now widely known, were the grand Scotch firs on the lawn, under which on summer evenings I have seen many sweet pictures, and heard many noble words, and the branches of which now

wave solemnly above his last resting-place. The little church, though not remarkable for beauty in any way, seen here, through the bending boughs of the firs, and over the laurel bank, through which the steps led from the house, always made a pleasant corner in the picture in my eyes, with its red brick tower, and four vanes atop, one of which persistently disagreed with its neighbours,—'a Nonconformist from its birth,' as Mr. Kingsley humorously said.

"Here—in this beautiful home-scene, and truly ideal English Rectory—was the fountain-head—as I certainly think, and as he often said—of all his strength and greatness. Indeed, great as I knew him to be in his books, I found him greater at his own fireside. Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life; and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre.

"I would speak of his chivalry—for I can call it nothing else—in daily life; a chivalry which clothed the most ordinary and commonplace duties with freshness and pleasantness. I soon discovered that an unswerving resolution at all times, and under all circumstances, to spare himself no trouble, and to sustain life at a lofty level, was the motive power of this chivalry:—and those who conscientiously set themselves to this task best know the innumerable difficulties that beset it. No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of less wearied moments; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy. To school himself to this code of unfaltering, high, and noble living was truly one of the great works of his life; for the fulfilment of which he subjected himself to a rigorous self-discipline—a self-discipline so constant that to many people, even of noble temperament, it might appear Quixotic. He would have liked that word applied to him. There was much in him of that knightly character which is heroic even to a fault; and which, from time to time, provokes the shafts of malice and ridicule from lesser men. That the persistent fortitude by which he gained and sustained this temper was one of the root-principles of his life was touchingly illustrated to me one day, when, seeing him quit his work to busy himself in some trivial matter for me, I asked him not to trouble about it then and there, and he, turning on me, said with unusual warmth, 'Trouble! don't talk to me of that, or you will make me angry. I never allow myself to think about it.'

"I would speak of him as a friend. His ideal of friendship was very full and noble, tenderer, perhaps, than most men's. 'A blessed thing it is,' I quote his own words, 'for any man or woman to have a friend; one human soul whom we can trust always; who knows the best and

the worst of us, and who loves us, in spite of all our faults.' In spite of all our faults! it was not the least among the many fine traits of Mr. Kingsley's character that he took his friends as he found them, and loved them for what they really were, rather than for what he fancied or wished them to be. In this, as in other aspects of his nature, the beautiful boy-likeness was conspicuous. To the last he was ready to meet and to make new friends, to love and to be beloved with the freshness of youth. Indeed let me here mention that if there was anything at all admirable in a person he was sure to see and appreciate it. It was not that he was wanting in the critical faculty; nothing escaped his notice; speech, manner, dress, features, bearing, all were observed, but in the most kindly spirit, the good points alone were dwelt and commented upon. 'People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy;' so he has said in one of his sermons, and so I have heard him say again and again in his daily life. And here I must speak for a moment, with the deepest gratitude and love, of the friendship he bestowed on me, unwavering, helpful, exalting, tender, trustful. The memories of that friendship are too many and too sacred to dilate upon. Its sweetness and worth have made life a new thing to me, but cannot well be expressed in words.

"Of the wonderful love of his home-life I must not, cannot speak. It was the very lever of his life, the very soul of all his joy, the very key-note of his being. He has told it all himself to those who have ears to hear in every book he wrote, and to those who knew him well his every look and every action told the fact yet more emphatically. It was the same boy-frankness which I have before noted showing itself in its very perfection. Some men take pains to conceal their love. It seemed his pride to declare it. How often has he said to me—and I venture to record it because I know he would wish it to be recorded—that whatever he had done or achieved was due to the love that had come to him at a great crisis to guide and to strengthen and to glorify his life."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1869–1870.

Aged 50—51.

Resignation of Professorship—Women's Suffrage Question—Letters to Mr. Maurice, John Stuart Mill, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Lionel Tollemache—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—Letter from Dr. E. Blackwell—Medical Education for Women—West Indian Voyage—Letters from Trinidad—Return Home—Eversley a Changed Place—Flying Columns—Heath Fires—The Bramo Somaj—Letters to Sir C. Bunbury—Mr. W. H. Callcott—First Residence at Chester—Botanical Class—Field Lectures—Human Soot—Women's Suffrage—Letters on Botany—Franco-Prussian War—Wallace on Natural Selection—Matthew Arnold and Hellenism—Babel and Assyrian Cities.

" BUT let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

MILTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE year 1869, which closed his professorial work at Cambridge, saw the beginning of a new chapter of his life as Canon of Chester. It was a year of severe intellectual work and great activity. He decided to resign the Professorship, and gave his last series of lectures at Cambridge. He completed his volume on the Hermits for the Sunday Library course. The "Lessons on Earth Lore for Children, Madam How and Lady Why," which had been coming out in "Good Words for the Young," was published as a volume. He wrote an article in "Macmillan's Magazine," on Women and Politics, to help the question which was just then brought into discussion. He attended the first "Woman's Suffrage" Meeting in London with Mr. J. Stuart Mill. He gave two lectures* on "Thrift" and "Breath" in a course for ladies, at Winchester, arranged by Mrs. C. A. Johns, the wife of his old friend and tutor. He made speeches at various Industrial and Mechanics' Institutions in the diocese. He joined the Education League, and was elected President of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Bristol. He lectured on Natural Science to the boys of Wellington College and Clifton College. His parish prospered; the Penny Readings and entertainments for the labourers, greatly helped by the musical talent of his curate, became more popular, once, as many as one hundred and fifty of his parishioners being present at the National School. The resignation of his professorial work relieving his mind from a heavy load of responsibility, and the prospect of a voyage to the West Indies, on the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Trinidad, fulfilling one of the dreams of his life, all helped to carry him through the active labours and anxieties of the year.

* Since published in "Health and Education."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *January* 16, 1869.

"Your letter comforted me, for I had heard you were ill. You must rest and take care of yourself, and must not do (as I hear you do) other people's work whenever you are asked. You have enough, and too much to do of your own. And either, 1. You are necessary to Providence; and then you have no right to kill yourself by overwork; or, 2. You are not necessary to Providence; and then you have no need to kill yourself by overwork. I put that dilemma to you in all seriousness, and leave you to escape it if you can. It was a real pleasure to me to hear from you that you had read my clumsy and silly little papers.* I wished to teach children—my own especially—that the knowledge of nature ought to make them reverence and trust God more, and not less (as our new lights inform us). And they are meant more as prolegomena to natural theology, than as really scientific papers, though the facts in them are (I believe) true enough. But I know very little about these matters, and cannot keep myself '*au courant*' of new discoveries, save somewhat in geology, and even in that I am no mineralogist, and palæontologist. Science is grown too vast for any one head.

"The Powles's have been staying here, making themselves very delightful, and their visit has ended in his offering to take on a lease a new house in the parish. May it so happen! I leave you to conceive the pleasure and comfort their presence here would be to us.

"We are going soon to Cambridge. At first we stay at Barton with the Bunburys, I coming to and fro for my lectures. R. and I now mean to sail, if God permits (for one must say that very seriously in such a case), by the April mail; but our plans may alter. Ah! that you were coming too, and could be made to forget everything for a while, save flowers and skies and the mere sensation of warmth, the finest medicine in the world!

"What you say about not basing morality on psychology I am most thankful for. I seem to get a vista of a great truth far away. Far away enough from me, Heaven knows. But this I know: that I want to re-consider many things, and must have time to do it; that I should like to devote the next twenty years to silence, thought, and, above all, prayer, without which no spirit can breathe."

His concluding lectures at Cambridge were crowded; the

* "Madam How and Lady Why," dedicated to his son Grenville.

last one was on Comte. A young undergraduate thus refers to it:

"I take this opportunity of telling you—I have often wished to do—that the good you have done me, and I have no doubt many others, by your English lectures, is incalculable. Your whole series last term, and especially the grand concluding one on Comte, have made an impression just at the moment when it was needed; and I hope you may go on lecturing for many years on the same or similar subjects, and thereby put into the minds of many young men the same living belief in a living God that David had; and so do an infinite good, just where it is wanted, to this generation, and, through it, to all others."

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

April 1, 1869.

"I am bound, after your kind advice and sympathy in the matter of the professorship * (which I am not likely to forget), to tell you that I have obtained leave from the Queen to resign it at the end of the academic year, and have told Mr. Gladstone as much, and had a very kind reply from him. My brains, as well as my purse, rendered this step necessary. I worked eight or nine months hard for the course of twelve lectures which I gave last term, and was half-witted by the time they were delivered; and as I have to provide for children growing up, I owe it to them not to waste time (which is money) as well as brain, in doing what others can do better. Only let me express a hope, that in giving up this appointment I do not give up the friendships (especially yours) which I have found at Cambridge, a place on which I shall ever look with hearty affection; and that when I come up (which I shall do as often as I can find an excuse) I may come and see you and Mrs. Thompson."

He left Cambridge with feelings of deep gratitude to men of all classes in the University, having received nothing but kindness on all sides from the authorities down to the undergraduates; dissatisfied only with his own work, but thankful to have had his knowledge of men, especially young men, enlarged by the experience of the last nine years, and glad to have more time from henceforth to devote to physical science. In a letter to

* Two years before, when he offered to resign, and Dr. Thompson wished him to retain the office.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who had sent him a scientific pamphlet, he expresses his hopes for the future:

EVERSLEY, *May* 19, 1869.

"Many thanks for your letter, and for the excellent lecture accompanying it. The paragraph at the end with the quotation from Schiller (new to me) is admirable, and expresses the spirit in which I, I trust, as well as you, have tried to search for Truth, careless, with Socrates, whither the 'Logos' led us, provided only we followed honestly in its track. Intending henceforth to devote myself to my first love, physical science, as far as is compatible with my parish duties, I look earnestly for help and teaching to those who, like you, have been able to carry on through life a study which in my case has been interrupted for many years."

TO JOHN STUART MILL, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *June* 3, 1869.

"I have had the honour of receiving 'from the author' your book on the 'Subjection of Woman.' It is not for me to compliment you. I shall only therefore say, in thanking you for it, that it seems to me unanswerable and exhaustive, and certain, from its moderation as well as from its boldness, to do good service in this good cause. It has been a deep pleasure to me to find you, in many passages in which you treat of what marriage ought to be, and what marriage is, corroborating opinions which have been for more than twenty-five years, the guides and safeguards of my own best life.

"I shall continue to labour, according to my small ability, in the direction which you point out; and all the more hopefully because your book has cleared and arranged much in my mind which was confused and doubtful."

EVERSLEY, *June* 17, 1869.

"Your kind letter gave me much pleasure. I shall certainly attend the meeting; and I need not say, that to pass a night under your roof will be an honour which I shall most gratefully accept.

"I wish much to speak with you on the whole question of woman. In five and twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte; that 'the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.' One of the first questions naturally was, What does science—in plain English, nature and

fact (which I take to be the acted will of God)—say about woman, and her relation to man? And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which (in the face of British narrowness) I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert: but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things, sufficiently to bring their own blessing with them. I beg you therefore to do me the honour of looking on me, though (I trust) a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or canon law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing woman justice in every respect. As for speaking at the meeting, my doing so will depend very much on whether there will be, or will not be, newspaper reporters in the room. I feel a chivalrous dislike of letting this subject be lowered in print, and of seeing pearls cast before swine—with the usual result.

"Mrs. Kingsley begs me to add the expression of her respect for you. Her opinion has long been that this movement must be furthered rather by men than by the women themselves."

This visit was one of great interest to Mr. Kingsley. He was as much struck with Mr. Mill's courtesy as with his vast learning—he had the manners of the old school, he said.

"When I look at his cold, clear-cut face," he remarked to Dr. Carpenter, "I think there is a whole hell beneath him, of which he knows nothing, and so there may be a whole heaven above him. . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

DEREEN, KENMARE, *August* 8, 1869.

"Your letter followed me hither, whither I and R—— have wandered, to see the Froudes, and pretend to catch salmon which will not be caught, amid such a neglected paradise of mountain, sea, river, lake, island, as makes my heart sad. Justice to Ireland is indeed wanted. But the justice would be, to live among the people, civilize them, give them leases, let them vote for Satan if they liked; only bring personal love and care to bear on them. Treat them as peasantry are treated in England, and all would be well. If the system which I see in Ireland

of actually preventing civilization and wealth, for fear of increasing population, goes on fifty or twenty-five years more, the Irish landlords will have to alter considerably."

TO LIONEL TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

June, 1869.

"Many thanks for the 'Fortnightly,' and your very amusing and well-written article on Egotism. I trust it will not corrupt me; for I dread any egotism on my own part, as the root which may blossom out into the most unexpected forms of actual wrong-saying and doing. I suppose I am too great a fool to be trusted to talk about myself. If so, it is all the better that I should keep the fact in mind. Are you aware that when 'Pepys's Diary' was fished out of our Pepysian library at Magdalene, much of it was found to be so dirty, that the editors had to omit it? He was a foul-minded old dog. Our only record of him (beside the curious library he left us) is, I believe: 'Mr. Pepys, having been found by ye proctors last night disguised in liquor, was admonished not to offend in ye like again.'

"The whole number is very valuable, especially so to me, for Huxley's article.* I don't know whether you take an interest in that matter. In my opinion Huxley is thoroughly right: at least he interprets Comte exactly as I have been in the habit of interpreting him."

On the 13th of August Mr. Kingsley received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:

"I have much pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept the Canonry of Chester, vacated by the appointment of Dr. Moberly to the See of Salisbury, and if you agree, I need not impose on you any obligation of even temporary secrecy, as I know that the act will be very agreeable to her Majesty.

'The cathedral of Chester is under an energetic Dean, and nave services are now carried on in it with excellent effect."

. . . . .

The canonry was gratefully accepted, and many were the congratulations received.

* On the Scientific Aspects of Positivism, in which Professor Huxley speaks of Comte's Ideal, as stated by himself, being "Catholic organization without Catholic doctrine, or in other words, Catholicism minus Christianity." *Fortnightly Review*, New Series, No. xxx., p. 657.

EVERSLEY, *August* 20, 1869.

"It is very kind," said Mr. Kingsley to his friend and neighbour Mr. Raikes Currie, "of you to congratulate me thus; but kindness is your element, and a very wholesome element it is, for both parties concerned in it. You never were more right than when you said that I should not like to be a bishop. . . . . And even a deanery I shrink from; because it would take me away from Eversley; the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home: for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley church-yard."

Bishop Wilberforce (then of Oxford) wrote to him at once :—

"I am quite certain of your great powers being used on the side of that Truth which so many, as it seems to me, in their very longing to support it, distrust and dishonour.

"May God give you many years of usefulness, and a happy ending of your highly vital life."

In October he went to Clifton to stay at Dr. Percival's, and to take his place in the Social Science Congress, as President of the Educational Section, at which Mr. Henry de Bunsen, who read a valuable paper on "How can the State best help in the Education of the Working Classes?" thus speaks of meeting him in a letter to his mother the baroness.

"I was at the Clifton College, the new public school, and a most flourishing one, having already, though only in its fifth year, three hundred and sixty boys, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, the head master. Charles Kingsley and his wife were there. Kingsley was most hearty and charming, especially when I got used to his stammering speech (which entirely disappears when he has to speak or read in public). . . . To me it was a time full of interest. I drove Kingsley, on Wednesday afternoon, between two thunderstorms, to Blaise Castle. . . . . Aunt L—— was delighted with our visit. Kingsley was, I must say, charming. He is a great lover of art, and understands it thoroughly. He is a still greater lover of trees and Nature, and told Aunt L—— that it was worth while coming the whole way from Eversley to see her two wonderful trees from Japan, the Salisburia, and the Sophora Japonica. . . . . Wednesday was the opening address of the Congress from Sir Stafford Northcote. We dined one night at the Lewis Frys', where Sir S. was staying, and he and Kingsley told charming Devon-

shire stories in turn! It was a wonderful treat, for both could imitate the language and tone exactly. On Thursday we had a most interesting discussion in the Education Department, as to how far it would be possible to have 'religious instruction,' without entering into 'dogmatic differences,' and therefore having schools admitting every denomination, and leaving to parents and ministers the specific instruction in their several denominations. On Friday, Mr. Kingsley gave us as stirring an address on education (in the highest and best and most comprehensive sense of the word), female and male, compulsory and for all classes, as ever was given. Some nine hundred people (of intelligent classes—no working classes) were present; and he electrified his audience by his earnestness and liberality, praising the efforts, not only of all ministers of religion, and of societies like the 'National,' and 'British and Foreign,' but also of the Society of Friends, as being foremost in education. . . . .

"On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, we had a great treat in hearing an address from Mr. Kingsley to the three hundred and sixty boys of Clifton College School, chiefly on study combined with scientific observation in other branches of learning; so as to give them something to do in their spare hours, and to carry on in their holidays, in making collections of all kinds (avoiding cruelty to birds, and wholesale destruction of nests and eggs), and that not for themselves, but for a general museum belonging to their school. This would avoid much destruction. 'Eyes and no Eyes,' played a prominent part in the address.

A few extracts from Mr. Kingsley's Inaugural Address are added:

"There are those—and among them men for whom I have the most profound respect—who are of opinion that the proper educators of children are the clergy. But I doubt whether, even in an ideal and perfect state, the whole education of the young, or even the whole control over it, ought to be entrusted even to an ideal and perfect clergy. One function, doubtless, of a clergy (I am speaking of no particular denomination, but of any clergy whatsoever) is to educate children in divine things; in their spiritual relations to God and to their fellowmen. But more than that, it is not, I think, their duty to teach; though, of course, whatever beside they are competent to teach, they have as much right to teach as any other citizens have. The circumstances which threw, for several centuries, education throughout Europe into the hands of the mediæval clergy, were altogether exceptional;

mere circumstances, which do not give any rule as to the general duties of a clerical order. The mediæval clergy, originally Romans and Greeks, and not Germans and Norsemen, were then the representatives, not of Christianity alone, but of such ancient learning as had survived the barbarian invasions. From them alone learning was to be got; and they became, not by divine right, but by the necessity of facts, the instructors in the Latin and Greek tongues, and in mathematics. But for the last four hundred years the Latin and Greek tongues have been as open to the laity as to the clergy; mathematics have become rather a lay than a clerical study, owing to their great development, which requires a division of labour; while other sciences have risen, and are rapidly developing themselves, which require so great an amount of special study that they cannot be taught by any clergy who also attend to their spiritual functions. Thus, *cessante ratione, cessavit lex ipsa;* and the clergy are being relegated more and more, by the spread of secular knowledge, to their peculiar, and more proper function, the teaching of things divine.

"I look, therefore, on the special control over education, which the clergy have more or less exercised in Europe since the fifth century, as an exceptional and temporary case; and I doubt whether in the ideal state, in which all the citizens would have but one creed, the teaching order and the priesthood should not be altogether distinct, saving of course that the priesthood should always be the teachers of divine things; the interpreters, according to their light, of the will of God. But still more ought this to be the case, I think, when the citizens of a state are of many different creeds. In that case, in proportion as the different clergies control the secular instruction of the young, will the nation drift into that denominational system which I must confess is to my mind an evil; an inevitable evil, it may be in some cases, but still an evil to be escaped if possible by the wise man who loves his country. For it must be always injurious to that internal unity, which is the great strength of a state. Even where the different denominational schools are filled by children of the same race, their separate training must lead them to regard the children of other denominations as less their fellow-citizens than the children of their own school—while where the denominations are (as is the case in many countries) of different race as well as creed, the consequences of separate instruction, are, I believe, simply disastrous. The different races and creeds will learn to regard each other more and more as aliens, and the state will be divided more and more into various indifferent, if not hostile *imperia in imperio*, whose only common bond will be more and more that lowest one of making money out of each other. And here I must be allowed to express on

my own part the pain and regret with which I regard those denominational restrictions, which still shut out too many of her Majesty's subjects from many of the advantages of our higher schools, and our elder universities. The consequences of those restrictions, have, I believe, been nothing but harmful, both to the excluders and the excluded; and I trust that I may live to see the day when our ancient centres of teaching shall be as free as the air and the sunlight, to every one who calls himself a British citizen. It is the duty of the State then, I hold, to educate all alike in those matters which are common to them as citizens; that is, in all secular matters, and in all matters also which concern their duties to each other as defined by law. Those higher duties which the law cannot command or enforce, they must learn elsewhere; and the clergy of all denominations will find work enough, and noble work enough, in teaching them. We shall have always work enough in such times as these in teaching what no secular education can ever teach; in diffusing common honesty, the knowledge of right and wrong, and the old-fashioned fear of God as the punisher of those who do ill, and the rewarder of those who do well. . . . . When, therefore, the National Education League was started at Birmingham, I, for one, joined it, as the only method of obtaining what twenty-seven years' experience as a parish clergyman had shown me to be necessary —compulsory attendance.* No one is more alive than I am to the services which different great denominations and religious bodies have rendered to education; to the services of the British and Foreign School Society; of the National Society, and especially of that vener-

* He had long seen and deplored the real hindrances to a complete scheme of National Education, and in a sermon in London some years before had spoken of them. "Let me remind you very solemnly, that the present dearth of education in these realms is owing mainly to our unhappy religious dissensions; that it is the disputes, not of unbelievers, but of Christians, which have made it impossible for our government to fulfil one of the first rights, one of the first duties, of any government in a civilized country; namely, to command, and to compel, every child in the realm to receive a proper education. Strange and sad that it should be, yet so it is. We have been letting, we are letting still, year by year, thousands sink and drown in the slough of heathendom and brutality, while we are debating learnedly whether a raft, or a boat, or a life-buoy, is the legitimate instrument for saving them; and future historians will record with sorrow and wonder a fact which will be patent to them, though the dust of controversy hides it from our eyes—even the fact that the hinderers of education in these realms were to be found, not among the so-called sceptics, not among the so-called infidels; but among those who believed that God came down from heaven, and became man, and died on the cross, for every savage child in London. Compulsory Government Education is, by our own choice and determination, impossible."—*Sermon on Toleration, at Christ Church, Marylebone*, 1867. (*Discipline and other Sermons.*)

able body, always foremost in all benevolent works, the Society of Friends. He who does not feel that England owes a huge debt to these splendid results of the voluntary principle, must be deeply ignorant of her history for the last eighty years. But over and above what these good people have done, does not much, too much, remain, which they cannot do; for the simple reason that those who need education most, care for it least; and that those who are unawakened to the value of religion, are certain to be still less awakened to the value of learning?

"This defect seems to me to be inseparable from the voluntary system of education, however zealously and ably carried out. I can only speak of it as I know it from experience: and what I find in the country districts is this. Even if we have a school in which every child in the parish can receive a sound education, or at least the rudiments of one, beside the civilising influence of intercourse with the ladies of the parish; and even if, as is usually the case, the great majority avail themselves thereof rationally and thankfully enough; yet there is always a minority who cannot be made to attend regularly without threats, fines, exclusion from charities, and so forth; a process which transforms the clergyman from a minister of the gospel into a judge and a policeman; and I for one refuse to do policeman's work if I can get a policeman to do it for me. And some—there is always a remnant beside—(a small one, thank God)—but still a remnant, who do not come to school at all; children not generally of the very poor and miserable, but mostly of able-bodied, reckless, profligate persons, who are perfectly able to pay for their children's schooling a sum probably double of what would be charged: but who prefer exercising the indefeasible rights of free-born Britons in spending their money in beer and fine clothes. Such inform the hapless parson (though they are nominally members of the Church of England) that they see no good in schooling, care nothing for him or his charities, and give him to understand that the sending their children to his school is a favour on their part which they do not see fit to grant him. How any voluntary system is to touch these free-born Britons I have not yet discovered; and I have come to this Congress principally to listen with eagerness for some sketch of a plan which will touch them, and will prevent their children from not merely growing up ignorant savages, but from contaminating (as they do) the other children in the parish, too many of whom look with envy, not with pity, on their fellows who can play in the lanes all day instead of going to school. So much for the agricultural districts.

"In the towns the broad fact is, that in every large town in these islands there are children to be counted by hundreds, often by thousands,

who go to no school at all, and who cannot, by any existing methods, be got to school. Let me, to give a single example, call your attention to the case of one town, Birmingham. There is no reason to suppose that the denominational system has not been worked as earnestly and ably in Birmingham as elsewhere. That there is benevolence enough and energy enough in the town is proved by what the good folks of Birmingham are doing at this moment. But it was found last year that 21,000 children out of 45,000, or nearly half the children in Birmingham, were growing up in ignorance and idleness. . . . .

"No wonder, after so patent and terrible a failure of the voluntary system, if society went a step further, and organised—as the only hope—a National Education League, the main objects of which are: To compel local authorities to find schooling for every child in England and Wales; to pay for such schooling out of local rates; to provide that the schools so prepared for shall be unsectarian and free, without payment; and lastly, to compel by law the attendance of children not otherwise educated. . . . . I question, from twenty-seven years' experience, whether it is really better to make the labouring class pay school pence for the education of their children; whether the wisest method is not to make them pay school-rates as they do poor-rates, and to open the schools free. My experience is, that as long as they pay, both the ignorant, the stupid, and the unwilling (and it is with them we have to deal) will persist in considering schooling as an article which they may buy or not, as they see fit, like beer or fine clothes, or any luxury; that they will persist in thinking, or pretending to think, that they are doing the school-managers a favour, and putting money into their pockets; that they will persist in thinking, or pretending to think, that they pay for the whole of their children's education, and ignore the fact that three-fourths of the expense is borne by others, and that the only method to make them understand that educating their children is an indefeasible duty, which, as citizens, they owe to the State itself, is for them to be taxed by the State itself, and for the State to say: There is your money's worth in the school. We ask no more of you; but your children shall go to school, or you shall be punished by the law.

"But as one who for many years advocated the opposite opinion, I have come here to learn, and not to teach, upon this important point. All I ask—not those who have studied National Education, but the general public—to keep in mind is this broad, ugly, dangerous, disgraceful fact: There are now—according to the computation of those who ought to know—about 1,280,000 children in this kingdom who ought to be attending some elementary school or other, but who are not

—1,280,000 children growing up in ignorance, in a country which calls itself civilised." . . . . . .

He concludes by referring to the speech of Mr. Joseph Payne, at Birmingham in 1865, in which he forcibly urged that the eyes of children should be opened to the wonderful phenomena by which they are surrounded in daily life, and which ask to be examined and explained, to the very clods of earth on which they stand.

"To this, I agree," he says, "but I go further than this. I say, that this alone can give us a sound foundation for any higher education whatsoever. For if the higher education is not built on the knowledge of Nature and Fact, which are, as Bacon says, the voice of God himself revealed in things, you may train a generation of fanatics, bigots, dilettanti, pedants, mandarins, or other children of Prometheus, the *à priori* dreamer: but you will never train your young people into children of Epimetheus, the inductive and therefore truly practical philosopher, into men and women who, taking their stand on Nature and on Fact, know something of what can be done in this strange world wherein God has placed them, and something of how to do it. No one is more deeply, yea awfully, convinced than I am of the need of sound religious teaching. But no one is more deeply, yea awfully, convinced than I am, that even the best religious teaching, especially in these days, will bear but stunted and shrivelled fruit, unless accompanied by physical teaching; and thus supported (as all human thought should be) in the minds of teachers and of children alike, on a substratum of truth, reason, and common sense." . . . . . .

This address, which made a profound sensation at the time, was printed by the League, and about 100,000 copies distributed.

He had lately joined the Education League with several other clergymen, who, like himself, were nearly hopeless about a compulsory National Education, in which measure alone they saw hope for the masses; but he subsequently withdrew, and gave his warm allegiance to Mr. Forster's Act, for the same reasons as his friend, a London Rector, who says:

"I ceased to take any interest in the League after it had done its work; that of rousing a reluctant Government to do something. That something the Government did by Mr. Forster's help; and after the

Elementary Act was passed the League to me was dead. It had done its work, and that a good work. So far as I can judge of its work since, I think that work such that a liberal clergyman cannot approve it. It has become narrow and sectarian, while pretending to be Catholic and liberal, and its speakers and supporters are generally unjust to the National Church."

At this Congress, the subject of the Medical Education of Women was discussed, and he made acquaintance with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who had herself taken a medical degree, and had practised for twenty-five years as a consulting physician in America. She was afterwards a welcome guest at Eversley and Chester, and has kindly contributed her recollections of these visits.

"My dear Mrs. Kingsley,

"I think that no sketch of Canon Kingsley's life would be complete without some record of his constant and even enthusiastic interest in the subject of the medical education of women. I never shall forget the words he spoke to me, when (returning to my native land after a long absence) I met him for the first time in Bristol.

"'You are one of my heroes!' was the greeting—words of recognition which filled me with gratitude, and seemed a rich reward for a life of effort. He then proceeded to tell me of the profound interest with which, for many years, he had watched the gradual growth of woman's endeavour to obtain the advantages of a thorough medical education; and how, 'from his inmost soul, he gave it a hearty God-speed.' Through the years that followed, he showed himself a constant and ardent friend of this noble cause; always ready to give information or advice in relation to any plans for its advancement. The old fir woods of Eversley, and the distant mountain views of Chester, will always be associated in my mind with the long walks we took together; when, with wonderful earnestness and eloquence, he poured forth the treasures of his experience for my guidance, listening eagerly to every sign of progress, carefully considering every suggestion; anxious only, with the whole force of his nature, to give wisdom and support to one who was carrying on this cherished work of his. During the few years that I knew him, he was always ready, no matter how busy or how tired he might be, to give thought and aid to any plan for carrying on the work. Only a few weeks before he left us, in December of 1874, I saw him several times at the Cloisters, Westminster, in relation to a proposed

plan for securing medical degrees to women. Although his health was broken, and he was suffering from over-work, he entered upon this subject with his customary enthusiasm; gave it his most careful consideration, and agreed (with your cordial approbation, dear Mrs. Kingsley) to become chairman of the committee which was being formed for the purpose of carrying out this important measure. I have full faith that the accomplishment of no providential work can be really hindered by the departure of any individual worker; but I know that our cause has suffered a heavy loss in the death of your noble husband; and with grateful remembrance I offer this record of his large-hearted and intelligent sympathy.

"I remain, my dear Friend, affectionately yours,

"ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D."

In November he went down to Chester to be installed as Canon, and was most kindly received by the Dean and the Chapter, with whom for the next three years he worked so harmoniously.

On the 2nd of December, he and his daughter embarked at Southampton for the West Indies.

"At last we, too, were crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see (and happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances, and alas! their tragedies; and now at last I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise. . . . ."

It would be a twice told tale to those who have read his "At Last" to do more than glance at his account of the voyage and its new experiences, the historic memories of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, and many of England's forgotten worthies woke up by the sight of the Azores, and of all he felt at finding himself on the track of the "old sea heroes," Drake and Hawkins, Carlile and Cavendish, Cumberland, Preston, Frobisher, and Duddely, Keymis and Widdon—and of the first specimen of the Gulf-weed which brought back "the memorable day when Columbus's ship plunged her bows into the tangled ocean meadow, and the sailors were ready to mutiny, fearing hidden shoals, ignorant

that they had four miles of blue water beneath their keel,"—and of the awe which the poet and the man of science must needs feel at that first sight of the "Sargasso sea, and of the theories connected with it—not wholly impossible—of a sunken Atlantic continent—and of his enjoyment of the glorious cloudland, and the sudden sunsets when

> 'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out
> At one stride comes the dark;'

to be succeeded after balmy nights by the magnificent pageant of tropic sunlight"—and of the first sight of the New World, and the look out for Virgin Gorda, one of those numberless islands which Columbus discovered on St. Ursula's day, and of the arrival at St. Thomas, with its scarlet and purple roofs piled up among orange trees, and the first glimpse of a tropic hill-side. "Oh! for a boat to get into that paradise!" and how the boat was got; and how he leapt out on a sandy beach—and then the revelation of tropic vegetation, and the unmistakable cocoa-nut trees, and the tall aloes, and the grey-blue Cerei, and the bright deep green of a patch of Guinea grass;—and the astonishment which swallowed up all other emotions at the wonderful wealth of life—and the "effort, at first in vain, to fix our eyes on some one dominant or typical form, while every form was clamouring as it were to be looked at, and a fresh Dryad gazed out of every bush, and with wooing eyes asked to be wooed—and the drooping boughs of the shoregrape with its dark velvet leaves and crimson midrib, and the fragrant Frangipane, and the first cocoa-nut, and the mangrove swamp, and then the shells—the old friends never seen till now but in cabinets at home, earnests that all was not a dream; the prickly pinna, the great strombi, with the outer shell broken away, disclosing the rosy cameo within and looking on the rough beach pitifully tender and flesh-like; and the lumps of coral, all to be actually picked up and handled—and the first tropic orchid, and the first wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular shoots of the columnar Cereus;" and the huge green calabashes, the playthings of his childhood, alive and growing; and how up and down the sand we wandered collecting shells, till we rowed back to the ship over white sand where grew the short

manati grass, and where the bottom was stony, we could see huge prickly sea urchins, huger brainstone corals, round and grey, and above, sailing over our heads, flocks of brown and grey pelicans to show us where we were—and met the fleet of negro boats laden with bunches of plantains, yams, green oranges, sugar canes;" and then the steaming down the islands, and the sight of the Lesser Antilles, the beauty and grandeur of which exceeded all his boyish dreams; and St. Kitts with its great hill, which took, in Columbus's imagination, the form of the giant St. Christopher bearing on his shoulder the infant Christ—and how "from the ship we beheld with wonder and delight, the pride of the West Indies, the Cabbage Palms—well named by botanists the Oreodoxa, the glory of the mountains—grey pillars, smooth and cylindrical as those of a Doric temple, each carrying a flat head of darkest green;" and how Guadaloupe, Dominica, and Martinique were passed, and St. Vincent and its souffrière gazed on with awe and reverence—and the beautiful St. Lucia with its wonderful Pitons, and through the Grenadines to Grenada, the last of the Antilles, as now the steamer ran dead south for seventy miles, and on St. Thomas's Day, at early dawn,

"We became aware of the blue mountains of North Trinidad a-head of us; to the west the island of the Dragon's Mouth, and westward again, a cloud among the clouds—the last spur of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. There was South America at last; and as a witness that this, too, was no dream, the blue waters of the Windward Isles changed suddenly into foul bottle-green. The waters of the Orinoco, waters from the peaks of the Andes far away, were staining the sea around us. With thoughts full of three great names, connected as long as civilised men shall remain, with those waters—Columbus, Raleigh, Humboldt—we steamed on . . . . and then saw before us . . . . to the eastward, the northern hills of Trinidad, forest clad down to the water; to the south a long line of coast, generally level with the water's edge, green with mangroves or dotted with cocoa palms. That was the Gulf of Paria and Trinidad beyond. . . . . In half-an-hour more we were on shore, amid negroes, coolies, Chinese, French, Spaniards, short-legged Guaraon dogs and black vultures."

On the voyage he had been able to write home more than once, and to telegraph from St. Thomas.

MAIL STEAMER SHANNON, *December*, 1869.

"Latitude 25°, longitude 50°, *i.e.*, in the Doldrums or Calves of Cancer, past the Gulf-weed, and among the flying-fish. . . . . I get this letter ready to go by the Martinique mail. You will have seen ere this, I trust, a telegram announcing our safe arrival at St. Thomas. We are having the most charming passage which even old hands remember at this time of year, and the steamer is full of delightful and instructive people, so that R—— has really excellent society, and I am learning something every day. We have already invitations to Barbadoes, to Jamaica, to Cuba, Grenada, Tobago—so that we might spend months in the West Indies; but I shall be home, please God, by the mail I promised. I find we shall come in for the beginning of the sugar-cane harvest, and two or three great planters have asked us to come and see it. I have done duty, and preached twice, and I hope not in vain. I go up with your prayer-book every morning on the paddle-box or the deck, before any passengers are up, so that I have a quiet gracious time —up at six, and breakfast at nine. R—— has been looking, and is better than she has been for months; so, so far all is well. It all seems at times like a dream; then as if one had been always on board; then I want to show or tell you something, and forget for the moment you are three thousand miles off, in frost, perhaps, and snow, while we are in rich showery midsummer, with such sunrises and sunsets. I will send by the English mail all I have been able to write, which will get to Strahan by the 15th, and he will send it to you to correct the proofs. Love to M——, and to G——, and to Harrison, and to everyone. And tell my mother that the old fig-tree at Harmony Hall, of which she dreamt, is standing still, and that we are going to visit a planter in Trinidad, who began in Barbadoes with Douglas, who managed Clapham for her father. So do things come round. The West Indians are such good able men, and so large, and strong, and ruddy—just like English squires and yeomen. They deserve to thrive, and they are thriving now.

. . . . . .

Christmas found him the guest of his kind friend Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, at the Cottage, Port of Spain, the earthly paradise which he had reached at last.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1869.

"Actually settled," he writes home, "in a West Indian country house, amid a multitude of sights and sounds so utterly new and strange, that

the mind is stupefied by the continual effort to take in, or, to confess the truth, to gorge, without hope of digestion, food of every conceivable variety. The whole day long new objects, and their new names, have jostled each other in the brain, in dreams as well as in waking thoughts. Amid such a confusion, to describe this place as a whole, is as yet impossible. It must suffice if you find in this letter a sketch or two—not worthy to be called a study—of particular spots, which seem typical, beginning with my bath-room window as the scene which first proved to me that we were verily in the tropics.

"To begin with the weeds on the path, like, and yet unlike, all at home—then the rattle of the bamboo, the clashing of the huge leaves of the young fan-palms, the flower-fence, the guinea-grass, the sand-box, the hibiscus, with its scarlet flowers—a long list; but for the climax, the groo groo palms, a sight never to be forgotten—to have once seen palms breaking through, and as it were defying the soft rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegetation by the stern force of their simple lines; the immovable pillar-stem, looking the more immovable beneath the toss, the lash, and flicker of the long leaves, as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impotently for a while before the mountain gusts, to fall to sleep again. Like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room, sharpcut, cold, virginal, showing, by the mere grandeur of form, the voluptuousness of mere colour, however rich and harmonious; so stands the palm tree, to be worshipped rather than to be loved." . . . .

"Here I am sitting, with a fan-palm looking in at the window six feet off, and an orange and a flower-fence next, and wild guava and pines in the bottom of the dell, and over the house an enormous cotton-wood tree, and above that, hills dotted with grey palms. Hindoo prisoners, some with 'felon' marked on their backs, making excellent out-door servants; a wilderness of tame monkeys, a young jaguar, ditto puma, a toucan, all the colours on earth, a spider-monkey, hanging by its tail among creepers, which a duke would give any money for, warm water pouring out of the clouds in pailsful, the glorious sun, and ruffling breeze which makes the fan-palms rattle like a lot of loose boards; and at night frogs and fire-flies by the thousand, with a spice of mole-crickets and mantises. Oh, it is the queerest paradise. But a paradise it is, and a most healthy one. So make yourself easy about us. We expect Admiral Wellesley and the fleet soon, and then we think of going up the Orinoco. A merry Christmas to you, and a happy New Year. Good-bye, God bless you."

THE COTTAGE, PORT OF SPAIN.

TRINIDAD, *January* 23, 1870.

". . . You may conceive the delight with which I got your letter, and M——'s, and to think that the telegram should have arrived on Christmas Day! No wonder the intellect of Eversley was puzzled to find out how it came. You may tell them that Mr. Dunlop, Consul-General at Cuba, who went out with us, took a telegram for us to Havanna, whence there is telegraph to New York, and so to England, and as it went by government hands, had priority of all. It is delightful to think that by now you have got our letters. . . . . As for us, we are perfectly well. I have not been so well this seven years. I have been riding this week six to eight hours a day, through primeval forests, mud, roots, gullies, and thickets, such that had I anticipated them, I would have brought out breeches and boots. English mud is but a trifle to tropical. But I have had no fall, and never got wet, and as for what I have seen, no tongue can tell. We have got many curiosities, and lots of snakes. I have only seen one alligator, about five to six feet long, and marks only of deer and capo. But I have seen one of the mud volcanoes! As for scenery, for vastness and richness mingled, I never saw its like. Oh that I could transport you to the Monserrat hills for one hour. We can get no photographs, so that I know not how to make you conceive it all. The woods are now vermilion with Bois Immortel; in a fortnight they will be golden with Poui (all huge trees). I have seen a tree which for size beats all I ever dreamed of, a Sand-box, forty-four feet round and seventy-five feet (we got down a liana and measured it) to the first fork, which did not seem half up the tree. But with too many of these giants, you can get no good view, their heads being lost in the green world above. But I have seen single trees left in parks over one hundred and twenty feet, with vast flat heads, which are gardens of orchids, &c., and tons of lianas hanging down from them, and the spurs of their roots like walls of board as high as a man. On Tuesday we start again for the north coast, then a short dash to the east, and then home. I have resisted all solicitations and invitations, and poor F. H—— being ill, gives me a plain reason for keeping my promise to you. Besides, I have seen enough already to last me my life. I keep saying, 'I cannot *not* have been in the tropics.' And as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are? and my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and I don't care about it all. So I am in a state of intellectual repletion, indigestion, and shall take full twelvemonths to assimi-

late and arrange the mass of new impressions. I assure you I am ver careful. I had to lie off a mangrove swamp in burning sun, very tired, after having ridden four hours, and been shoved over the mud in a canoe among the calling crabs, by three niggers, and I did not feel it the least, though the mud stank, and the wind was off shore, because before I got into the canoe, I took a good dose of quinine, which I always carry. Moreover, there are some wonderful angostura bitters (the same which cured Humboldt of his fever) which people take here before dinner, or when wet, tired, or chilly, and their effect is magical. I shall bring some home, and get Heynes to try them on the next case of ague or low fever. They are tonic, not alcoholic. I have kept a great number of notes, and must make more. But this week I have travelled too fast, and have had no luggage, save at my saddle-bow. It is a glorious life in the forest, and I should like six months of it without stopping, if it did not rain. But the dry season is coming on now, and it is growing delightfully cool."

January 24.

"Here the rain is again. Thunder showers without thunder, and intense heat, which is really cooler (by the thermometer) than the sun, but feels hotter, because it overcharges the air so with moisture, that the insensible perspiration does not evaporate, and you are smothered in your own steam.

"A charming fellow has arrived, Mr. D. V——, son of an old friend of my father's, now governor of St. Lucia, who has been in Demerara, and has seen and done unspeakable things among Indians and wild animals. I am learning a great deal from him, as I do from every one. And he will come on board at St. Lucia as we go home, and bring us a real *fer de lance* (the dreadful snake of St. Lucia and Martinique) in spirits . . .

"How strange a thing is man. I longed to get here. I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again. I long to find us running past those glorious Windward Islands, and away from St. Thomas to the cold north-east. But—this will be a possession —'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and this will have made me young again . . . . I do hope and trust that by the time this reaches England you will be with the dear Egertons. . . . . If so, give them all my love. Tell dear Mrs. A. L—— that her brother, the admiral, came here, that I had the most delightful of days at the Pitch Lake with him, and that he wanted to carry us off in the 'Royal Alfred' to Granada, &c., which would have been glorious. He is a noble man, and all his officers adore him. It was very quaint talking over Franco Liddell

and all of them, under the moriche palms. Give my love to William Harrison, and tell him how deeply obliged to him I am for taking care of everything in the parish while I am away.

"Remember me to everyone in the parish. . . . . I have nothing more to say just now, save that the Botanic Gardens, in the grounds of which the cottage is, are a perpetual treasure, because they are full of most rare trees and fruits from all the tropics, India, South Sea Islands, &c. I have learned more botany than I expected, and shall bring home few dried flowers, but many curious nuts, &c. There is no time. By next mail, please God, you will see us ourselves."

To his mother he writes :—

January 25.

"To-night we start for the north coast and glorious mountain shores. We sleep at a planter's, and ride off to-morrow morning for three days, with cutlass, mackintosh, botany-box, and quinine-bottle, into the forests. The riding here is very wild—rock, roots, fallen timber, and abysses of mud. But the horses are very sure footed, and I *can* ride, so I have not had a fall yet. I shall have hundreds of stories to tell you when I get home. . . .

"There are no nasty things here ; at least, I don't see them. I have only seen three snakes (none poisonous) and one alligator.

"Everyone here has heaped us with kindness, hospitality, and information, and little presents; and we shall come home, please God, all the wiser, but none the fatter, for I distil a couple of quarts of pure water out of each joint every day, and am grown as hard as whipcord in consequence. I am afraid I don't like the negroes, specially the women; but I delight in the coolies, who are graceful and well-mannered, and will be the saving of the poor West Indies, I verily believe. You must understand that this island is not like the others. The greater part is almost flat, covered with virgin forest, and the plants and animals are more like those of Demerara than of the Caribbee Islands. Oh ! that you could see the cocoa (chocolate) orchards, with the crimson-flowered Bois Immortel shading them, and all the flowering trees, which are just coming out. This is a bad shore for shells—all mud and mangroves. But we have got a few. Good-bye, my dearest mother."

Seven weeks passed quickly in the enjoyment, not only of the scenery that he has described in "At Last," the memories of which were fresh as ever on his death-bed, but in companionship

with one whose society was a continual charm, who had attracted him from the first hour he spent in his society two years before, and with whom, living at so high a level and with such noble aims, he could commune on the deepest subjects, dear to both. Thanks to this kind host, to whom he had now grown strongly attached, and to whom he owed one of the most delightful episodes of his life, he took leave of lovely Trinidad refreshed in brain, strengthened in health, enriched with beautiful memories, and in the possession of a friendship which was true to the last. Sir Arthur Gordon little thought that in five years he should be standing by Charles Kingsley's grave at Eversley, before himself setting sail for a still greater work in the Fiji Islands, than the government of Trinidad or the Mauritius.

"It was a sore leaving. . . . . The hunger for travel had been aroused, above all for travelling westward. . . . . It seemed hard to turn back after getting so far along the great path of the human race, and one had to reason with oneself—'Foolish soul, whither would you go? You cannot go Westward Ho! for ever. If you go up the Orinoco, you will long to go up the Meta. If you get to Santa Fé de Bogota, you will not be content till you cross the Andes, and see Cotopaxi and Chimborazo. When you look down on the Pacific, you will be craving to go to the Gallapagos, after Darwin; and then to the Marquesas, after Herman Melville; and then to the Fijis, after Seeman; and then to Borneo, after Brooke; and then to the Archipelago, after Wallace; and then to Hindoostan, and round the world. . . . .' With wistful eyes, we watched the sun by day, and Venus and the moon by night, sink down in the gulf to lighten lands which we should never see. A few hours more, and we were steaming out to the Bocas—which we had begun to love as the gates of a new home—heaped with presents to the last minute. . . . . Behind us Port of Spain sank into haze; before us Monos rose, tall, dark, and grim, in moonless night, with its well-beloved nooks. . . . . And it was all over. We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and as in a dream, or rather as part of a dream, and myself a phantom and a play-actor, I looked out over the side, and saw on the right the bleak walls of Monos; on the left, the bleak walls of Huevos—a gate even grander than that of Monos; and the Umbrella Rock, capped with matapalo and cactus, and night-blooming cereus, dim in the dusk. And now we were outside. The roar of the surf, the tumble of the sea, the rush of the trade-wind told

us that at once. Out in the great sea, with Granada, and wind-fiends in it, ahead; . . . but we looked astern, and not ahead. We could see into and through the gap of Huevos, through which we tried to reach the Guacharo Cave. Inside that notch in the cliff must be the wooded bay whence we picked up the shells among the fallen leaves and flowers. From under that dark wall beyond it, the Guacharos * must be trooping out for their nightly forage, as they had trooped out since—— He alone who made them knows how long. The outline of Huevos, the outline of Monos, were growing lower and greyer astern. A long ragged haze signified the Northern Mountains, and far off, on the port quarter, lay a flat bank of cloud, amid which rose, or seemed to rise, the Cordillera of the Main, and the hills where jaguars lie. Canopus blazed high astern, and Fomalhaut below him to the west, as if bidding us a kind farewell. Orion and Aldebaran spangled the zenith. The young moon lay on her back in the far west, thin and pale, over Cumana and the Cordillera, with Venus, ragged and red with earth-mist, just beneath. And low ahead, with the pointers horizontal, glimmered the cold pole star, for which we were steering, out of the summer into the winter once more. We grew chill as we looked at him, and shuddered, it may be cowered, for a moment, at the thought of 'Nifelheim,' the home of the frosts and fogs, towards which we were bound."†

He left St. Thomas by a different track to that by which he came, running northward between Tortola and Virgin Gorda toward the Gulf-stream—or Drake's Channel, as it had been named since 1575; a more advantageous course for a homeward bound ship, as it strikes the Gulf-stream soonest and keeps it longest. The voyage was successful, and notwithstanding a fatality among the livestock, and the death of an ant-eater and an alligator, "who wept crocodile tears before his departure," the kinkajou and the parrot, who were bound for Eversley Rectory, survived, and towards the end of February

"The Land's End was visible, and as we neared the Lizard we could see not only the lighthouses on the cliff, and every well-known cave and rock from Mullion and Kynance round to St. Keverne, but far inland likewise; and regrets for the lovely western paradise were all swallowed

* Humboldt's Wonderful Birds.

† "At Last," vol. ii. ch. xvii.

up with bright thoughts of the cold northern home as 'we ran northwards for the Needles. With what joy we saw at last the white wall of the island glooming dim ahead. With what joy we first discerned that huge outline of a visage, on Freshwater Cliff, so well known to sailors. . . . .' With what joy did we round the old Needles and run past Hurst Castle, and with what shivering, too. . . . . At first an English winter was a change for the worse. Fine old oaks and beeches looked to us, fresh from ceibas and volatas, like leafless brooms stuck into the ground by their handles; while the want of light was for some days painful and depressing. But we had done it, and within the three months, as we promised. As the king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At least we had seen it, and we could not unsee it. We could not *not* have been in the tropics."

And now returned he settled down in the parish with renewed vigour, though feeling the change of climate almost as cruelly as his son, who arrived at the same moment from South America. The parish benefitted by their respective travels at Penny Readings and in their visits to the cottagers. He loved to give his people the results of his own and his children's new experiences in life; for in a certain sense Eversley had advanced a step in intelligent sympathy with the great world outside. It was the same Eversley, and yet different to what it had been when he first came there twenty-eight years before. His own personal influence, and the influence of new circumstances, had told upon it. It was no longer the secluded spot it had been in his curate days, or even at a later period, when he loved to dwell on its "monotony" as "so pleasant in itself, morally pleasant and morally useful." *

The monotony was broken occasionally by very startling

* "I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees, and that only the Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. . . . . If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken, if they be stiff ones, by the same gaps."—*Winter Garden*, p. 145. *Prose Idylls.*

incidents — the neighbourhood of Aldershot bringing flying columns, to the Flats and Bramshill Park. Engineering parties camped out and wells were sunk on the newly-enclosed glebe land, as for an advancing army; artillery waggons rumbled past the quiet rectory, and bugle calls were heard at all hours by the Rector and his people. Now and then, too, the monotony was broken by quite another excitement, for a great heath fire would break out on the Flats, and sometimes encroached on the firs at Bramshill Park, and committed havoc among them.

"At such a time," says a friend, "the Rector was all activity. On one occasion the fire began during the time of divine service. A messenger posted down to the church in hot haste, to call out the men; and Mr. Kingsley, leaving the curate to finish the service, rushed to the scene of action, taking a flying leap, in surplice, hood, and stole, over the churchyard palings. The fire was an extensive one; but he, armed with a bill-hook, and now divested of everything ecclesiastical, was everywhere, organizing bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point. For many nights subsequently watchers were placed in the woods; and at a late hour (between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.) Mr. Kingsley would sally forth and go the rounds, carefully inspecting the country as he went, cheering the watchers with kind hearty words of encouragement—himself intensely interested in the general picturesqueness of the event, and excited by the feeling that the alarm might be given at any moment, and the firs which he loved so dearly be wrapped in flame."

TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

EVERSLEY, *March* 15, 1870.

"I received your letter with a pang; for I felt that I ought to have written to you before you wrote to me. But forgive me, on the strength of the press of business at first coming home. I have seen more than my wildest dreams have anticipated; but I have done much less. I found collecting plants, riding through the forest, to be almost impossible; and yet I did my best, always remembering you, and hoping that my specimens would find their way to your herbarium. But damp and mishaps made me lose so many specimens, that I at last gave up in despair; and all the more as, most of the plants not being in flower, I could identify hardly any. Still a few I have brought home, and will send you if you will accept them. A very few; but there are some five

or six among them which I wish much that you should take. Utricularia with linear leaves from the grass Savannah of Aripo; turf-flowers, utterly unlike in habit to our water-species, and Drosera longifolia—incredible as it may seem—growing with them. I have also a few curious seeds and fruits, of which I hope you will accept specimens. Of the wonder of the whole place I will not attempt to write; I need not to you, who know the forests of Brazil. I have to look at times at my specimens to assure myself that it is not all a dream. But in the wonderful improvement in my health, and in the renewed youth of my mind, I feel very fair proof that

> 'I too on honey-dew have fed,
> And ate the fruits of paradise.'

"I long to see you and dear Lady Bunbury, and ask you a thousand questions, and shall come to you, if you will allow me, the moment I am free. Just now I am very busy, as I have to see to many things before going to Chester at the end of April for three months. R—— enjoyed, and did mightily, the whole time she was in the West Indies. You will be glad, I know, to hear that our boy, Maurice, is come back from South America, well, happy, and so delighted with the life that his only wish is to return; though not, probably, to the same place. I have often longed to get him a post on some exploring expedition, if such things ever exist again under a cheese-paring government, which fools John Bull to the top of his bent on his strange fancy that he is over-taxed, and must needs save odd farthings. My boy would make an admirable explorer, and, it may be, win himself a name."

TO MISS SUSAN WINKWORTH.

EVERSLEY, *April* 18, 1870.

"I must apologise for not having answered your former letter.* But on my return from the West Indies we were both very busy in settling for our eldest son, who returned from South America six weeks ago, and has started three days since, full of heart and hope, for the Rocky Mountains.

"I read the tracts (Bramo Somaj Tracts by K. C. Sen) with great interest and satisfaction, and shall be delighted to make Mr. Sen's acquaintance if he can come and see us at Chester, where we go on the 29th. . . . . I have heard much of him, and of the whole

* About the Bramo Somaj movement, begging to introduce Mr. Sen to Mr. Kingsley on his return to England.

movement, and am very hopeful about it. I trust that no bigotry here will interfere with men, who, if they are not at the point to which St. Paul and St. John attained, are trying honestly to reach that to which Abraham, David, and the Jewish prophets rose: a respectable height, I should have thought. . . . . My mother is with us, better than she has been for years past, and is going with us to Chester."

TO W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *April* 9, 1870.

"About the word 'oubit,' it is simply a hairy caterpillar, which children call the 'devil's gold ring.' Also, I must thank you for the charming sketches* you are pleased to send. I am only sorry for your own sake that you should give away things which will be some day, when we are dead and gone, so valuable from their intrinsic beauty. What a genius Sir Augustus must have been! Like Nature, '*Maximus in minimis.*' He knew what Schleiden calls 'the Æsthetics of Nature' —better worth, I sometimes think, than the mere genera and species of all Natural Historians. If you have that in your heart (the head cannot take it in), you need not regret your ignorance of mere Natural History. Bewick had the latter up to a certain point. But his genius lay in this, that he was saturated with the former; and therefore his vignettes are more valuable by far than even his birds."

TO W. PENGELLY, ESQ., F.G.S.

EVERSLEY, *April* 15, 1870.

"Many thanks. I accept joyfully the honour which is offered me by your council to be president of your Devonshire Scientific Association, and the date thereof. I only feel a dread at so great a pleasure, so far off, and at what may happen meanwhile; for 'life is uncertain,' say folks. 'Life is certain,' say I, because God is educating us thereby. But this process of education is so far above our sight, that it looks often uncertain and utterly lawless. Wherefore fools (with M. Comte) conceive there is no living God, because they cannot condense His formulas into their small smelling bottles.

"My eldest son, who has learnt his trade well at Cirencester and in the River Plate, is just going off to try his own manhood in Colorado, United States. You will understand, therefore, that it is somewhat important to me just now, whether the world be ruled by a just and

* Original Sketches, by Sir Augustus Callcott.

wise God, or by $(x + \eta + \zeta) = 0$. It is also an important question to me with regard to my own boy's future, whether what is said to have happened to-morrow (Good Friday) be true or false. But I am old-fashioned and superstitious, and unworthy of the year 1870."

On the 1st of May he took possession of "The Residence" in Abbey Square, Chester, for three months. His Dean, to whom he gave glad allegiance and under whom he worked for three years, received him with cordial kindness; and it was a happy circumstance and an important one to him that the first cathedral with which he was connected, was one where the reverent worship and admirable arrangements made every service in which he joined congenial and elevating. Choral services had hitherto had little attraction for him: the slovenliness which in by-gone years characterised them in some places, having shocked him from the æsthetic and still more from the religious point of view. Had this been the case at Chester it would have been a serious drawback to the happiness of his life while there. But all was in harmony with the ideal of Christian worship. And the dignity of the services, the reverence of all who conducted them, from its visitor, the Bishop much beloved, who was always present (except when diocesan business called him away), down to the little chorister boys, impressed him deeply. It filled the new Canon's heart with thankfulness that the lot had fallen to him in a cathedral, where dean, precentor, minor canons, organist, choir master and lay clerks all worked earnestly to one end; and he could say with truth, as he entered the venerable cloisters, "How amiable are Thy dwellings, O Lord, Thou God of hosts. My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord. One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house." The early morning daily services were his great refreshment, and seemed to hallow the day to him, and many peaceful moments did he spend in the old chapter house, in reading and prayer, before the clergy and choir assembled for worship, at eight o'clock A.M.

The Sunday services, including the vast nave congregation in the evening, were exciting and exhausting; but through all, he experienced an abiding satisfaction of soul, a sense of the fitness

of things, which was quite unexpected to himself and to those who had known his previous habit of life and feeling. Without professing to understand music, he had always loved it, as a man of his genius and fine organisation necessarily must: but at Chester in the cathedral worship it revealed itself to him, and in daily intercourse with his friend the Precentor, he soon learned to look and long for particular anthems and services with eagerness and appreciation.

A few days after arriving at Chester he took the chair for the Dean at a meeting of the Archæological Society, and on being asked whether he belonged to the old Kingsley family once in Cheshire said:

"His own feeling in coming to Chester was that he was coming home, for although he was landless, his ancestors had not been. He confessed to a feeling of pride in his connection with Cheshire, and to the mention of his name in the old Tarporley hunting song:

> 'In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize
> Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees;
> His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
> Bow-bearer-in-chief to Earl Randall the First.
>
> * This Horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
> Whene'er his liege lord chose a-hunting to ride—
> By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
> It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.'

He was glad to come to a county where many of his kin had lived, and where he had many friends, and he had no higher ambition than to live and die Canon of Chester. He was by no means an ambitious man, as the world called a man ambitious. All he wanted was time to do his work and write his books; and if in anything set on foot in this ancient city—any movement connected with literary and scientific societies or mechanics' institutes—he might be able to help in his humble way, he was at the service of the good citizens of Chester.

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* The bugle horn, alluded to in the old song, and which is in his coat of arms, was the one which his ancestors, as Foresters to Earl Randal, had the right to wear. The grandson of this Ranulph, Ralph de Kingsley, married Mabilla de Moston in 1233, and the same coat of arms, "vert a cross engrailed ermine on an escocheon of pretence Argent, a bugle strung sable," have been carried by the family through many reverses to the present day.

He did not wish to thrust himself forward, to originate anything grand, or be in anybody's way; but if they could find him reasonable work, as he was a rather overworked man, he would be happy to do it, without any regard to creed, politics, or rank in any way whatsoever. He thanked the gentlemen who had said so much in his favour, and hoped he should not forfeit the good opinion they had somewhat hastily formed of him."

Besides the daily services, which were an occupation in themselves, and the preparation of his sermons, he was anxious to get some regular week-day work that would bring the cathedral and the town in close contact. As usual his heart turned to the young men, whose time on long spring and summer evenings might be turned to account, and he offered to start a little class on physical science, expecting to have perhaps at most sixteen to twenty young shopmen and clerks. Botany was the chosen subject, and in a small room belonging to the city library, on the walls, he began—the black board and a bit of white chalk being as usual of important help to the lectures, which he illustrated throughout. The class soon increased so much in numbers that he had to migrate to a larger room, and a walk and a field lecture was proposed once a week. At first the party was watched from the walls with surprise, and once the gathering was so large that a man who met them supposed them to be a congregation going off to the opening of a Dissenting chapel in the country. This was the beginning of the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers between five and six hundred members, with president, secretary, monthly meeting report, regular summer excursions, and winter courses.

"I am very happy here," he writes to Mr. Froude. "I have daily service, which is very steadying and elevating. Plenty of work in the place. I have started a botanical class for middle-class young men, which seems to go well; an opportunity of preaching to shrewd, able Northern men, who can understand and respond; and time to work at physical science—the only thing I care for much now—for it is the way of God who made all; while,—

> 'All the windy ways of men
> Are but dust which rises up
> And is lightly laid again.'"

He occasionally preached in the diocese during his first residence, the Dean being anxious that the work of the chapter should extend beyond the cathedral city, and on one occasion he preached a sermon for the Kirkdale Ragged School, in June, which made a deep impression, and was much quoted from by Liverpool newspapers, under the heading of "Canon Kingsley on Human Soot." "I remember," says a clergyman who heard him on this occasion, "that marvellous sermon on 'Human Soot.' It made me more than ever know the magnificent mental calibre of the man. Canon Kingsley was one of a few, and they giants. . . . " After giving an account of the charity and its great need, the Canon went on to say:—

"And this leads me to ask you plainly, What do you consider to be your duty towards these children? What is your duty towards those dangerous and degraded classes from which too many of them spring?

"You all know the parable of the Good Samaritan. You all know how he found the poor wounded Jew by the wayside, and for the mere sake of their common humanity, simply because he was a man—though he would have scornfully disclaimed the name of brother—bound up his wounds, set him on his own beast, led him to an inn, and took care of him.

"Now, is yours the duty to deal thus with these poor children? Is yours the duty which the Good Samaritan felt?—the duty of mere humanity? That, —— and I think, a little more. Let me say boldly, I think these children have a deeper and a nearer claim on you; that you must not pride yourselves, here in Liverpool, on acting the Good Samaritan when you help a ragged school. We do not read that the Good Samaritan was a merchant on his march at the head of his own caravan. We do not read that the wounded man was one of his own servants, or a child of one of his servants, who had been left behind, unable from weakness or weariness to keep pace with the rest, and had dropped by the wayside till the vultures and the jackals should pick his bones. Neither do we read that he was a general at the head of an advancing army, and that the poor sufferer was one of his own rank and file, crippled and wounded by disease, watching, as many a poor soldier does, his commander march past to victory, while he was left alone to die. Still less do we hear that the sufferer was the child of some soldier's wife, or even of some drunken camp follower, who had lost her place on the baggage-waggon, and trudged on with the child at her

back, through dust and mire, till in despair she dropped her little one, and left it to the mercies of the God who gave it. In either case the Good Samaritan would have known what his duty was; and I trust that you will know, in like case, what your duty is.

"For is not this, and some other, your relation to these children in your streets? ragged, dirty, profligate, untaught, perishing—of whom our Lord has said, 'It is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish. It is not His will. I am sure that it is not your will either. I believe that, with all my heart. I do not blame you, or the people of Liverpool; nor the people of any city on earth in our present imperfect state of civilization, for the evidence among them of brutal, ignorant, degraded, helpless people. It is no one's fault, just because it is every one's fault—the fault of the system: but it is not the will of God, and therefore the existence of such an evil is proof patent and sufficient that we have not yet discovered the whole will of God about this matter; that we have not yet mastered the laws of true political economy, which (like all other natural laws) are the will of God revealed in facts. Our processes are hasty, imperfect, barbaric; and their result is vast and rapid production, but also waste, refuse, in the shape of a dangerous class. We know well how, in some manufactures, a certain amount of waste is profitable—that it pays better to let certain substances run to refuse, than to use every product of the manufacture—as in a steam-mill every atom of soot is so much wasted fuel; but it pays better not to consume the whole fuel and to let the soot escape. So it is in our present social system; it pays better. Capital is accumulated more rapidly by wasting a certain amount of human life, human health, human intellect, human morals, by producing and throwing away a regular per-centage of human soot—of that thinking and acting dirt which lies about, and, alas! breeds and perpetuates itself in foul alleys and low public-houses, and all and any of the dark places of the earth. But as in the case of the manufactures, the Nemesis comes swift and sure. As the foul vapours of the mine and manufactory destroy vegetation and injure health, so does the Nemesis fall on the world of man—so does that human soot, those human poison gases, infect the whole society which has allowed them to fester under its feet. Sad; but not hopeless. Dark; but not without a gleam of light in the horizon.

"I can yet conceive a time when, by improved chemical science, every foul vapour which now escapes from the chimney of a manufactory, polluting the air, destroying the vegetation, shall be seized, utilized, converted into some profitable substance, till the Black Country shall be black no longer, and the streams once more run crystal clear, the trees

be once more luxuriant, and the desert which man has created in his haste and greed, shall, in literal fact, once more blossom as the rose. And just so can I conceive a time when, by a higher civilization, founded on political economy, more truly scientific, because more truly according to the will of God, our human refuse shall be utilized like our material refuse, when man as man, even down to the weakest and most ignorant, shall be found to be (as he really is) so valuable that it will be worth while to preserve his health, to the level of his capabilities, *to save him alive*, body, intellect, and character, at any cost; because men will see that a man is, after all, the most precious and useful thing in the earth, and that no cost spent on the development of human beings can possibly be thrown away.

"I appeal, then, to you (if there be any such in this congregation), the commercial men of Liverpool. If not, I appeal to their wives and daughters, who are kept in wealth, luxury, refinement, by the honourable labours of their husbands, fathers, brothers, on behalf of this human soot. The merchants are, and I believe they deserve to be, the leaders of the great caravan which goes forth to replenish the earth and subdue it; they are among the generals of the great army which wages war against the brute powers of nature all over the world, to ward off poverty and starvation from the ever-teeming millions of mankind. Have they no time—I take for granted they have the heart—to pick up the footsore and weary, who have fallen out of the march, that they may rejoin the caravan, and be of use once more? Have they no time—I am sure they have the heart—to tend the wounded and the fever-stricken, that they may rise and fight once more? If not, then must not the pace of their march be somewhat too rapid; the plan of their campaign somewhat precipitated and ill-directed; their ambulance train and their medical arrangements somewhat defective? We are all ready enough to complain of the waste of human bodies brought about by such defects in the British army. Shall we pass over the waste—the hereditary waste of human souls brought about by similar defects in every great city in the world?—waste of human souls, human intellect, human character—waste, saddest of all, of the image of God in little children. That cannot be necessary. There must be a fault somewhere. It cannot be the will of God that one little one should perish by commerce or by manufacture, any more than by slavery or by war. As surely as I believe that there is a God, so surely do I believe that commerce is the ordinance of God, that the great army of producers and distributors is God's army; but for that very reason I must believe that the production of human refuse, the waste of human characters, is not part of God's plan, not according to His ideal of what our social state should

be, and therefore of what our social state can be. For God asks no impossibilities of a human being. But as things are, one has only to go into the streets of this or any great city to see how we, with all our boast of civilization, are as yet but one step removed from barbarism. Is that a hard word? Only there *are* the barbarians around us, at every street corner—grown barbarians, it may be, now all but past saving—but bringing into the world young barbarians, whom we may yet save, for God wishes us to save them. It is not the will of our Father in Heaven that one of these should perish. . . . . Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you; they are not to Him who made them. 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in Heaven. . . . . Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough, and fresh enough to shame any one who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt, of what we miscall civilization. But take them to the pure stream; strip off the ugly shapeless rags; wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capable—capable of how much, God alone, who made them, knows. Well said the great Christian poet of your northern hills of such—

> 'Not in entire forgetfulness,
> Nor yet in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do they come
> From God who is their home.'

Truly, too truly, alas! he goes on to say—

> 'Shades of the prison house begin to close
> Around the growing boy.'

Will *you* let the shades of that prison-house of mortality be peopled with little save obscene ghosts? Truly, and too truly, he goes on—

> 'The youth who ever farther from the east
> Must travel—still is nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.'

Will *you* leave the youth to know nature only in the sense in which an ape or a swine knows it, and to conceive of no more splendid vision than that which he may behold at a penny theatre?

"Truly, again, and too truly, he goes on—

> 'At last the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.'*

* Wordsworth's Ode, "Intimations of Immortality."

Yes; to poor, weak, mortal man the prosaic age of manhood must needs come for evil as well as for good. But will *you* let that age be—to any of your fellow-citizens—not an age of rational prose, but an age of brutal recklessness, while the light of common day for him has sunk into the darkness of a common sewer? And all the while it was not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish. . . ."

Want of space forbids more than these extracts from this noble sermon, which has never been published; and we now return to the letters for the year. Among them are two on "Woman's Rights;" the date of the last is uncertain, but both are significant of his latest views on this question.

TO MRS. PETER TAYLOR.

CHESTER, *May* 27, 1870.

"I have the honour of acknowledging your letter respecting the Women's Suffrage Question. If I, as one who has the movement at heart more intensely than I choose to tell any one, and also as one who is not unacquainted with the general public opinion of England, might dare to give advice, it would be, not in the direction of increased activity, but in that of increased passivity. Foolish persons have 'set up the British Lion's back,' with just fears and suspicions. Right-minded, but inexperienced persons, have set up his back with unjust (though pardonable) fears and suspicions. I do not hesitate to say, that a great deal which has been said and done by women, and those who wish to support women's rights, during the last six months, has thrown back our cause. I will not, nay, I utterly decline to, enter into details. But that what I say is true, I know, and know too well. We shall not win by petitions. The House of Commons cares nothing for them. It knows too well how they can be got up, and takes for granted that we shall get up ours in the same way.

"By pamphleteering we shall not win. Pamphlets now are too common. They melt on the debauched and distracted sensorium of the public, like snow on water. By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. 'Neither strive nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,' was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method, of striving, and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not

hesitate to say, that unless this movement is kept down to that tone of grace, and modesty, and dignity, which it would always be by you, madam, were you the only leader, and which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful, Englishmen and Englishwomen, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters.

"I warn you of a most serious danger. I have found that when the question has been put in its true, practical, rational light, to men and women who had the greatest horror of it from prejudice, their consciences and reasons gave way at once, and they were ready to submit and agree. But I have found, alas! that within a week, some one or other had said or done something premature, or even objectionable, which threw back the process of conversion. This is the true cause of our seemingly unexpected failure. And I entreat you, as one who never by word or deed, as far as I have known, have contributed to that failure, and for whom I have so profound a respect, to control, instead of exciting, just now, those over whom you have, and ought to have, influence."

About this time Mr. John Stuart Mill, hearing that Mr. Kingsley had withdrawn more or less from the movement, wrote to ask him his reasons. The mode of procedure of some of its advocates had shocked him so, that he refused to attend any meetings, and the only branch of the subject to which he willingly gave his influence latterly was the Medical education of women, which he had held for years (long before the question of "Women's Suffrage" was mooted) was one of the deepest importance, and which to the last had his entire sympathy.

TO JOHN STUART MILL, ESQ.

CHESTER.

"MY DEAR MR. MILL,

"As you have done me the unexpected honour of asking my opinion on an important matter, I can only answer you with that frankness which is inspired by confidence and respect. 1. I do not think that ladies speaking can have had, or can have, any adverse influence. You used, I doubt not, your usual wisdom in opposing Miss ——'s speaking at a public meeting, and, as yet, but only as yet, I should think such a move premature. That I think women ought to speak in public, in any ideal, or even truly civilized society and polity, I hope I need not

tell you. My fear is, not so much that women should speak, as *who* the women are who speak. . . . .

"There exist; in all ranks of the English, and in none more than in the highest rank, women brave, prudent, pure, wise, tried by experience and sorrow, highly cultivated and thoughtful too, whose influence is immense, and is always exercised for good, as far as they see their way. And unless we can get these, of all ranks, and in each rank, down to the very lowest, to be 'the leaders of fashion,' for good, instead of evil, we shall not succeed. I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better rather than the worse women against us, to find that foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals . . . . are inclined to patronise us in the most noisy and demonstrative way. I am aware of the physical and psychical significance of this fact. I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to—I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element, which I define as the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement. It is all the more necessary to do this, if we intend to attack 'social evils,' *i.e.*, sexual questions, by the help of woman raised to her proper place. That you mean to do so I take for granted. That I do, I hope you take for granted. If not, I should be glad some day to have the honour of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι, the principle of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i.e.*, the canon law, is civilized off the earth.

"Meanwhile, all the most pure and high-minded women in England, and in Europe, have been brought up under the shadow of the canon law, have accepted it, with their usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature; and consider their own womanhood outraged, when it, their tyrant, is meddled with. It is to them, therefore, if we wish (as I do) for a social revolution, that we must address ourselves mildly, privately, modestly, rationally. Public meetings drive them away, for their experiences, difficulties, wrongs, are too sacred to be detailed even before women of whom they are not sure,

much more before men, most of all before a press, which will report, and next morning cynically comment on, the secrets of their hearts. A free press—with all its innumerable advantages—is the great barrier (I say it to you deliberately) to the moving in this matter of that great mass of matrons for whom, in the long run, the movement is set on foot; and by whom alone it can be carried out. At least, so it seems to me, who fight, not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because, if the mother be benefitted, the child is benefitted in her. And therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women. . . . . But I see with pain this movement backed up by ——, and ——, and by other men and women who, unknown themselves to the English nation, and knowing nothing of it, and its actual opinions and habits for good or evil, in a word, sectarians (whether they know it or not), seem ready to scramble back into a society which they have in some cases forfeited, by mixing themselves up with questions which it is not for such as they to speak of, either in the study or the forum. I object, also, to the question of woman's right to vote or to labour, and above all, to woman's right to practise as physicians and surgeons, being mixed up with social, *i.e.*, sexual questions. Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold (as perhaps you may do me the honour to be aware) that it is perhaps the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, according to natural laws, and, therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature [will be made clear]. . . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these sexual questions, first, before they have acquired a sound, and also a general, scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact, on these matters. Second, before they have so accustomed the public to their ministrations, as to show them that they are the equals of men in scientific knowledge and practical ability (as they are); and more, that they know, as women, a hundred woman's secrets, which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilization that a man should have the right of trying to interpret. Therefore I deprecate, most earnestly, all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, &c., which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months. I do not say that they are wrong. Heaven forbid! But I do say, that by so doing they are retarding, it may be for generations, the cause which they are trying to serve. And I do say (for I have seen it) that they are thereby mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes; with the vain and ambitious, and worst of all, with the prurient.

Prurience, sir, by which I mean lust, which, unable to satisfy itself in act, satisfies itself by contemplation, usually of a negative and seemingly virtuous and Pharisaic character, vilifying, like St. Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem, that which he dare not do, and which is, after all, only another form of hysteria—that is the evil which we have to guard against, and we shall not do so, unless we keep about this whole movement a tone of modesty, delicacy, lofty purity, which (whatever it knows, and perhaps it knows all) will not, and dare not, talk aloud about it. That tone will not be kept, if we allow the matrons, and after them the maidens (by whom I mean women still under the influence of their fathers and mothers,) or women having by their own property a recognised social position, to be turned out of sight in this movement by 'emancipated' women.

"I know that the line is very difficult to draw. I see how we must be tempted to include, nay, to welcome as our best advocates, women who are smarting under social wrongs, who can speak on behalf of freedom with an earnestness like that of the escaped slave. But I feel that we must resist that temptation; that our strength lies not in the abnormal, but in the normal type of womanhood. And I must say, that any sound reformation of the relations between woman and man, must proceed from women who have fulfilled well their relations as they now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are. That only those who have worked well in harness, will be able to work well out of harness; and that only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things will be fit to be rulers over many things; and I hold this — in justice to myself I must say it — not merely on grounds 'theological' so-called, but on grounds without which the 'theological' weigh with me very little—grounds material and physiological—on that *voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*, to which I try, humbly though confusedly, to submit all my conclusions.

"Meanwhile, I shall do that which I have been doing for years past. Try to teach a noble freedom, to those whom I see most willing, faithful, conscientious in their slavery, through the path of self-sacrifice; and to influence their masters likewise, to see in that self-sacrifice something far more divine than their own self-assertion. To show them that wherever man and wife are really happy together, it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting, the subordination of woman to man, which they hold in theory. To set forth in every book I write (as I have done for twenty-five years) woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine, guide, purifier, inspirer of the man. And so, perhaps, I may be as useful to the cause of chivalry, dear equally to you and me, as if I attended many meetings, and spoke, or caused to be spoken many speeches."

TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

CHESTER, *May* 28, 1870.

"I was pleased and ashamed to see your handwriting. I forgot to write to you, in the bustle not only of getting home myself, but of starting Maurice off to the Rocky Mountains with the now famous Dr. Bell, and then of getting to Chester, and settling ourselves in our new sphere of work. Pray forgive me. I am very sorry the plants are no better than they are. But the great majority had to be 'dried' in an atmosphere charged with water, in timber and palm ajoupas in the bush, and carried either at my back, or jammed among clothes in an Indian basket, on a negro's back. I am very glad that the Utricularias are safe. You will remark with them some specimens of the true Drosera longifolia. When I got that, my first thought was of you, and, indeed, I was thinking of you, and longing for your company, continually. I trust you will do me the honour to look at my sketch of the first sight of the primeval forest in the forthcoming 'Good Words.' I know how feeble and defective it is, but it is all I can say. If you see any mistakes, I hope you will point them out to me. I have many things to say to you, when I can have speech with you. All I have seen points to an antiquity, not only for average tropical vegetation, but for tropical man, far more vast than I had suspected. If it were proved that civilized races flourished at the equator during the miocene epoch, or even earlier, I, for one, should not be surprised."

CHESTER, *June* 10, 1870.

"I am glad to have your opinion on my poor stuff. As for the absence of leaf mould, I saw it all over Trinidad. I picked dead trees open for saprophagous insects, but found few or none. I must ask Bates (who is coming to us this summer) what his experience is. Perhaps you would kindly, as being in the centre of information, get evidence from other men. I should be sorry to put in a hasty generalization. Of the local fact I am certain. You guess rightly that the Brinvilliers is connected with the cinchona. It is Rubiaceous, Spigelia anthelmia. I have avoided, in these letters, putting in more scientific names than I can help. When the book comes out as a whole, I shall of course state the whole of what little I know. The Obeah poisoners do not use Euphorbiaceæ in general, I believe, as being too acrid and violent. I could not get any account of the symptoms produced by spigelia. It is sometimes given in small doses as an anthelmintic.

"Maurice is off to New Mexico, surveying a stretch of land, and

hopes to get permanent employment soon. Meanwhile he is full of health and hope, and, I doubt not, will do well."

TO W. HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, ESQ.

CHESTER, *June* 12, 1871.

" . . . It is a pleasant surprise to me that you should know anything about my birthday: a more pleasant one that you should care to remember it. I thank you heartily for the really learned and able book * which you have sent me. I was not aware that the truly great Robert Brown—'*notre maître à tout*'—had assisted in its development. It is impossible to have a stronger guarantee for its worth. . . . .

" To explain the passage from the 'Fairy Queen,'† both you and I ought to have long reading in the mystic realists of the Middle Age, and again of the *Renaissance*. I cannot explain it, because the very little I knew of such lore, I have forgotten utterly.

" With regard to the bird mentioned by Nieremberg in 1635, and called the 'Triton Avis,' I don't know a word. But if you will write to Mr. Gould, and use my name, if any man on earth can tell you, he can. Moreover, his knowledge of the notes of birds, as well as their natural history, is something marvellous; and if he sees you want to learn, he will enjoy telling you everything. I trust that our friendship may last many years."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

EVERSLEY, *August* 8, 1870.

" Accept my loving congratulations to you and your people. The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready.

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* Lady Callcott's "Scripture Herbal."

† " The frame thereof seemed partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, faminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And t'wixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place;
All which compacted made a goodly diapase."

Book II., canto ix., stanza xxii., quoted in Hawkins's "History of Music."

"Verily God is just; and rules, too, whatever the press may think to the contrary.

"My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them, the re-taking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the Frenchman no foot of the Rhine-bank. To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone. In any case, with love to dear G——, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany."

TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

EVERSLEY, *August* 31, 1870.

"I am very much obliged to you for sending me the list of plants; I fear it cost you much trouble. But I think you know enough of the difficulties of collecting in the wet season, to pardon the bad state of some specimens. In fact, I soon found that, where the flora was endless, and all new, I must give up every other source of information and interest, if I intended to collect all I saw, and so only picked certain things which struck me, and too often lost them again. In one case I upset my box at my back, and lost a dozen new specimens at least, in hunting a great blue morpho in thick scrub. I am surprised, indeed, that I have brought home as many as forty-nine species at all verifiable.

"I miss among your list an Eleocharis, as it seemed to me, off the shore of a lagoon, near mangroves, &c., which seemed to me identical, or close to, an English form. This may be the Scirpus which you mention. I see Griesbach says that his Sc. (E.) exiguus has the habit of our E. acicularis, and his S. mitratus the habit of our E. palustris. The plant struck me as a remarkable instance of the similarity, if not identity, of marsh plants throughout all lands. I looked in vain for our Typha angustifolia, common in lagoons, but it was probably not in flower. The Artanthes, of which I have, I find, brought one home, and Enckeas, struck me much, as also the allied Pothomorphe. Cephaelis tomentosa, I am delighted to find, is new to you. It is very handsome, the red involucrum, with its double blue berry, very showy among the large leaves. It grows about thirty-five feet high, and is a very common ornament of all openings in the primeval woods. A Palicourea, I recollect, I got. I am very glad that Amasonia is in good order. It is a glorious thing, its very spike blazing among poor grass in sandy swamp. I know that there was a flower of Ipomea bona-nox: but they must be picked at night, and dried instantly in glazed paper, or all shrivels. I think I had an Evolvulus. Was there not also a specimen of Spondia

glabra? But if I had collected all I saw of that family, my work would have been manifold. Tecoma stans is probably there, being common, but the glory of the island is Poui (Tecoma serratifolia), a mighty timber tree like an ash, which just as we left began to blaze all over with saffron-flowers, which we could not reach, making a striking object in the landscape. The Utricularia were labelled by Prestoe, the government botanist (as were all the rest). But I warn you that he says he can make nothing of many of Griesbach's species, especially in palms, and poor Kruger refused absolutely to commit himself to species at all. I sometimes suspected (and have done so still more since I came home) that the number of variable, *i.e.*, of actually now varying, species in the tropic woods is very great, owing to the ruthless and rapid competition for life, and that we must commit ourselves to their permanence as little as possible. Jacquinea armillaris (which yields beads for necklaces, and has a delicious fragrance, lasting for days after the bough is cut) should be in our hot-houses. Echites and Allamandas were very numerous. Drosera longifolia set me meditating much. Hooker ascribes its appearance there, and elsewhere in tropic America, to its being carried by water-fowl, and I see no other possible cause. Passiflora sanguinea, I remember. Paritium tiliaceum (and here Mahant) is a common bush of the beach, with Coccoloba uvifera. Phytolacca icosandra has all the look of an introduced plant, always about old clearings. I forget the Polygalas, and hope to see them with you at Barton some day. Ilex sideroxyloides (according to Prestoe) I found (for the first time in the island) on the little islands of the Pitch Lake, with Chrysobalanus pellocarpus. Alas! for the Melastomaceæ! To have collected all I saw was impossible; to remember a few which I saw (of the large-leaved forms) is a perpetual pleasure. The Leguminosæ which are in the collection I do not recollect. But I hope to talk all over with you, and if you do me the honour to read my little book, when it comes out at Christmas in an extended and corrected form, you will see that at least I did not go about with my eyes shut. I send you by post a pamphlet which will explain itself. You will see from the lists of trees, &c., at the end, how vast are the vegetable resources of this single island. In the last list, you will see a mark on the left hand of the page, against each tree which I saw, whether I 'verified' them botanically or not. You will be surprised at some omissions. For instance, I never saw, to my knowledge, Hymenæa Courbaril, though I must have ridden under dozens or hundreds. Such piecemeal work does one do in the world.

"And now a few words on this awful war. I confess to you, that were I a German, I should feel it my duty to my country to send my last son, my last shilling, and after all, my own self to the war, to get tha

done which must be done, done so that it will never need doing again. I trust that I should be able to put vengeance out of my heart—to forget all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past, from that vain, greedy, restless nation; all even which she suffered, women as well as men, in the late French war: though the Germans do not forget it, and some of them, for their mothers' or aunts' sakes, ought not. But the average German has a right to say:—Property, life, freedom, has been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided. The French kings have always tried to keep her divided, that they might make her the puppet of their ambition. Since the French Revolution, the French people (all of them who think and act, viz., the army and the educated classes) have been doing the same. They shall do so no longer. We will make it impossible for her to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. We will make it an offence on her part—after Alfred de Musset's brutal song—to mention the very name of the Rhine. As for the present war, it was inevitable, soon or late. The French longed for it. They wanted to revenge 1813-15, ignoring the fact that Germany was then avenging—and very gently—1807. Bunsen used to say to me—I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it—that the war must come; that he only prayed God that it might not come till Germany was prepared, and had recovered from the catastrophes of the great French war. It has come, and Germany is prepared—and would that the old man were alive, to see the 'battle of Armageddon,' as he called it, fought, not as he feared on German, but on French soil. It must have come. The Germans would have been wrong to begin it; but when the French began, they would have been 'niddering' for ever not to have accepted it. If a man persists for years in brandishing his fist in your face, telling you that he will thrash you some day, and that you dare not fight him—a wise man will, like Germany, hold his tongue till he is actually struck; but he will, like Germany, take care to be ready for what *will* come. As for Prussia's being prepared for war, being a sort of sin on her part—a proof that she intended to attack France, such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen. Gross ignorance, too, or willing oblivion of all that the French have been threatening for years past, about 'rectifying their frontier.' The Germans had fair warning from the French that the blow would be struck some day. And now that it is struck, to turn the other cheek in meekness may be very 'Christian' towards a man's self; but most unchristian, base, and selfish, towards his women, his children, and his descendants yet unborn. There can be no doubt that the French programme of this war was, to disunite Germany once more, and so make her weak and at

the mercy of France. And a German who was aware of that—as all sensible Germans must have been aware—had to think not of the text which forbids us to avenge private injuries, but of that which says 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' not of the bodily agony and desolation of the war, but of Him who said, 'Fear not them that can kill the body,' and after that have nothing left to do; but fear him—the demon of selfishness, laziness, anarchy, which ends in slavery, which can kill both body and soul in the hell of moral and political degradation. As for this being a 'dynastic war,' as certain foolish working men are saying—who have got still in their heads the worn-out theory that only kings ever go to war—it is untrue. It is not dynastic on the part of Germany. It is the rising of a people from the highest to the lowest, who mean to be a people, in a deeper sense than any republican democrat—French or English, ever understood that word. It is not dynastic on the part of France. The French Emperor undertook it to save his own dynasty; but he would never have done so, if he had not been of opinion (and who knows the French as well as he?) that it would not be a dynastic war, but a popular one. Else, how could it save his throne? What could it do but hasten his fall, by contravening the feelings of his people? But it did not contravene them. Look back at the papers, and you will find that Paris and the army (which between them, alas! constitute now the French people) received the news of war with a delirium of insolent joy.

"They were mistaken, and have received Trulla's answer to Hudibras:—

> 'And mounting on his trunk astride,
> Quoth she, "I told you this would come
> Of all your vapouring vile scum."'

The Emperor was mistaken, ... in spite of all his cunning. He fancied that after deceiving the French people—after governing them by men who were chosen because they could, and dared deceive, that these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone; that they would exhibit, unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty, economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was, to nail up the hand of the weather-glass, in order to ensure fine weather; as they are doing to this day in every telegram. So he is justly punished, as all criminals are, by his own crimes, and God's judgments are, as always, righteous and true. . . .

"I confess that Bismarck's explanations about this secret treaty were to me satisfactory. Those who complain of him for concealing it

should recollect that he dreaded immediate war with France if he divulged it, probably if he absolutely refused to entertain it; and that Prussia, panting and bleeding from the struggle of 1866, was not ready for a fresh war against France, which Germany, to the last three weeks, supposed (like the rest of the world) to be more powerful than she is. My suspicion is, that when all is over, and can be seen more *en masse*, at a reasonable distance, Bismarck will not look the worst figure in Europe. I foresee, if Germany is absolutely victorious, great and wholesome changes in public opinion here and abroad. But of that I must write hereafter. To speak now would be to count our chickens before they are hatched, and this letter has run to an absurd length. I must beg you to pardon it, because it is a comfort to me to have one like you to whom I can pour out my heart. And I think that if you showed my words to a German, he would not disagree much with me. Best love to Lady Bunbury and you, from all my ladies."

EVERSLEY, *September* 5, 1870.

"Many thanks for your interesting letter. If you wish for proof of my guess that Germans would agree with my historical view, you will find one, at least, in page 5 of this day's 'Times,' column 4. As far as I know the history of those years in reference to this question (and I gave a set of lectures on them at Cambridge), the facts are accurately and fairly stated by the Germans therein. Meanwhile, what a *περιπέτεια* has ensued! Since Waterloo, there has been no such event in Europe. I await with awe and pity the Parisian news of the next few days. As for the Emperor, while others were bowing down to him, I never shrank from expressing my utter contempt of him. His policy is now judged, and he with it, by fact, which is the 'voice of God revealed in things,' as Bacon says; and I at least, instead of joining the crowd of curs who worry where they lately fawned, shall never more say a harsh word against him. Let the condemned die in peace if possible, and he will not, I hear, live many months—perhaps not many days. Why should he wish to live? This very surrender may be the not undignified farewell to life of one who knows himself at his last."

To another friend he writes:—

"As for the war, I dare not give opinion on it. It is the most important event since the Revolution of 1793, and we are too near it yet to judge of it fairly. My belief is, that it will work good for generations to come. But at what an awful price!"

TO ALFRED WALLACE, ESQ. F.L.S.

EVERSLEY, *October* 22, 1870.

"I have read your 'Essay on Natural Selection' with equal delight and profit.

"I wish you would re-consider pages 276—285. The facts, of course, are true, as all yours are sure to be; but I have never been able to get rid of the belief, that every grain of sand washed down by a river—by the merest natural laws—is designedly put in the exact place where it will be needed some time or other; or that the ugliest beast (though I confess the puzzle here is stranger), and the most devilish, has been created because it is beautiful and useful to some being or other. In fact, I believe not only in 'special providences,' but in the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences. I only ask you to extend to all nature the truth you have so gallantly asserted for man—'That the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as man uses them for his special ends.' Page 370.

"Omit 'occasionally,' and say 'always,' and you will complete your book and its use. In any case, it will be a contribution equally to science and to natural theology." *

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *November* 1, 1870.

"I have at last had time to read carefully your 'Culture and Anarchy,' and here is my verdict if you care for it. That it is an exceeding wise and true book; and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn,† but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring, when the spring comes. For me, born a barbarian, and bred a Hebrew of the Hebrews, it has been of solid comfort and teaching. I have had for years past an inkling that in Hellenism was our hope. I have been ashamed of myself, as a clergyman, when I caught myself saying to myself that I had rather have been an old Greek than an Englishman. Your book has justified me to myself, while it showed me where I was ungrateful to God and wrong. I will not trouble you with more talk, for it will be far worse than that which you can say to yourself any day; but I must thank you for the book, as a moral tonic,

* "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays," by Alfred Russell Wallace. The chapter referred to at pages 276–85 is headed, "Adaptation brought about by General Laws." The passage is too long to quote.

† French and Prussian War-time.

as well as an intellectual purge. Ah, that I could see you, and talk with you. But here I am, trying to do my quiet work; and given up, now, utterly, to physical science—which is my business in the Hellenic direction."

TO J. FERGUSSON, ESQ.

"1. As to the situation of the various Assyrian cities, p. 67, you seem perplexed by the necessity of holding that the 'Babel,' whence 'Asghur came forth,' was more or less the same as modern Babylon. I do not think this necessary. It seems to me that the source-point of Assyrian migration and the site of Babel are to be sought for northwards, among the passes between North Assyria and the Hindu-Koh. My arguments are these: 1. The Hindu-Koh was, as you will, I doubt not, agree, the source of migration for three great races—the Semitic, Indo-Germanic, and Scyth. Why not also for the Melanic? That the dark Naga races, driven southward by the Pandors and Brachmans, came from the Hindu-Koh, and originally held the Punjab, I suppose there is little doubt. I consider the 'sons of Ham,' Migraine, Phut, Canaan, Cush, to be of the same stock; and my belief has been corroborated by the fact, for which I thank you much, that the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, as late as B.C. 1750, were called Naharaina. Now Genesis says that it was as they journeyed from the East that they found Shinar and built Babel. The historic Babel would hardly have been reached by an eastern journey, except by the all but impossible, and certainly most improbable (for early migrators with clear ground before them) route through the South Persian deserts. Whatever Babel may signify, whether 'confusion' or the 'gate of God,' it seems to have been considered by all the Scripture writers as a sort of mystic epithet, capable of application to all places or cities in certain circumstances. Without dilating on this, or adding my crudities to all the nonsense which has been already written on it, I cannot help feeling that this points to it as a class-name, like those of Phrat, Nile, and so forth; the latter of which, we know, by its antiquity, gave rise to the belief that the African Nile rose in India. I humbly submit, therefore, that it is northward of Nineveh that we must look for the earliest Assyrian remains, and not in the direction of Babylon. For the hint of the similarity of Resen and Rasena I cannot sufficiently thank you. It is one of those things which, slight in itself, sets one hunting in a new direction, and makes possible a rich discovery. Long aware of the general spread, through the greater part of the globe, at some vastly remote epoch, of a dark dolicho-kephalic race mysteriously allied with the earlier 'Finn' tribes, but preceding them,

and of the possible connection of these with the Etruscans, I seem to have found a new 'straw to show the wind,' and again thank you.

"2. Your theory of the kings who invaded Israel being of the Medo-Arbacid dynasty equally delights me, because it proves (alas! that it should need proof!) that the Bible, read honestly, as you would read any other book, will not be found to be worse written than others, and will require no frantic theories of commentators to save its reputation for common sense and honesty. In the present case, the Bible distinctly asserts that these kings, Pul to Sennacherib, were Medians. Elam, Kir, and Media are the three tribe names mentioned by Isaiah as identical with the Assyrian invaders of his day. I think, if you will read Isaiah xxi. xxii., you will agree with me. Or rather, let me say, read that magnificent epic, the first thirty-seven chapters of that prophet, simply as a piece of history, and you will, I am sure, find several important, and as yet, strange to say, ignored facts about these Medo-Arbacid conquests standing out clear and unmistakeable. Damascus, Tyre, Philistia, Edom, and Moab, were (as Hosea, his contemporary, states) ravaged by the Assyrians.

"If Shalmaneser failed in taking Tyre, which I am not quite sure from Josephus, that he did, Sennacherib did not, according to those (in my opinion) most faithful historians. Moreover, let Herodotus and the Egyptian priests say what they will, Isaiah does seem to assert, as plainly as any writer can, that Sennacherib was successful both in Egypt and in Ethiopia (Meroe?). Where "No" was I cannot tell, having a firm dis-faith in most English commentators, and having no German reference at hand: but wherever it was, the destruction of one such city would give a very different notion of his success from Herodotus' story. But next, and this is very important in my eyes, Isaiah certainly says, not only that these, 'Elam, Media, and Kir,' who did all this, also took and destroyed Babylon. It is in vain for commentators, in their haste, and irreverence for that very letter of Scripture which they so idolize, to explain this of the destruction of Babylon by Cyrus; for,

1. Cyrus did *not* destroy Babylon, but carefully preserved it, and in spite of Keith and Sir R. Ker Porter's 'Fulfilments of Prophecy,' it was a great city for centuries afterwards.

"2. Isaiah says that the same Medes and Elamites who were to destroy Babylon (or, as I think, had actually destroyed her before Cap. xxxv. . . . . was written) were coming to invade Judea during the lifetime of the man to whom he spoke—Shebna the treasurer, who was to be, and actually was, succeeded in his office by Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, during Hezekiah's reign. Without wearying you with arguments, which, if the book in hand had been any but that most ill-used

and despised one, the Bible—would have been needless centuries ago, I leave the matter to your more experienced judgment, only praying that you may not have to clear your brain of the same dust-heaps of trash, which I had before I became able to let the Book of Books tell its own story. Two questions remain . . . . Is there anything in Scripture to explain the continuance, or rather re-appearance of Babylon after this utter overthrow? I think we find it at once in Nabuchodonosor's 'Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?' which has so often puzzled commentators. Allowing that all it means is that '*luteam invenit marmoream reliquit*,' some great bouleversement, or utter change of place, must have been necessary to make such an expression true. You are far better acquainted than I am with the Eastern tyrants' fashion of wantonly changing the site of a city and rebuilding the whole, ... so I will add no more on this point; and answer the second query. Is this compatible with 'profane' records?

"I think we find, in Ptolemy's canon, if not corroboration, still room for such an event. He gives an interregnum from 704 to 702 . . . . and again an interregnum between 692 and 688, and a rapid succession of kings about that time (averaging four years each) which betokens a disturbed state of affairs. Of these, one Mordakus is evidently the Merodach of 2 Kings, xx. 12. After him follows an interregnum of eight years, and then Asar-Adinus (Esar-haddon, son of Sennacherib?) follows . . . . and in 2 Chronicles, xxxiii. 11, we find that the captains of the host of Assyria, took king Manasseh to Babylon, a passage which, though of course not so important as those of Isaiah or Kings, having been written probably after the return from Cyrus's captivity, is still important, as showing the temporary fusion of the Assyrian and Babylonian kingships, which would follow on the taking of Babylon by them, and which you, without assigning this cause, hint as possible in p. 52. I would add one observation more. Is not the discrepancy between Polyhistor and Syncellus about the Medo-Arbacids very slight? Were not the Medes and the Chasdim or Chaldeans cognate northern mountain tribes? And may not some light be thrown on the matter by that most obscure, but in my eyes most important verse, Isaiah xxiii. 13, 'Behold the land of the Chaldeans: this people was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers and palaces thereof: and he brought it to ruin.' This latter clause, and the rest indeed, I can make nothing of. I trust that you will with your far superior learning and acumen.

"Again I beseech you to pardon this intrusion, and to leave it unanswered or not, as shall best please you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

1871.

AGED 52.

LECTURE ON "THE THEOLOGY OF THE FUTURE" AT SION COLLEGE—DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS—EXPEDITIONS OF THE CHESTER NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY—LECTURES ON TOWN GEOLOGY—A LUMP OF COAL—THRIFT DISTRIBUTION—*LA PETITE CULTURE*—THE TRAINING OF LANDLORDS—THE FRENCH PEASANTRY—PEASANT PROPRIETORS—RACE WEEK AT CHESTER—LETTERS ON BETTING—CAMP AT BRAMSHILL—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EVERSLEY—PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS—SERMON ON LOYALTY AND SANITARY SCIENCE—LECTURE TO ROYAL ARTILLERY OFFICERS AT WOOLWICH—LETTER FROM COLONEL STRANGE, R.A.

"To conclude, therefore, let no man, out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavour at endless progress or proficience in both."

BACON, ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In January he gave a lecture by request at Sion College. The subject he chose was "The Theology of the Future,"* in which he urged on the clergy the necessity of facing the great scientific facts of the day, and asserted his own belief in final causes.

"I wish to speak," he says, "not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first I understand what can be learnt from the physical universe of man's duty to God and his neighbour; by the latter I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible; but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology. . . . ."

He goes on to speak of Bishop Butler, Berkeley, and Paley, the three greatest of our natural theologians, and of the strong fact, that the clergy of the Church of England, since the foundation of the Royal Society in the 17th century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; and expresses his belief that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in their steps, we should not now be deploring the wide and, as some think, widening gulf between science and Christianity. He considers Goethe's claims to have advanced natural theology as very much over-rated, but strongly recommends to the younger clergy

* This lecture, or rather part of it, is incorporated into the preface of his "Westminster Sermons," published in 1874.

"Herder's Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man" as a book, in spite of certain defects, full of sound and precious wisdom.

He speaks of certain popular hymns of the present day as proofs of an unhealthy view of the natural world, with a savour hanging about them of the old monastic theory of the earth being the devil's planet instead of God's, and gives characteristic instances, contrasting their key-note with that of the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms, and the noble Benedicite Omnia Opera of our Prayer-book. Again, he contrasts the Scriptural doctrine about the earth being cursed with the popular fancies on the same point. He speaks of the 139th Psalm as a "marvellous essay on natural theology," and of its pointing to the important study of embryology, which is now occupying the attention of Owen, Huxley, and Darwin. Then he goes on to "Race," and "the painful and tremendous facts" which it involves, which must all be faced; believing himself that here, as elsewhere, Science and Scripture will be ultimately found to coincide. He presses the study of Darwin's Fertilisation of Orchids (whether his main theory be true or not) as a most valuable addition to natural theology. Then, after an eloquent protest against the "child-dream of a dead universe governed by an absent God," which Carlyle and even Goethe have "treated with noble scorn," he speaks of that "nameless, invisible, imponderable," yet seeming omnipresent, thing which scientific men are finding below all phenomena, which the scalpel and the microscope can show—the life which shapes and makes—that "unknown and truly miraculous element in nature, the mystery of which for ever engrossing, as it does, the noblest minded of our students of science, is yet for ever escaping them while they cannot escape it." He calls on the clergy to have courage to tell them—what will sanctify, while it need never hamper, their investigations—that this perpetual and omnipresent miracle is no other than the Breath of God: The Spirit who is The Lord, and The Giver of Life. "Let us only wait," he says—"let us observe—let us have patience and faith. Nominalism, and that 'sensationalism' which has sprung from Nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort, after which the whirligig of Time may

bring round its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn."

"I sometimes dream," he adds, "of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes—let us answer boldly, Not in the least. We might accept what Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do."

Extracts give a poor conception of the lecture, which made a profound impression, and, as private letters showed, gave hope and comfort to many among those who heard it delivered, or read it afterwards in the pages of "Macmillan's Magazine;" and reprinting it, as he did, only a year before his death, it may be looked on as his last words on his favourite topic, and a last confession of his faith that, If the clergy would only play the great "*rôle*" which is before them, science and the creeds would one day shake hands.

Scientific subjects, and especially the distribution of plants, occupied him much at this time, and the success of his botanical class at Chester the previous year, decided him to follow it up with geology. He was busy, too, with the proofs of his West India book "At Last."

He writes to Sir Charles Bunbury:

"I have not seen Sir Charles Lyell's 'Students' Elements of Geology;' but I can believe all the good of it which you report. I shall need it for a geological class, which I intend to start at Chester among middle-class young men, as I started a botany class last year. Neither have I yet seen Hooker's new book.

"But how interesting are the last Transactions of the 'Linnæan.'

"The verification of the frankincense trees, on the very shores where the ancients said that they grew, is a fresh hint to us to believe that men of old were not always the inaccurate dreamers which we have been too apt to consider them. But the fact of the year is

Welwitch's discovery of Rhipsalis Cossytha in the interior of Angola. It is proof positive to me (if I had needed any) of that connexion by land between Tropic Africa and Tropic America, probably south of the equator, which I have long considered, as Murray ('Distribution of Mammals') does, most probable. The existence of identical genera in the two continents, *e.g.*, Ficus, Morus, Mussænda, &c., is proof enough for me. But let me refer you to Welwitch's note at page 35, the Sertum Angoleuse. I have much to say to you on this subject. I am believing more and more in a Palæo-tropic belt of land round the world; and more than suspecting a Palæo-tropic civilization (at least an horticultural one) thereon, as testified by Musa, Zea, &c.

". . . . Our educational matters are, thank Heaven, in excellent train without a School Board. But I have no antipathy to one."

EVERSLEY, *February* 7, 1871.

"I received your most pleasant letter at Sandringham, whence I had hoped to have come to Barton, even if only for an hour or two; but I had to run all the way home yesterday.

"I do not think I undervalue, or have overlooked, any difficulties in the supposed junction of the South American and African lands; but I find just as great difficulties in the other theory of Oliver's, of a junction between the sunken 'Lemuria' of the Indian Ocean with South America *viâ* Polynesia. Not that I deny it. I rather hold to a past belt of land all round the tropics, at an immensely remote epoch; for when I see a Ravenala (Urania) in Guiana, and another in Madagascar (with none between either way), common sense makes me suspect that the former has travelled from Madagascar to Guiana, or *vice versâ*; but at what an antiquity! Before the Andes rose, before humming birds existed, &c.——. When, on the other hand, I see the jaguar, ocelot, and other spotted cats in South America, I cannot but suspect them of having come from Africa, the home of the leopard; and if it is answered, that the leopard and spotted cats are also Indian, and may have come across the Pacific, I must demur, from the fact that not only no cats, but no mammals at all are left in Polynesia: a very serious difficulty.

"The fossil horses of South America are equally important evidence, in my mind, of the theory, if it be true that Equus Curvidens is nearer to the Quagga than to any other existing species.

"But I do not insist on my being right. I only ask that the possibility may be fairly faced. As for the lapse of time, it must have been enormous, on that or on any other theory. When I consider the likenesses, and unlikenesses of the floras of India and of South America, my dreams carry me back to (dare I say) 'secondary' rather than

'tertiary' eras, and to slow mutations of land and water, causing slow migrations of forms."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *Jan.* 16, 1871.

"I see a letter of my friend Pengelly's in 'Nature,' of Jan. 12, about you and St. Michael's Mount. Let me tell you, if you are about to answer him, that—

"1. Having studied the place, and those coasts, I believe that the present general form of the Mount is owing entirely to rain-wash and tide-wash. There was land between it and Marazion, and beyond it to S. and S.W. a whole continent, in fact, for ages, during which the flora and much of the fauna was the same as at present. But—

"2. Since the Mount assumed its (general) present form and size, there was a period during which oak, &c. forests formed all along the lowlands close to the sea. Then a subsidence (as between the Mount and the shore, and a dozen other places,) put those forests far below low-tide mark: then an elevation which carried them up again close to low-tide mark, and lifted the beaches, which had been formed behind them, high and dry. How deep the forests sank I cannot tell. The last 'sob' of the earth lifted the beaches above them fifteen or twenty feet. Of these facts I am as certain as that I am alive: so take note of them. As for time, I know nought of it. I always count by hundreds of thousands of years, and believe man to be of any antiquity which he may be proved to be of."

The work at Chester this year assumed larger proportions, for the botanical class of 1870 had been the nucleus of a Scientific Society in 1871; his geological lectures were much more fully attended, not only the number of members increased, but each member was allowed to bring a lady friend. Consequently, in preparation for walks and field lectures, he had to go over the ground himself a day or two before, to get thoroughly acquainted with its capabilities for geology and botany, and also to arrange for a place of rest and refreshment for the class; and in these researches he was always accompanied by his kind friend, the Precentor, or some member of the Cathedral body, who were always ready with loyal and intelligent help. Expeditions now were taken to more distant spots; the railway authorities had to be consulted about trains—they, too, gave most willing help;

and, at the appointed hour at the place of meeting, a happy party, numbering sometimes from sixty to a hundred, would find the Canon and his daughters waiting for them on the platform of the railway, he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his class for the holiday, but feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement (in the highest sense of that word) for so many, who each and all hung upon his words.

Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms, in pursuit of one ennobling object, and found themselves all travelling in second-class carriages together without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, —with nosegays of wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow creatures. Perhaps the moral gain was as valuable as the scientific results of these field lectures, uniting Cathedral and town as they did in closer bonds.

The thought of giving importance to the society by adding honorary members now occurred to the president, and he wrote to Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hooker, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Hughes, &c., whose distinguished names are all enrolled in the Chester Natural Science Society.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL.

CHESTER, *June* 22, 1871.

"I have a great favour to ask. Whether you decline or not, I am sure you will not be angry with me for asking. I have just started here a Natural Science Society—the dream of years. And I believe it will 'march.' But I want a few great scientific names as honorary members. That will give my plebs, who are men of all ranks and creeds of course, self-respect; the feeling that they are initiated actually into the great freemasonry of science, and that such men as you acknowledge them as pupils.

"I have put into the hands of my geological class, numbering about sixty, your new 'Students' Elements.' I shall not be rude enough to

compliment you on it; but I may say that you seem in it as great as ever. These good fellows, knowing your name, and using your book, would have a fresh incentive to work if they but felt that you were conscious of their existence.

"Let me then beg for your name, to be proposed by me as an honorary member. I ask nothing more; but to give that would be not only to help them, but to help me, who already feel the drag of the collar (having to do all myself as far as teaching and inspiriting go) very heavy. . . . .

"Your most faithful and loyal pupil,

"C. KINGSLEY."

Sir Charles not only gave his name, but some of his most valuable works to the infant society

The room hitherto used at the City Library had now to be given up, and by the Dean's kindness the King's School was used as lecture-room. A preliminary lecture on the subject of physical science was followed by six, which will never be forgotten in Chester, on The Soil of the Field, The Pebbles in the Street, The Stones in the Wall, The Coal in the Fire, The Lime in the Mortar, The Slates on the Roof.* The black-board was in constant use. Many of those who were present must recall the look of inspiration with which his burning words were accompanied, as he went through the various transformations of the coal, till it reached the diamond, and the poetry he threw into his theme as, with kindling eyes, he lifted a lump of coal off the table, and held it up to his breathless listeners.

"A diamond, nothing less!—We may consider the coal upon the fire as a middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond; and indulge safely in the fancy, that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more poetical, the more steadily we look at it. The coal on the fire, the table at which I stand, what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash, or earthy salts, which need hardly be taken into account.

"Gas and sunbeams! Strange, but true. The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the

* These lectures, published in 1872 as "Town Geology," were dedicated to the members of the class he loved so well.

air and in the soil, of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, and absorbed them, buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

"So it is. Lord Lytton has told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how

'The wind and the beam loved the rose.'

But Nature's poetry is more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam love the rose—or rather the rose takes the wind and the beam, and builds up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance.

"What next? The rose dies; the timber tree dies—decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried, and turned to coal: but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay, shut up age after age, invisible, but strong; working at its own prison-cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the manifold products of coal, coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what not, till its day of deliverance comes. Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point; the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen. And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bottom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore; and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes with the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since. Strange it all is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—that truth is stranger than fiction."

Never had a man a more appreciative audience—intelligent, enthusiastic, affectionate. "They spring to touch," he would say, "at every point," and never did he receive such a warm grasp of the hand as from men of all ranks in the beloved old city. The

Chester residence was one of the dearest episodes of his life, and when he was transferred to Westminster he could not speak of it without tears in his eyes.

The following year the expeditions took place, but his lectures were less frequent. The society, he felt, was well established on a basis of its own; and with him, over-work of brain had brought on a constant lassitude and numbness of the left side, which led him to apprehend coming paralysis, and forced him to confine his work more exclusively to preaching and the never-ceasing correspondence.

On the distribution of plants, especially of Thrift, which had long occupied his mind, he writes to Sir Charles Bunbury:

CHESTER, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

"I trust I am not troubling you too much by asking about the genus Armeria. (Thrift.) The distribution (vertical) of Armeria maritima is leading me into some curious questions. Towards solving them I should be glad to know of books which will help me.

"1. How many species of Armeria (as distinct from Statice) there are known? 2. What is their centre, and general geography? 3. Is Armeria more likely to be a glacial form, an Atlantic form, or one belonging to an old Pleiocene temperate flora?

"I want information on these points ere I can decide—whether Armeria maritima retreated to mountain tops during a period of subsidence, and reappeared on the sea shores below after the elevation, by sea-transport, or whether it clothed the whole of the rocky lands as a cliff plant, beginning at the mountain tops when they first appeared; and was expunged from the valleys below the 2400 ft. line by the rasping action of the ice. In this case, its reappearance at the sea-level must be due equally to sea-transport. The case is very curious, and Cochlearia officinalis is as curious, and seemingly analogous. Cochlearia is, I presume, a northern form altogether. Any information on *that* point would be very helpful. I ought not to trouble you thus; but I have no works on foreign European botany to consult.

"I am going, in September, to Deeside (Scotland). I shall principally work at the connection between glacial action and the flora, as I hope thereby to elucidate four puzzles in my Bagshot gravel flora hereabouts."

TO J. JEBB, ESQ., CHESTER.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *Feb.* 13, 1872.

"I send you back your 'extract'; not in contempt, but with a thousand thanks, and thinking you may want it. I know something about this matter, because letters of Hooker's to his wife were sent on to me. But I really had quite forgotten, for the moment, the fact of there being no pre-glacial (for so I consider the Alp flora) flora on the Atlas. That is the side on which we should look at it. I will write to Hooker about it, and see if I cannot get up a talk on it when I come to Chester. Now, 'gratitude being a lively sense of favours to come,' I shall show my gratitude by asking a favour of you. Will you make search and inquiry, whether the *common Thrift* (Statice armeria, or what they call it now), grows about the lead mines in our part of Wales? It does so, with Arenaria verna, in two places in Yorkshire. Mr. Baker, of the Royal Herbarium, Kew, has been writing to me about it, and agrees with me that the distribution of Armeria is very important. I send you his letter, which please return after studying it, for it is 'from the hand of a master.' You should look also for Thlaspi alpestre about the Arenaria verna district on Halkin. . . . .

"P.S.—You might ascertain whether chloride of sodium runs from lead mines. Why not?"

Mr. Baker has kindly allowed the letter referred to to be quoted:

TO REV. C. KINGSLEY.

RICHMOND, *Feb.* 10, 1872.

"DEAR SIR,—

"My wife asks me to answer your note on Thrift distribution. We used to think, in Yorkshire, that its profuse growth in Wensleydale, which has been known to botanists for at least a generation, was a case parallel with the growth of the marine Spergularia amongst the Cheshire salt-mines, and inland salt-springs of the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné; and of Scirpus maritimus, Erodium maritimum, and Rumex maritimus, at the foot of the Malverns, and that the plant had stayed there, since the sea retreated, because it needed chloride of sodium, and had got, from the overflow of the mine's muddied stream, either that or something that made up for it. There are two other plants—not maritime, that, in the North of England, follow the lead mines from stream-side to mountain-top—Thlaspi alpestre and Arenaria verna—the latter most plentiful. With the Spergularia there seems no doubt about the salt, it is admitted universally.

"But the Thrift distribution is a very complicated question, as it involves the relationship of our English Armeria maritima to the A. elongata of the sandy inland plains of North Germany, and the A. Alpina, supposed to be restricted to the mountain summits of central Europe, and there again to Arctic and Antarctic neighbouring species, so called. It seems likely (see what is said under Armeria in the last edition of 'English Botany') that careful study among the Scotch mountains would completely connect our maritima with alpina, and that from Thrifts a very good argument might be made out in favour of Darwinian views.

"But it seems to me that what we most want, to throw light on the matter, is a very simple experiment, which very likely, at your instigation, some of the members of the Hampshire Club would undertake—to transfer a dozen sea-side plants, in duplicate, from the shore to an inland garden, including Thrift and the others that grow also among the mountains, and water one set with salt-water, and the other with fresh, and report the result at the end of a couple of years. It is said that Salsola is killed without the salt; but we know that, at any rate, Thrift, sea-kale and cabbage, make themselves quite at home in common garden soil.

"Yours very truly,

"J. S. BAKER."*

TO SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

CHESTER, *June* 27, 1871.

"I ought to have answered your former letter; but I am 'toiling terribly.' It is a real comfort to me to hear that you approve of the book ("At Last") as a whole. Your news on Drosera are very interesting to me. I wrote to Hooker about it, and his guess was that it had, like so many water plants, been carried by birds. But I think that you make out a good case, and will amend my statement if the book ever gets into a fresh edition. I quite agree with you that we have no right to suppose that all Arctic species originated in those regions. I am rather inclined to regard them, and the peculiar plants of our mountain tops, as relics of a more temperate pre-glacial flora: indeed, of a miocene one. They may have become varied since then by the severe climate. But as a

* In reference to this letter, Mr. Baker says, in writing to the Editor in 1876: "We are no nearer the bottom of the matter now than we were in 1872. Mr. Jodrell, who has been so liberal to University College, is at present spending £1000 in building a laboratory in Kew Gardens, in order that full facility for the working out of such like matter may be given."

single instance, I cannot consider Saxifraga as an Arctic or even Alpine form, while I find S. granulata and tridactylitas as Lowland plants, and such rich forms as S. umbrosa and Geum not only down to the sea-level, as well as up to the mountain-top in Kerry, but reappearing in Lusitania, as if they were members of the 'Atlantic Flora'!

"As for man having started as an Esquimaux, I believe that as little as you can.

"As to *la petite culture*. I distinguish it from peasant proprietorship. The latter I consider a very great evil, barbarizing the peasantry. But I accept it, in the West Indies, as established; and as the only possible form of *la petite culture*, which latter I consider an unmixed good, as eliciting the maximum from the soil, and demanding skilled labour. J. S. Mill does not, I think, desire it heartily for these ends. He knows nothing, as far as I can find, of agriculture. But he desires not so much *la petite culture*, as peasant proprietors with any kind o tillage, good or bad, because it (he holds) keeps down population—his monomania No. 1.—and exterminates squires, who propagate 'the military class'—monomania No. 2.

"I, as I too often do, hold views which will please no one, because I try to see both sides; and which, therefore, I keep as much as possible out of sight.

"I believe that the landlord is a necessary element, first in civilization, because he ensures the presence and influence of an educated man, and still more of educated women, on each estate (for want of this the French peasant is sailing into barbarism and superstition); and next, in agriculture, because by him alone can large and central works be carried out (for want of this, drainage, &c., are at their lowest point in France).

"But I hold that there should be large farms and small farms; and the proportion of one to the other should be left very much to the demands of the markets, and the experience of which culture is most profitable on a given estate. Here the landlord could exercise a discretion, and say to the large farmer, 'You shall not absorb more land into a great farm; there are portions which would do better if cultivated on a more special system;' or to the small farmers, 'You shall not subdivide my land into 10 to 40 acre holdings, because you will be compelled, from the lightness of the soil, merely to do (and do badly) with it what the large farmer is doing well, and with less outlay per acre.' I could go into details on this, but I will not trouble you now.

"But this I do hold. That each tenant should be an hereditary tenant as much as possible: *glebæ adscriptus*. His landlord should have no power of ejection as long as the farm was properly cultivated, and as

long as a fair rent—to be fixed by a court of arbitrators—was duly paid by him and his son after him.

"I would, if I could, restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilization—in ideal, not in practice,—which Europe has seen yet. I would bind the tenant to the landlord, the landlord to the lord-lieutenant (to be chosen very differently from now), and him and all to the Crown, by more than the old 'Trinoda Necessitas' of military service, roads and bridges. I would add to them the duty of public education, of agricultural drainage on a large scale, and of sanitary reform or sanitary police. . . . . In a word, I would make every man, as in the Middle Age, responsible to some superior who represented to him the Crown.

"I would prevent any man taking legal possession of an estate, large or small, unless he had previously passed an examination showing that he knew the practical work of a landlord; and I would compel the universities—and public schools if they monopolize the education of the landed proprietors—to teach them their duties as part of the regular curriculum. I have no words for the conduct of our universities, in passing through their course yearly the *élite* of the English land-owners without teaching them a single fact—or warning them of a single duty—which belongs to their station. This is the sin of the universities, which will be avenged some day. But I am growing tedious.

"I have not seen Hooker's letter from Morocco. I have seen two from him about the Atlas, in which he states the (to him as to most) unexpected fact that he found no Alpine flora on its summits. He attributes this to the alternately dry and freezing climate."

CHESTER, *July* 22, 1871.

"Many thanks for your kind comments. I quite agree with you that my semi-feudal ideal has become impossible. But still, it is an ideal; and one which will probably 'realize' itself in some more highly civilized country hereafter. But you have shown only too well the reasons why it is impossible in England or France now.

"And this brings in another and a painful thought. Are we not tending to that anarchy of irreverence which France is now paying for in tears and blood? The anarchy which is brought on by being governed by the Press, *i.e.*, by men who, having often failed in regular labour of any kind, establish themselves as anonymous critics of all who labour, under an irresponsibility and an immunity which no despot ever enjoyed? Professing to speak the mind of the people, they live by pandering to its no-mind, *i.e.*, its merest fancies and prejudices. I see a

possibility of all government becoming as impossible in England as it has been for two generations at least in France.

"What you say about fixity of tenure is, I believe, more true than what I said; and I thank you for the correction. But to make it safe to leave so much to the average landlord, we must have an education of landlords by the universities as stringent as I have demanded. The more responsibility, the more training for it, is the first rule.

"I agree with you only too much as to the measures of government. But as an old supporter of the Ballot (with the cynical reservation that it will do practically, *i.e.* morally, neither good nor harm) I shall be glad to see the Ballot bill carried, and an old grievance (even if a fancied one) removed."

TO MISS CRAWFORD.

EVERSLEY, *Dec.* 21, 1871.

"I have, as a practical agriculturist, interested myself much for twenty-five years in the small farm question, and I think your friend may depend on what I tell him.

"The least extent of English soil on which a man and his family can live comfortably, *i.e.*, as well as an average day-labourer, is four acres. To do so he must have capital to start with of at least £10 per acre, equal to £40. Besides, he must have a house, barn, manure-reservoir, &c., ready made. He must be a powerful man, as he must use hand-labour (not plough) almost entirely. He must also be a practical agriculturist and stock-raiser. Even then it is a question whether he will succeed if he grows merely food. He ought to grow flax, or hemp, or both; and know how to prepare the former, at least, for the market —as in Belgium; and this is an art in itself.

"Your friend must remember that the French and German peasants, who own or rent little farms, have long hereditary skill in agriculture, which the English artizan has not. He must remember also that the crops which they raise per acre are miserably small compared to those on a large English farm. I speak from the sight of my own eyes; and that an immediate result of breaking up the present farms into little allotments would be to diminish the food-producing powers of this realm at least one half.

"For a single fact, the small farmer could never fat a single bullock; and English beef would disappear from the market, its place being taken (as in France and Germany) by veal—the calves being killed to save the expense of rearing.

"He must also remember—what I assure him—that the foreign peasant in the north lives far worse than a good English labourer. Meat

he never tastes, or white bread. Black rye bread and pottage is his staple food, and his wife, from early field work, becomes a haggard old woman at twenty-five. God forbid that I should ever see in England such wives and mothers as are common on the Continent. Moreover, in France his land is mortgaged, usually heavily, to the attorney in the next town.

"He must remember also that arguments drawn from the peasantry of warmer climates, *e.g.*, the S.E. of France, well known to Mr. J. S. Mill, will not hold good here, or in North France. In the S.E. a man grows *maize* as well as wheat, and has his mulberries for silk, his vines, his almonds, his olives, all bringing him in a good profit over and above his food-producing land. Flax and hemp would be the only non-eatable crops here; and they (as has been shown by repeated failures of experiment) are not in sufficient demand to command a high profit.

"Would to God that your friend were right. But since I took up scientific agriculture twenty-five years ago, in order to see if (as I hoped) some such scheme would not cure many social ills, I have gradually, but steadily, given up the hope. The only chance of deliverance from the present system which I see, and which may God send, is this: That science should discover some valuable raw article of manufacture, which can be grown freely on English soil, and which will require careful hand labour—like the vine, mulberry, tea, coffee, cocoa, &c. Then indeed would the small farmer have a chance, *if he had saved money to start with in the mean time.*

"As it is, were I a land-owner I should certainly try this experiment. I should let some four to five acre lots to the very ablest labourers at the usual low farmer's rent, on the condition that they used spade and fork, not plough, and give them all fair play, with the right of buying the land gradually from me if they saved money, which I fear they would not do. But if a town artizan came to ask me for a similar bit of land, I would say, Come in, my good fellow, and eat and drink with me, and go your way back to your own trade. For if you settled down on this bit of land, you would be either in the workhouse or the grave in twelve months; and the land a wilderness. And if he were a sensible man I would make him see that I was right. If your friend wants further information, I shall be glad to give it. Let your friend remember also—would to Heaven that he would see the force of what I say—that the peasant on the Continent, nowhere more than in France, is, and must be, the slave of the Government and of the Clergy; because there is no strong land-owning class to stand between the poor man and the Government officials, who combine to oppress him. A French peasant grows up in barbarism and superstition. No

gentleman—and worse, no lady—speaks to him or his from the cradle to the grave; and his civilization is impossible. The only civilized persons he sees are the government-magistrates, &c., who trample on him; and the priest, who fleeces him, and curses him if he will not be fleeced. As for helping him, the priest is too poor for that, and the magistrate *won't.*"

It so happened that the first week of his residence in Chester, being always in May, was the race week, which for the time being turned the streets of the venerable old city into a sort of Pandemonium. Trade, except in the public-houses, was stagnant, and the temptations of the young men in the middle and lower classes from betting and bad company, with the usual ending of a suicide, and the ruin of many, weighed heavily on his heart, as on that of the Dean and many of the residents. Most of the respectable tradesmen deplored the effect of the race-week, not only on the higher ground of morality, but because the direct losses to trade and to the working classes which resulted from it were so serious. A series of short papers on "Chester Races and their Attendant Evils" were started, and by the wish of Dean Howson, Mr. Kingsley took the subject of Betting, and addressed his letter "To the Young Men of Chester." It is characteristic, and therefore given entire:

"BETTING.—A LETTER TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CHESTER.

"MY DEAR YOUNG MEN,

"The human race may, for practical purposes, be divided into three parts:

"1. Honest men: who mean to do right; and do it.

"2. Knaves: who mean to do wrong; and do it.

"3. Fools: who mean to do whichever of the two is the pleasanter.

"And these last may be divided again into—

"Black fools; who would rather do wrong; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"White fools: who would rather do right; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"Now the honest men do not need my advice; and the knaves will not take it; neither, I fear, will the black fools. They will agree in their secret hearts, most of them, that every word I say is true. But

they do not wish it to be true; and therefore they will tell every one that it is not true, and try to wriggle out from under it by far-fetched excuses, and go back next races, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire,' and bet and gamble boldly, because then that will be the fashion. But of the white fools I have hope. For they are not half bad fellows: some of them, indeed, are very near being very good fellows, and would like so much to do anything which is right and proper—only it takes so much trouble; and perhaps it might look rather odd now and then.

"Now let me ask them—and really I have so much liking for them, that I fear at times I must be one of them myself—in all friendliness and courtesy—Why do you bet and gamble at the races? Consider well what your answer will be. Certainly it will not be that you do so to avoid trouble, which you so much dislike in general. For you must confess at once that it is more trouble to bet, more anxiety, and often more grief and sorrow, than it is not to bet, but to leave the matter alone. And while you are preparing your reasons, I will give you two at least of mine, for leaving the matter alone.

"The first reason (which seems to me the strongest reason which can be given against any matter whatsoever,) is this—that betting, and gambling of every kind, is in itself wrong and immoral. I do not say that every man who bets is an immoral man. Far from it: many really honest men bet; but that is because they have not considered what they are doing. Betting is wrong: because it is wrong to take your neighbour's money without giving him anything in return. Earn from him what you will, and as much as you can. All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning: it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance.

"If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win: he thinks that his will; in plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he: you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—A very noble and friendly attitude in which to stand to your neighbour, truly. That is the plain English of it: and look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting, save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbour's supposed ignorance.

"But says some one, 'That is all fair, he is trying to do as much by me.' Just so: and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other; a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain,

regardless of the interest of the other. I say, regardless. You know whatever you lose, he will expect you to pay, however much it may inconvenience you: while if he loses you expect him to pay, however much it may inconvenience him. Thus betting is founded on selfishness; and the consequence is, that men who live by betting are, and cannot help being, the most selfish of men, and (I should think) among the most unhappy and pitiable; for if a man who is given up to selfishness, distrust, and cunning, who is tempted every hour to treachery and falsehood, without the possibility of one noble or purifying feeling throughout his whole day's work, or the consciousness that he has done the slightest good to a human being—not even as much good as an old woman at a stall has by selling a penny-worth of apples—if that man is not a pitiable object, I do not know what is.

"But some will say, 'It is not the money I care for, but the amusement.' Excuse me: but if so, why do you bet for money? That question I have asked again and again, and have never got an answer. Why do you bet for money, and not counters, or pins, or pebbles? Why, but because you want the money, to buy with it money's worth?

"Of course, I know well enough that plenty of bets pass on every race, which are practically quite harmless. A dozen of kid gloves to a lady—when you know that she will expect you to pay her, while you are bound not to ask her to pay you—he would be a very strait-laced person who could see any great harm in that; any more than in a rubber of sixpenny whist. And yet it would be better for many a young man, for some of the finest fellows of all, men of eager temper, high spirit, delicate honour, if they would make up their mind never to bet, even a shilling; never to play cards, except for love. For gambling, like drinking, grows upon some men, and upon the very finest natures too. And remember, that in betting and gambling, the more honourable man you are, the worse chance you have; gambling is almost the only thing in the world, in which the bad man is the stronger by very virtue of his badness, the good man the weaker by very virtue of his goodness. The man who will not cheat is no match for the man who will. The honourable man who will pay his debts, is no match for the dishonourable man who will not. No match indeed: not even in that last sad catastrophe, which I have seen too often: when the honourable man, throwing good money after bad to recover his losses, grows desperate, tries his hand just once at foul play, and sells his soul—for nothing. For when he borrows the knave's tools, he cannot use them; he is ashamed of himself, hesitating, clumsy; is found out—as I have known such found out: and then—if he does not put a pistol to his own head and blow his brains out, it is not because he does not long, poor wretch, to do so.

"I hold, then, that betting is itself more or less wrong and immoral. But I hold, too, that betting, in three cases out of four, is altogether foolish; so foolish that I cannot understand why the very young men who are fondest of it, should be the very men who are proudest of being considered shrewd, knowing, men of the world, and what not.

"They stake their money on this horse and on that. Now judging of a horse's capabilities is an art, and a very delicate and difficult art, depending first on natural talent, and next on experience, such as not one man in a thousand has. But how many betting young men know anything about a horse, save that he has four legs? How many of them know at sight whether a horse is sound or not? Whether he can stay or not? Whether he is going in good form or not? Whether he is doing his best or not? Probably five out of six of them could not sit on a race-horse without falling off; and then such a youth pretends to himself that he is a judge of the capabilities of a noble brute, who is a much better judge of the young gentleman's capabilities, and would prove himself so within five minutes after he had got into the saddle.

"'But they know what the horse has done already.' Yes; but not what the horse might have done. They do not know—no one can, who is not in the secrets of the turf—what the horse's engagements really are; whether he has not been kept back in view of those engagements; whether he will not be kept back again; whether he has not been used to make play for another horse; and—in one word—whether he is meant to win.

"'But they have special information: They have heard sporting men on whom they can rely, report to them this and the other wonderful secret.' Of all the various follies into which vanity, and the wish to seem knowing, and to keep sporting company lead young men—and mere boys often—this I think is about the most absurd. A young lad hangs about the bar of a sporting public-house, spending his money in drink, in hopes of over-hearing what the initiated Mr. This may say to the initiated Mr. That—and goes off with his hearsay, silly fellow, forgetting that Mr. This probably said it out loud to Mr. That in order that he might overhear; that if they have any special information, they will keep it to themselves, because it is their stock-in-trade whereby they live, and they are not going to be foolish enough to give it away to him. Mr. This and That may not be dishonest men; but they hold that in betting, as in love and war, all is fair; they want to make their books, not to make his; and though they very likely tell him a great deal which is to their own advantage, they are neither simple enough, nor generous enough, to tell him much that is to his advantage; or to prevent him

from making the usual greenhorn's book by which he stands sure to lose five pounds, and likely to lose fifty.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has sent his money on commission to a prophet in the newspaper, in whom he has the highest confidence; he has prophesied the winner two or three times at least; and a friend of his sent him money to lay on, and got back ever so much; and he has a wonderful Greek name, Lynceus, or Polyphemus, or Typhlops, or something, and so he must know.' Ah! fool, fool. You know how often the great Polyphemus prophesied the winner, but you do not know how often he did not. Hits count of course; but misses are hushed up. And as for your friend getting money back, if Polyphemus let no one win, his trade would stop. The question is, not whether one foolish lad won by him, but whether five-and-twenty foolish lads did not lose by him. He has his book to make, as well as you, and he wants your money to pay his own debts with if he loses. He has his bread to earn, and he wants your money to earn it with; and as for sending him money, you may as well throw a sovereign down a coal-pit and expect it to come up again with a ton of coals on its back. If any young man will not believe me, because I am a parson, let him read, in the last chapter or two of 'Sponge's Sporting Tour,' what was thought of the Enoch Wriggles and Infallible Joes, by a better sportsman and a wiser man, than any Chester betting young gentleman is likely to be.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has a private friend. He knows a boy in Mr. So and So, or Lord the Other's stables, and he has put him up to a thing or two. He is with the horse day and night; feeds him: knows the jockey who will ride him.' Does he then? What a noble and trustworthy source of information! One on the strength of which it would be really worth a lad's while to disobey his father, make his mother miserable, and then rob his master's till, so sure must he be to realise a grand haul of money! A needy little stable-boy, even a comfortable big groom, who either tells you what he does not know, and so lies, or tells you what he does know, and so is probably a traitor; and who in any case, for the sake of boasting and showing off his own importance, or of getting half a crown and a glass of brandy and water, will tell you anything which comes uppermost. I had almost said he is a fool if he does not. If you are fool enough to buy his facts, his cheapest and easiest plan must be to invent sham facts, and sell them you, while he keeps the real facts for his own use. For he too has his little book to make up; and like every one who bets, must take care of himself first, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

"I could say much more, and uglier things still. But to what I

have said, I must stand. This used to be the private history of small bettings at races thirty years ago; and from all I hear, things have not grown better, but worse, since that time. But even then, before I took Holy Orders, before even I thought seriously at all, things were so bad that I found myself forced to turn my back on race-courses, not because I did not love to see the horses run—in that old English pleasure, taken simply and alone, I can fully sympathise—but because I found that they tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company, and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier. And I have seen what comes too often of keeping that company, of indulging those passions. I have known men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bring bitter shame and ruin, not only on themselves but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling. And I have known men mixed up in the wicked ways of the world, and too often yielding to them, and falling into much wrong doing, who have somehow steered through at last, and escaped ruin, and settled down into a respectable and useful old age, simply because they had strength enough to say—'Whatever else I may or may not do, bet and gamble I will not.' And I very seriously advise my good friends the White Fools to make the same resolution, and to keep it.

"Your very good friend,

"C. KINGSLEY.

"*February 1st*, 1871."

The local papers, of course, took up the subject, and he again replied.

The following letter to his eldest son, when quite a boy at a public school, on his telling his father he had put into a lottery without thinking it any harm, will come in appropriately here, though written many years before:

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby and had hedged to make safe.

"Now all this is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits gambling is the one I hate most and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the

most intrinsically *savage.* Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian.

"1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return.

"2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbour's harm.

"If you know better than your neighbour you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the Devil is the only father of it. I'm sure, moreover, that B. would object seriously to anything like a lottery, betting, or gambling.

"I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won I should not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in you could not in honour draw back till after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying you understand that Mr. B. and your father disapprove of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence.

"Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this: 'My friend would win from me if he could, *therefore* I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will.

"I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play* or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long.

"Mind, I am not the least *angry* with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the Devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.

"Your loving Pater."

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* So strong was his feeling about gambling, that he would never in his own house allow a game of cards to be played for money. To rest his brain, he always played some game with his children in the evening for an hour or two—dominoes, backgammon, patience, whist, or some other game of cards.

TO MISS ———.

(On the Death of her Mother.)

CHESTER, *May*, 1871.

"We were much shocked at the news, and all felt deeply for you.

"And now, what shall I say? I am not going to tell you impertinent commonplaces as to how to bear sorrow. I believe that the wisest plan is sometimes not to try to bear it—as long as one is not crippled for one's every day duties—but to give way to sorrow utterly and freely. Perhaps sorrow is sent that we *may* give way to it, and in drinking the cup to the dregs, find some medicine in it itself, which we should not find if we began doctoring ourselves, or letting others doctor us. If we say simply, I am wretched—I ought to be wretched; then we shall perhaps hear a voice, 'Who made thee wretched but God? Then what can He mean but thy good?' And if the heart answers impatiently, 'My good? I don't want it, I want my love;' perhaps the voice may answer, 'Then thou shalt have both in time.'"

TO J. A. FROUDE, ESQ.

March 30, 1871.

". . . . Thanks for 'Fraser.' The article on Purchas is very well and temperately written, and is too true. I wish its author had brought out more strongly the fact that the Ritualists are as full of the modern spirit of insubordination and disloyalty (in all senses) as any Odgers or Beales! We are come to a pretty pass. . . . . I thank God I had courage to say so the other day at Whitehall. But no one will listen as long as they can eat and drink and be merry. 'It will last their time,' they tell me. Well, I hope for their sake it will. But I am not so sure that if we blunder into a war . . . . their time will not be cut short. . . . . ."

TO DR. RIGG, HEAD OF WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE.

CHESTER, *May* 16, 1871.

"I return your proofs of the Lecture on Pantheism. I think them excellent and true; but I think you speak in too hard a tone of the Germans. Be sure that they will be needed to be revived—all of them which can live and should live—if we are to be delivered out of the Positivist Materialism of the day. I could have wished, but it is too late, that you had defined Pantheism, not only from Theism and Atheism but from Positivism.

"It is Positivism—of a loose maundering kind—which is really growing among young men. When Huxley proclaims himself a disciple of Kant and Berkeley, they think in their hearts, then he is a retrograde dreamer—'almost as bad as that fool of a Christian, Kingsley.'

"But I warn you that your words will be of little use. The desire to get rid of a personal God is based on grounds which the many do not talk of, and which you do not touch. They say, boldly enough among themselves, and sometimes to me as civilly as they can, 'We will have nothing to do with God, as long as He is one who sends the many to Tartarus, the few to Olympus. We will have nothing to do with a future state, as long as it is said to contain a Tartarus, and that an endless and irremediable one. The Olympus is beautiful, possible, but unprovable. The Tartarus is horrible to our moral sense, and shall be exterminated from the human mind.'

"That, my dear Dr. Rigg, and nothing else, is the matter. These men no more wish to be bad men than the average of your congregation or mine. But they will not submit to the doctrine that the majority of the human race are doomed *by the mere fact of their birth* to endless torments. You must face that problem if you wish to save Christian dogma in the next few generations. All else is a 'paralogism,' and runs off them like water off a duck's back."

A regular member of his congregation this summer was Chief Justice Bovill, who was living in a neighbouring parish, and drove over on Sunday mornings to Eversley Church. His devoutness made a great impression on Mr. Kingsley, who was much affected by his death in 1873. He writes:

". . . Poor dear Chief Justice Bovill is *dead*. Happy man! But what a loss! How well I remember giving him the Holy Communion at Eversley; and the face was so devout, though boiling over with humour."

On his return from Chester the quiet parish of Eversley was startled into new life by the formation of a camp in Bramshill Park and on Hartford Bridge Flats, at the opening of the autumn manœuvres, at which the Prince of Wales was not only present, but camped out with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. The tumult of enthusiasm and pride of the little parish at such an event and the remembrance of the Prince's royal presence and

gracious courtesy (which will never be erased from the annals of Eversley), had scarcely subsided, when the country was electrified by the news of H.R.H. being struck down with fever and at the point of death, and rector and parishioners grieved and prayed and wept together. But Mr. Kingsley's deep personal attachment, independent of his loyal feelings, made it too painful to him to stay so far away; and he started off to Lynn, from whence he could get hourly news, and could walk over daily to Sandringham, sending telegrams on to Eversley, which were put up on the church door and in the window of the village shop. When all danger was over, and the heart of the whole nation rebounded with joy and thankfulness in a way that will stand in history as something unexampled, he preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a sermon on Loyalty, which enabled him to press the subject of Sanatory Reform in connection with what, but for God's mercy, he felt might have been one of England's greatest disasters. The public press, to quote the words of a leading newspaper, acknowledged, in strong terms,

"The eloquent and practical use made by Canon Kingsley of the royal pulpit at St. James's, and (after mentioning his words as to whether 'the Sovereign is to us the divinely appointed symbol of the unity of our country,') we thank him for pointing to the humanity of the wonderful exhibition of unity that has been manifested. What he said on this point is, we believe, very true. Seeking to express the feeling of the many, Canon Kingsley said—'They would speak, not eloquently it might be, but earnestly of sympathy with a mother and wife, of sympathy with youth and health fighting untimely, with disease and death. They would plead their common humanity, and not be ashamed to have yielded to "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and that would be altogether to their honour. Honourably and gratefully had that sympathy shown itself in these realms of late. It had proved that, in spite of all our covetousness, all our luxury, all our frivolity, we were not cynics yet, nor likely to be; that, however encrusted and cankered with the cares and riches of this world, and bringing also very little fruit to perfection, the old British oak was sound at the root—still human, still humane.'" "But," says the writer, "our immediate purpose in referring to this grand sermon is to be found in its sequel. A more powerful and timely exhortation than the following could not be delivered:

"'Let our hearts,' said the Canon, 'be bowed as the heart of one man, to say that, so far as we have power, so help us God, no man,

woman, or child in Britain, be he prince or be he beggar, shall die henceforth of preventible disease. Let us repent of and amend that scandalous neglect of the well-known laws of health and cleanliness which destroys thousands of lives yearly in this kingdom without need or reason, in defiance alike of science, of humanity, and of our Christian profession. Two hundred thousand persons, I am told, have died of preventible fever since the Prince Consort's death a few years ago. Is not that a national sin to bow our hearts as the heart of one man? Oh, if his Royal Highness' foul and needless disease, by striking at once at the very highest, shall bring home to us the often-told, seldom-heeded fact, that this same disease is striking perpetually at hundreds among the very lowest, whom we leave to sicken and die in dens unfit for men—unfit for dogs—if this illness shall awaken all loyal citizens to demand and to enforce, as a duty to their Sovereign, their country, and their God, a sanitary reform in town and country, immediate, wholesale, imperative—if it shall awaken the ministers of religion to preach that—I hardly ought to doubt it—till there is not a fever alley or a malarious ditch left in any British city; then, indeed, this fair and precious life will not have been imperilled in vain; and generations yet unborn will bless the memory of a prince who sickened as poor men sicken, and all but died as poor men die; that his example and it may be hereafter his exertions, might deliver the poor from dirt, disease, and death.'"

On the 4th of December Lord Leigh laid the foundation-stone of the working men's block of the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham with masonic honours, and the following simple hymn, which Mr. Kingsley had been requested to compose for the occasion, was sung by a choir of 1,000 voices:

"Accept this Building, Gracious Lord,
No temple though it be;
We raised it for our suffering kin,
And so, Good Lord, for Thee.

Accept our little gift, and give
To all who here may dwell,
The will and power to do their work,
Or bear their sorrows well.

From Thee all skill and science flow;
All pity, care, and love;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
Oh! pour them from above.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and death shall cease;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace:

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more,
The Paradise of God."

In the autumn he was invited, through Colonel Strange, then at Woolwich with the Royal Artillery, to deliver a lecture at the R.A. Institution there. With some hesitation, but with real pleasure, he accepted, and was the guest of Colonel Strange, with whom he spent two deeply interesting days. He chose for his subject "The Study of Natural History." To touch on military matters he felt, he said, would be

"An impertinence for a civilian, but believing that just as a clergyman, being a man, plus a priest, is bound to be a man, and a good man, over and above his priesthood; so is the soldier bound to be a civilian, and a highly-educated civilian, plus his soldierly qualities and acquirements. It seemed to me, therefore, that I might, without impertinence, ask you to consider a branch of knowledge which is becoming yearly more important in the eyes of all well-educated civilians, of which the soldier should know something, to put him on a par with the general intelligence of the nation—the history of nature, and geology, botany, meteorology, what the Germans call Erd-kunde."

He wished to rescue the honourable title of natural history from the mere theory of plants and animals, to which of late years it had been too much restricted; and lest his hearers should think he was only going to recommend them to collect weeds and butterflies, "rats and mice, and such small deer," he would endeavour, he said, to restore the words to their original and proper meaning—the History of Nature; that is, of all that is born, and grows, in time—in short, of all natural objects.

"As the marvellous interdependence of all natural objects and forces unfolds itself yet more and more, so the once separate sciences, which treated of different classes of natural objects, are forced to interpenetrate (as it were) and supplement themselves by knowledge borrowed from each other. Thus—to give a single instance—no man can now be a first-rate botanist unless he be also no mean meteorologist, no mean geologist, and—as Mr. Darwin has shown in his extraordinary discoveries about the fertilization of plants by insects—no mean entomologist likewise."

He pressed upon his hearers the importance of the "inductive habit of mind" which, working steadily and by rule from the known to the unknown, is so specially valuable to military men, to whom the advantage of the knowledge of botany—for instance, when leading an exploring party or engaged in bush warfare—would be great, if only from knowing what plants are poisonous, what are eatable, what would yield vegetable acids as preventives of scurvy, what for medicine or styptics, what timbers are available to resist wet or the attacks of insects, &c., &c. Again, how great the use of "geology and mineralogy and meteorology, in finding limestone, building stone, road metal—in finding water, of what sort and at what depth—and in ascertaining with a view to malaria, rainfalls, and all those questions which so deeply affect the health of troops whose lives are ignorantly sacrificed too often in these days by being placed in barracks built in spots purely pestilential." He reminded them of one significant fact, that the greatest captain of the old world was trained by the greatest philosopher of the old world, the father of Natural History; that Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander of Macedon—and though he may not have taught him natural history, yet he called out in his pupil somewhat of his own extraordinary powers of observation and arrangement, and helped to make him even more than a great general—a great politician, coloniser, discoverer; and, in return, according to Athenæus, Alexander helped him in his researches, giving him 800 talents towards perfecting his history of animals. The lecture is valuable throughout, and was felt to be so by those who had it reprinted for the Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution; but space forbids more than the closing sentences,

in which, after giving some instances of the pursuits of scientific military men, and their results, he urges on the young officer:

"Respect scientific men—associate with them—learn from them. Allow them chivalrously, you who have an acknowledged rank, their unacknowledged rank. . . . They do not yet wear the Queen's uniform; they are not yet accepted servants of the State, as they will be in some more perfectly organized and civilized land; but they are soldiers, nevertheless, and good soldiers and chivalrous, fighting their nation's battle, often on even less pay than you, and with still less chance of promotion, and less chance of fame, against most real and fatal enemies, against ignorance of the laws of this planet, and all the miseries which that ignorance begets. Honour them for their work. . . .

"But why? What need for the soldier and the man of science to fraternise just now? This need: the two classes which will have an increasing, it may be a preponderating, influence on the fate of the human race for some time, will be the pupils of Aristotle and those of Alexander—the men of science and the soldiers. . . . This is my firm conviction. They will be left to rule; because they alone have each in his own sphere learnt to obey. . . . I may be a dreamer: and I may consider, in my turn, as wilder dreamers than myself, certain persons who fancy that their only business in life is to make money, the scientific man's only business to show them how to make money, and the soldier's only business to guard their money for them. Be that as it may, the finest type of civilized man which we are likely to see for some generations to come, will be produced by a combination of the truly military with the truly scientific man. I say, I may be a dreamer: but you at least, as well as my scientific friends, will bear with me; for my dream is to your honour."*

And so his key-note, whether at Sion College to the clergy, at Chester to his middle-class pupils, or at Woolwich to military men, was the same. "Science is on the march—listen to he divine words, for what is she but the Voice of God, Deus revelatus? Mark her footsteps—and if you cannot keep pace with her, still follow her."

Colonel Strange had long had a reverent affection for Mr. Kingsley from his writings, but this lecture and the intimacy of

* Since published in a volume of Essays, "Health and Education."

the days they spent together at Woolwich, and again when he welcomed him to the Citadel of Quebec in 1874, increased his feelings of love and loyalty, which will be seen in a letter, the use of which he has kindly allowed for this book of memories, where it must stand as one of the most valued contributions.

COLONEL STRANGE TO MRS. KINGSLEY.

CITADEL, QUEBEC, *March*, 1876.

"I thank you very much for your letter and the sermon upon him, 'who being dead yet speaketh,' having been a living epistle to be read of all men. . . . My name is not worthy to be linked with his, except as a mere unit among the thousands of soldiers to whom he made Christianity possible, being one of them himself in spirit, perhaps the noblest. He invented no new Gospel, but showed them the real courage, the manliness of our Christ reflected somewhat unconsciously in himself. Is it necessary to explain to you that for ages the majority of soldiers had dimly tried to do their duty with the grim creed alone, that 'every bullet has its billet,' and after —— ——? The circumstances that made the Puritan soldiers died with them. The modern soldier had to choose between what, rightly or wrongly, seemed to them a Christ with all the manliness carefully eliminated, a creed that culminated in sentimental revivals, that would not stand the rough usage of the camp, except in a few cases, and those happily were generally called away in all their genuine burning zeal before the cold shade of peaceful monotony had more severely tried a faith that fed on excitement. It is not hard to find a creed for a soldier to *die* with, it seems to me—at least I have seen Mahomet's answer well. A creed to *live by* is a very different thing. The only alternative to the beautiful evangelical Christianity of such happy soldiers as Hedley Vicars (Havelock was a Puritan out of his age), the extreme evangelical doctrine to which most men are constitutionally averse, was the slavish Roman, or what seemed its unpractical emasculate æsthetic imitation. The average soldier found no rest, no place in modern Christianity, until our apostle tore off the shreds and patches, with which for ages the Divine figure of the God-man had been obscured; He who found no such faith in Israel as that of the centurion. These are solemn themes, and I have handled them perhaps roughly, not from want of respect for the brave and good men, who have lived and died in both extremes. I would have learnt very little from Charles Kingsley if I had not learnt to respect both John Bunyan and Ignatius Loyola, the soldier priest! Feebly and foolishly perhaps I have tried to explain

to you, who no doubt know far better than I do, the reasons why soldiers had such sympathy with him who sympathised with them, and has given to thousands, I believe (for I have heard private soldiers speak of his books), the most priceless gift that man can bestow upon his brother. Long years ago in India, before I ever saw him, I wrote to thank him, anonymously, for what I and others of my comrades owed to him. I think it would only be just and useful, if a few extracts from his works and special sermons could be collected and printed separately for soldiers' libraries.* But on whom has his mantle fallen? Alas! upon none, I fear. An army chaplain would be the fittest person; but who? The late Chaplain-General was a grand old man in his way. . . . As you are engaged on his life and letters, would not this fall in, except that it would overtax an already overburthened heart in every sense?

"As you allude to his pleasure in seeing the semi-frozen fall of Montmorency, with its boiling cauldron and marvellous cone of frozen foam, it will seem so like him when I tell you that, as he stood on a little platform over the abyss, I left him to commune with the nature he loved so well. I was afraid somebody would shout above the roar of the torrent how many cubic feet of water per second went down it, etc., or something of that sort. A little time afterwards he said, 'Thank you; you understand me. I would as soon a fellow talked and shouted to me in church as in that presence.'

"He knows many things now; what unconsciously he taught me and others. Now I feel with some remorse and shame how often I forget and fail to follow feebly where he led so straight. It may be some little consolation to you to know his kindly large-hearted presence seems to come sometimes in the silent night into my study in the old citadel, where I sit, and remember him pacing the little room with brave kind words to me, upon my dear mother's death, who also loved and reverenced him. He spoke then of his readiness to go to *his own place*. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"F. BLAND STRANGE."

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* The little volume for Soldiers' Libraries will be undertaken, if life is spared, as soon as this work is completed, and if not, will be committed to more competent hands.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1872.

Aged 53.

Opening of Chester Cathedral Nave—Deaths of Mr. Maurice and Norman McLeod—Letters to Max Müller—Mrs. Luard—Mrs. H. V. —Mrs. Taylor—Dean Goulburn—Notes on Modern Hymnology—Lecture at Birmingham and its Results—Lecture on Heroism at Chester—A Poem—Correspondence on the Athanasian Creed—Letter from Dr. Karl Schulze.

"No man can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breast I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nests. But, God is my witness, that, according to my uttermost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavoured to set down the naked truth impartially, without either favour or prejudice, the two capital enemies of right judgment. The one of which, like a false mirror, doth represent things fairer and straighter than they are; the other, like the tongue infected with choler, makes the sweetest meats to taste bitter. My desire hath been to have Truth for my chiefest friend and no enemy but Error."

BISHOP BRAMHALL.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE year began at Eversley with the usual winter's parish work, night-schools, Penny Readings, &c., which were only interrupted by his going to the opening of Chester Cathedral, the nave of which had been shut up for repairs. He writes on January 24:

"Scribbling in Deacle's study. Service this afternoon magnificent. Cathedral quite full. Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light.' Collection, £105. Cathedral looks lovely, and I have had a most happy day. Every one glad to see me, and enquiries after you all. I do love this place and people, and long to be back here for our spring residence."

Mr. Maurice's death in March, and Dr. Norman McLeod's, saddened him, and warned him of the consequences of an overworked brain. "Ah," he said, on hearing of the latter, "he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone as I am surely going." Work of all kinds seemed now to redouble; and the mere letters refusing sermons, lectures, church openings, and kind invitations from friends in England and Scotland, who were eager to give him the rest and refreshment which he so sorely needed, gave constant employment to his home secretary. He toiled on, dreaming of that time of "learned leisure" for which a Canonry he held should provide; but which did not as yet fall to his lot; and those who watched him most closely and loved him best felt that if rest ever came it would come too late. "Better," however, he said, "to wear out than rust out."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *Feb.* 19, 1872.

"I have read your gallant words about Bishop Patteson in the *Times*. I did not know him; but it is at least a comfort to me to read words written in such a tone in this base generation.

"By all means let us have a memorial to him. But where? In a painted window, or a cross here in England? Surely not. But on the very spot where he died. There let the white man, without anger or revenge, put up some simple and grand monolith, if you will; something at least which the dark man cannot make, and which instead of defacing, he will rather worship as a memorial to the Melanesian and his children, which they would interpret for themselves. So, indeed, 'he being dead would yet speak.'

"Think over this. If it please you I will say more on the matter."

TO MRS. LUARD.

(On Mr. Maurice's Death.)

April 4, 1872.

"Your letter to F. was a comfort to me, as is every word from any one who loved and appreciated him. You, too, saw that his work was done. I had seen death in his face for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it.

"I see that you were conscious of the same extraordinary personal beauty which I gradually discovered in his face. If I were asked, Who was the handsomest, and who the most perfectly gentlemanlike man you ever met? I should answer, without hesitation, Mr. Maurice.

"Again, thanks for your letter. I must write, too hurriedly, something for publication about him in the next few days. Your letter will help as an inspiration. Thank you for sending me your love; I have a great deal of it which I do not deserve. Let me send mine to you and to your husband."

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF NORWICH.

EVERSLEY, *Feb.* 28, 1872.

"In acknowledging the pamphlet,* on the proposed changes in cathedral establishments, which you have done me the honour to send me, I must express my deep pleasure at finding one man at least among us who sees the truth and dare speak it.

"I have long seen a desire, on the part of certain bishops, to acquire, under the name of organization, powers hitherto unknown in the Church

* A letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York on the subject of Cathedral Reform, by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, Dean of Norwich, 1872.

of England, to be exercised not directly by themselves, but by nominees and servants of their own, archdeacons and rural deans. That this encroachment, if allowed, would destroy the manly freedom which English rectors have long enjoyed, and make the whole clergy slaves of the bishop, *pro tem.*, is clear. If, in addition to this, the bishops fill the cathedrals with nominees of their own, and remodel the cathedral bodies till they become mere working diocesan machines, then 'increased activity' may be obtained; but the Holy Orders of the English Church will have become no fit place for scholars. . . . .

"If I were to suggest any alteration in our cathedral bodies it would be this, that the patronage of canonries should be taken from the bishops, and vested entirely in the Crown. I fear that that step, however, would be too much in the right direction to be taken by any ministry. Meanwhile, if you speak further on this matter, let me beg you to warn the rectors, that, when our liberty as canons goes, theirs will soon follow.

"Believe me with sincere respect and agreement."

TO MRS. TAYLOR.

EVERSLEY, 1872.

"Though I much desire that the game laws should be amended, as far as regards ground-game (but not as regards pheasants and partridges, which are the farmer's good friends), I do not feel called on to join any Anti-Game-Law League; and the more so, because with all respect for you, personally, I perceive that those who are at present attacking the game laws are deeply ignorant of the real facts of the case.

"If any bill for amending the game laws shall be brought before Parliament, I shall be most ready and willing to help it, as far as a very long experience (I do not shoot myself) enables me to judge of its justice and wisdom."

TO MRS. H. V.

(On the death of her husband.)

CHESTER, *May* 23, 1872.

"I write to you because I know that every expression of human sympathy brings some little comfort, if it be only to remind such as you that you are not alone in the world, but that your loss draws towards you all the more those who love or even esteem you. I know nothing can make up for such a loss as yours. But you will still have love on earth all round you; and his love is not dead. It lives still in the next world for you, and perhaps with you. For, why should not those who are gone, if they are gone to their Lord, be actually nearer us, not further

from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream?

"Yes! Do not be afraid to believe that he is near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who died on the cross for you. That is all I can say. But what comfort there is in it, if one can give up one's heart to believe it!

"May God bless you, and give you strength and faith to bear and to believe."

This spring Dr. Monsell requested several friends to help him with suggestions in making a new Hymnary for his congregation of St. Nicholas, Guildford; and for this purpose sent each a specimen copy "to draw out their careful criticism," in which they were requested to note errors, and correct them, to make remarks, marking their relative approval of each hymn by affixing A. B. and C. to them, "to denote first, second, and third quality."

Mr. Kingsley was just then over-worked, and had only time to make a few brief notes on the margin when he returned the book:

"36.—O Paradise, O Paradise!
The world is growing old.
. . . . .
O Paradise, O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore.

"Whence did the author of this hymn learn that 'the world is growing old?' I object much to the use of 'I want to,' instead of 'I long' or desire.

"No. 40.—PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
. . . . . .
Angels of Jesus, angels of night,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the light.
. . . . . .
Onward we go and still we hear them singing,
. . . . . .
Angels sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, &c.

"I have always objected to this hymn, as a direct invocation of angels, and as also 'unreal.' People do *not* hear the angels singing over fields and seas.

"No. 61.—For thee, O dear, dear country,
Our eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

"I have always objected to the first four lines of this hymn. Congregations do *not* lie awake or weep, thinking of heaven. I dread all exaggerated language. It should be left for non-conformists.

"No. 102.—Lord, in Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesus, *grant us tears*,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

"I object to 'grant us tears.' It savours of the old 'donum lachrymarum,' which had a special virtue in itself; wherefore witches could never cry; also exaggerated for a whole congregation.

"No. 124.—Sacred heart of Jesus,
Heart of God in man.

"Should not this be 'Heart of man in God?' Not by conversion of the God-head into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God. A beautiful poem; but not a congregational hymn.

"Nos. 189, 192.—LITANY OF THE PASSION AND LITANY TO THE SACRED HEART.

"When my feet have wandered
From the narrow way,
Out into the desert.
. . . . . .
Save me by the Passion
Of Thy bleeding feet.
. . . . . .
"Sacred Heart of Jesus, pour
Love on me while I adore,
Sacred Heart! Thy love.

"I shrink from these two, especially from the former. They are, historically, connected with a creed which we have renounced, and all imitations of which I at least dread; and they are quite alien in tone to

any speech of St. Paul or St. John concerning our Lord's person, either in the Epistles or the Revelations.

"Nos. 139, 140, 169, 170. Why are Rogation Sundays connected with agricultural thanksgiving? The Rogation days were appointed—

"1st. For prayer against volcanic eruptions; 2nd. Against the irruption and devastations of the Teutonic 'barbarians.'

"No. 140.—My best beloved spake to me,
And unto me did say,
Rise up, my love, my fair one,
Rise up and come away.
. . . . . .

"I should doubt the fitness of this, graceful as it is, for congregational singing.

"No. 170.—Praise to God—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days.
. . . . . .
For the vine's reviving juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.
. . . . . .
Should the fig-tree's blighted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store.
. . . . . .

"I regret the use of 'vine,' 'olive,' and 'fig' in the hymns of a country in which those crops are not cultivated. 'Reality' (as it is now called) in the service of God is very important, if we are to counterbalance the unreality of sensational hymns.

"No. 106.—Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

"I am heartily glad that you have put 'martyrs' in the last verse for the utterly inadmissible 'virgins' of the original. But I never have considered this hymn as a congregational one.

"No. 112.—Come, ye children of the Lord,
Let us all with one accord.
. . . . . .
Long in darkness did he wait,
Sorrowful and desolate;
Now in deepest shades of grief,
Come before the last relief.
. . . . . .

"A good hymn; but I cannot but feel that hymns to Christ, as the ascended and triumphant King of the universe, are more fitting, because more *true* than any which, by a stretch of dramatic imagination, fancy Him still in His humiliation.

"No. 121.—GOOD FRIDAY.

"O sacred head once wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down, &c.

"No. 122.—Jesus, gentle sufferer, say,
How shall we, this dreadful day, &c.

"Let it be always remembered that the Church in the Collects, and we in our name '*Good* Friday,' give the key-note for devotion on this day.

"No. 177.—HOLY COMMUNION.

"My love is like a Rose,
Whose rich perfume
Through all the garden flows,
And in His bloom
I'll deck myself, when I would glorious be,
Fit to sit down, and feast, my God with thee.

"My love is like a Lily,
&c., &c.

"I humbly deprecate all hymns adapted from the canticles.

"No. 196.—MISERERE DOMINE.

"My sin, my sin, O God, my sin
Lies heavy on this heart within,
All through the dreary live-long day,
Wearing my aimless life away.

"A most beautiful poem, though not a congregational hymn; but do not understand the allusions in the last two verses to our Lord's *fast*.

"Thy fast, Thy fast, O God, Thy fast,
Shall thus become my feast at last.

"Christ is not represented as having fasted for man, but as having died for man. And I think words concerning His death would be preferable. For by His death we are forgiven.

"You will forgive my not having put A against Hic breve vivitur—Jerusalem the golden. For thee, oh! dear, dear country, and several of that cycle. I may be fastidious; but I cannot approve of them; their very popularity makes their soundness the more suspected by me. In

the Church of God I shrink from singing hymns to 'heaven,' just as to angels. We are there to worship God, not heaven, which is a created *thing*."

These fragments of criticism may seem superfluous to some: but he had very strong views on Hymnology, and there being no letter to express them, and nothing printed on the subject except in the Preface to the "Westminster Sermons," it would be doing him injustice to suppress them. He regretted deeply the adoption of hymns, which he considered combined the faults of Puritanism, Mysticism, and Romanism; he deplored words being put into the mouths of a general congregation which were unreal to them—individual confessions of sin, too solemn to be sung, and ardent expressions of a love almost amounting to passion, which if not felt must therefore be an unconscious insult to Him to whom they were addressed. This unfitness in the new hymnologies shocked him so, that he often said he longed to go back to selections of the discarded old and new version of the Psalms of David, as less objectionable for that part of public worship where praise should predominate over prayer and confession of sin.

In the autumn he went to Birmingham, where he had often been asked to give lectures. It was a town for which he had great respect, as being one of the best drained in England, and where in all the cholera visitations there had been the fewest cases of cholera (in one visitation only one, and that an imported case). He had been urged, and could not well refuse, to be President of the Midland Institute for the year. As President, he was bound to give the Inaugural Address. The subject he chose was the Science of Health, and the noble response given to his lecture, will make it long remembered in Birmingham. Lord Lyttelton was in the chair, and received him with marked kindness. It was one of his best and most suggestive lectures. Special reporters were sent down by leading London newspapers, and the following morning the "Times" gave him a leading article, which, after speaking of other Institutes and other speakers, adds:

"But everybody was prepared to expect Canon Kingsley to exhibit the

development of the Institute in a more striking and picturesque light. Every one of his topics and suggestions appears to us strictly in the lines of an Inaugural Address to the Institute of a great manufacturing town like Birmingham. Yet we could fancy that some, even among the most hopeful originators of this movement, would have opened their eyes upon hearing the acquisition of the Spanish and Portuguese languages urged as a means of making one's fortune in South America, and on finding, put in the first place, nearly to the exclusion of all other subjects, the necessity of studying the laws of health and strength, of physical succession, natural selection, and morbid degeneracy, especially as illustrated in the dwarfed and enervated population of our large towns, in unhappy marriages, and expiring families. We feel really obliged to the Canon for taking the bull by the horns, and telling these townsfolk some very simple truths, with the further remark that they have only to use their eyes, their memories, and their understandings, and then they will learn a great deal more than he can tell them."

The Lecture bore fruit at once. A gentleman of Birmingham (a manufacturer), who had been long wishing to promote scientific knowledge among the working-classes of Birmingham, and had long deplored the ignorance prevailing on the subject of health, without the idea occurring to him of making it a distinct object of study, on hearing the address immediately decided to devote the sum of 2,500*l.* to found classes and Lectures on Human Physiology and the Science of Health, believing, with Mr. Kingsley, that if people's interest could only be excited on the subject, physical improvement would be followed by moral and mental improvement, and the hospitals, and even prisons and madhouses, would be relieved of many cases which have their origin in mere ignorance of the laws of health and physiology.

The immediate result of this lecture was perhaps *the* highest earthly reward ever granted to him, and had he lived to see the still greater results which Mr. Ryland's letter points to, his soul would have been satisfied. He may see it now—God knows!

A draft scheme of the application of the gift to lectures, open to artisans on the lowest possible scale of payment for admission, &c., was sent to the council of the institute, and submitted by Mr. Ryland to Mr. Kingsley, who replied:

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *October* 13, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I need not say how deeply pleased I am, let me say honestly thankful to God, that any words of mine should call out so practical a response, but presume that I am not yet permitted to thank your generous fellow-townsman. I shall, I trust, do so some day. Your plan seems to me as good as can be devised. Only you do not specify whether your teacher is to be man or woman. I confess that I consider a woman-teacher just now as far more important than a man.

"I thank you and the good people of Birmingham for all the kindness I have received."

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *October* 21, 1872.

"I beg to return the paper which you have sent me, with the expression of my deep satisfaction, and I may say, personal gratitude. Your friend will be doing, I believe, solid and lasting good to generations yet unborn, and I trust that his noble example may be followed in every great town of these realms. I think the first title, 'The Teaching of Physiology to the Working Classes,' is the better of the two. But I would define it as 'Human Physiology,' or better, as 'The Science of Health.' I quite agree that it would be better to use the capital during the first ten years as the donor proposes.

"I have the same fear which the paper you send expresses, that the scheme might starve without such more liberal assistance at first. For instance, a grant might be given to a mother's or married women's class, from which men would be excluded. I am, as you know, solicitous for some such exclusively woman's teaching.

"The prizes question I had sooner leave to those who practically know the working of the Institute.

"But an essay, now and then, on the subject, open to all comers of a certain grade, would be most useful, and stir up many minds even more than lectures.

"It will be necessary to take care that the lectures are really practical lectures on the science and art of health, and not on mere scientific physiology. If not, they are likely to become mere lectures on comparative anatomy, or other non-practical, or at least, purely scientific branch. You will have to find, and you will have some trouble in finding, men who really know about drains and bed-rooms, etc., and who are not above talking of them. Let me be so bold as to advise your friend to consult. above all men, Dr. Edwin Lankester, and to look at his admirable little 'Practical Physiology,' to see what should be taught, and how. I must believe that Dr. Lankester would give him far better hints

than I, and that if *he* could be persuaded to give a lecture under this endowment it would be a great success.

"Again, let me express my deep sense of your friend's generosity and wisdom, and to hope that some day he will allow me to know him, and to express my feelings by word of mouth.

"Arthur Ryland, Esq."

The next letter will interest all who care for Sanitary Science.

LYNTHURST HILL, BIRMINGHAM,
Dec. 28, 1875.

"DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

"In addition to the general statement in my former letter, that the foundation of the class at the Birmingham and Midland Institute for teaching the laws of health, the subsequent exhibition for Teachers in connection with it, and the foundation of a similar class and exhibition at Saltley Training College, were the direct result of Canon Kingsley's address to the members of the institute in 1872, it may be interesting to you to know some particulars of these classes, as an evidence of the extent of the good done by that address.

"From the printed proposal to found a class at the Institute, you will have learned that my friend was moved to make that proposal by Canon Kingsley's address. He came to me immediately after he had heard that address, and said that it had quite determined him how to carry into effect the desire he had long felt to aid the Institute work.

"The hearty approval of Canon Kingsley was a great encouragement.

"The class was established, and on the recommendation of Professor Huxley and Dr. Lyon Playfair, we appointed Professor Corfield, M.D., to conduct it. It was more numerously attended than any other of our science classes. At the close of the academical year the pupils (whose average attendance was 161) were examined by Dr. E. A. Parkes, Professor of Military Hygiene in the Army Medical School. In his report on the result of his examination, he expressed his surprise with the information displayed in some of the answers, and observed that all were fairly correct; that the lectures had been judiciously arranged; had been followed by the class; and were clearly comprehended. The founder's two prizes of 10*l.* each, were awarded—one to an assistant school-mistress; the other to a servant employed in a manufactory as a warehouseman. At the close of the second year the prizes were awarded—one to a lady-assistant in a girls' school, who informed me that she heard Canon Kingsley's address, and was so fired with a determination to study

the subject, that she had never been absent from one of Dr. Corfield's lectures, and had determined to teach the subject in her school. The other prize was awarded to a warehouseman in a manufactory. In addition to the prizes, certificates were on each occasion awarded; and the recipients comprised medical students, artizans, schoolmasters and mistresses, and apprentices.

"In 1874 a friend of mine, whose attention was attracted by the good work done at the Institute, and who was anxious to induce teachers to study hygiene, and so put themselves to teach it in their schools, placed in my hands the sum of 4,200*l.* for that purpose. Of this sum 1,200*l.* was given to the Institute, upon the condition that the income should be applied in providing two exhibitions of 20*l.* each, to be awarded to the two most meritorious students of the laws of health, being teachers, or intending to enter that profession. The exhibition to be enjoyed for two years, provided the exhibitioner should teach the subject in his or her school during that period. This we call the *Teachers' Exhibitions.* It has induced many teachers to enter the class; and of the first exhibitions—one awarded was to a schoolmaster in a National school. The remainder of the sum, namely, 3000*l.*, was vested in trustees for the founding of a class on the laws of health at Saltley College, with four exhibitions of 10*l.* each, tenable for two years; conditioned that the successful candidates shall teach the subject in his school during the period of two years. This class is conducted by Dr. Corfield; and the first examination by Dr. Parkes.

"Saltley College is a large institution for the training of schoolmasters; and until the establishment of this class no instruction was given on the laws of health.

"The number of students who attended the lectures at Saltley last year was forty-nine. One of the exhibitioners has received an appointment as master of a school near Wolverhampton, and he has there introduced the laws of health as a subject of instruction. The other exhibitioner is expecting an appointment, and he will do the same in his school. So that the good fruit of Canon Kingsley's address is not confined to Birmingham. The masters sent out from Saltley carry into many distant schools the power and the obligation to teach the subject. Fifty masters leave the college every year, and all attend the lectures, although only two receive exhibitions.

"And another good fruit which I have not mentioned, is the delivery of lectures by ladies to mothers and daughters of artizans in Birmingham. The lady who began this work, and who does it with remarkable ability and success, writes to me that before she heard Canon Kingsley's address she had felt a strong desire to give instruction on the laws of health, from

observing the ignorance of the mothers whose homes she visited; and adds, 'But it was after hearing Canon Kingsley that my wishes became sufficiently vivid to make me overcome my natural laziness. I have always felt that had it not been for Canon Kingsley's earnestness, my vague desires might not have formed themselves into acts.'

"Of the many eloquent and in every way admirable addresses delivered by the presidents of our Institute, none has produced such truly good fruit as did that of Canon Kingsley.

"I trust, and I believe, that in the spirit land he may know more of these results than even we do here.

"Believe me, with much respect,

"Yours very truly,

"ARTHUR RYLAND."

The particulars of a proposal to found a trust for promoting the teaching of teachers in common schools the laws of health, will be found in the APPENDIX to this volume. It was submitted to Mr. Kingsley in October, 1874, when illness prevented his writing at length on the subject, but he concludes his letter, after pointing to the scheme which he thought would give the whole subject a fixed academical status, with these characteristic words: "Alas! alas! why can we not have a Professor of it at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?"

Many of his dreams—social, sanatory, and others—equally improbable as they seemed at the time, have been realised; perhaps this, too, may, when the day dawns in which man's body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, will be considered as divine as his soul—the workmanship of one Creator, in whose sight both are equally sacred.

The Chester City Library and Reading-room were just now very low in funds, and in want of modern books; and the committee applied to the Canon to help them out of their difficulties. He writes at once to Mr. Shone from Eversley:

"Of course—what did I come to Chester for, if not to help in such a case? Will you and your friends make all arrangements, and send me a reminder about the beginning of November, that I may have time to think over something which may interest our dear good Chester folk. I should like you and my friends to look at what I said at the Midland

Institute, Birmingham, about the science of health and physical education. I spoke from long knowledge; and be sure we all need to think about the subject very seriously, else our grandchildren will be by no means such big men as you are!"

Some days later he writes: "The subject of my lecture will be Heroism. I mean it to be a prologue to a set of lectures which I hope to give at Chester during my next residence" .... (in May, 1873). This residence never took place; but the Lecture on Heroism* was given on November 22, 1872, most successfully, as far as its pecuniary object, and doubtless it found a response in many hearts. The Duke of Westminster, foremost as usual in giving the lead to all noble thought and noble work in the old city, was in the chair. The next evening, after attending the last Chapter, at which he was ever present, the Canon gave a lecture on Deep-Sea Dredging to the Scientific Society, of which he was still president—the last words he spoke to his beloved class.

It was a year of hard work, and owing to this and to the increasing infirmities of his mother, who was in her 85th year, and lived with him, he scarcely left home for more than a few days. The three months now at Chester and the four yearly sermons at Windsor, Sandringham, Whitehall, and St. James's, made him unwilling to give up his Eversley people for a single Sunday. So that he had no intermission of work; and his only rest this year was four days in the English Lakes in June, yachting for the inside of a week with Lord Carnarvon in autumn, and a short visit to his dear friends General and Mrs. Napier, at Oaklands; indeed, since he returned from the West Indies, nearly three years before, he had preached every Sunday once, if not twice.

The late autumn brought a time of severe anxiety and illness in his household; but once again before clouds thickened, his heart had bubbled up into song, and after the last meet of the foxhounds, at which he was ever present, in front of Bramshill House—a sight he had loved for years, and to which he always

* Republished in "Health and Education."

took his children and friends,—he put these lines into his wife's hands:

November 6, 1872.

"THE DELECTABLE DAY.

"The boy on the famous grey pony,
Just bidding goodbye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences
Where his brother won honour of yore.

"The walk to 'the Meet' with fair children,
And women as gentle as gay,—
Ah! how do we male hogs in armour
Deserve such companions as they?

"The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back;
And to catch, down the turns of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

"The climb homeward by park and by moorland,
And through the fir forests again,
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming,
Like an ocean of seething champagne.

"And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet on the sofa
Beating delicate time to the air.

"Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day!
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way!"

He was asked and consented this year to join the Committee for the Defence of the Athanasian Creed. He had previously signed addresses suggesting a modification or explanation of the damnatory clauses from the Provinces of Canterbury and York, when the Creed seemed most in danger. This apparent ambiguity of purpose created some surprise, which the following letters will explain. His views had not changed materially on this point since he took holy orders, and in writing, in answer to a request of Mr. Friswell's, for a contribution of one of his Sermons to a Christmas book, he says:

"You shall certainly have a Sermon. My puzzle is this: your book is meant for all manner of readers. I hold very strictly orthodox doctrine as regards the Athanasian Creed, though, as you well know, I curse no one who does not. Now it would be hard to find a sermon of mine in which that was not expressed, or, at least, broadly implied. And how would that suit your publication? I, of course, could not in honour expunge any word on that matter. . . . I should probably send you one touching on the 'gentle life,' and telling all ranks that they can be gentlemen and ladies without being either rich or revolutionary if they will be only what all folk should be, good Christians."

TO REV. M. McCOLL.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *October* 30, 1872.

"Engagements to-day render it quite impossible for me to attend your committee. . . . You may be aware that I have signed the addresses from both archbishoprics, recommending some change; but in my case, only in the sense of an alteration in the damnatory clauses. I should allow even that with very great reluctance, as a concession to the invincible ignorance on eschatology, which fills the modern puritanic and Lockite mind. But I would rather have no alteration at all than lose the Creed as an element of public worship.

"But—and this is most important to me—may I ask if it is altogether the best way of doing our work to organize public meetings about England, or even to have a central meeting in London? I dread, from experience, all public meetings where discussion on high and holy things is likely to be mixed, as it must be, with something of controversial temper. Let us remember the unfortunate meeting at St. James's Hall; and beware. My dread is lest we should cast that which is holy to the dogs of criticism, and our pearls before the swine of frivolity and ribaldry. Surely this is a matter rather for prelates, divines, and scholars, than for public meetings, which are always of the world, worldly, and of the flesh, fleshly, let us try as we may to keep them spiritual. I could not attend such a meeting because I could not speak my heart about that precious and noble Creed as I could in the pulpit. My rule has been to preach the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit in season and out of season; to ground not merely my whole theological, but my whole ethical teaching, formally and openly on it; to prevent, as far as I could, people from thinking it a dead formula, or even a mere string of intellectual dogmas. And if I were (from my experience) to dare to offer a suggestion to your committee, it would be to call on all clergy who value the Creed to preach it continually, and make their congregations feel something at least of its

value. But I only speak with hesitation, and am ready to be convinced if I am wrong."

EVERSLEY, *Nov.* 8, 1872.

"Many thanks for your cordial letter, which has satisfied me on more points than one.

"I now take the liberty of sending you a paper of suggestions. I must say of them that they are the outcome of long years of anxious thought, and that I trust you will therefore give them fair consideration. Any criticism on them which you may send me I shall receive with respect; for I perceive from your able writing on the Athanasian Creed that you are—what is but too rare in these slip-slop days—a sound formal theologian.

"I send these first, for your own perusal; and next, that if you think they may lead to any safe and orthodox practical result, they may be shown privately to such members of your committee as you think fit. I only beg that they may not be allowed to get into print. I hate seeing these matters (which are to me as my own soul) in the columns of a newspaper; and I am at once too sensitive and too busy to face any controversy in print. What I think shall be at your service; but I would prefer to be behind the scenes.

"I hear that my friend Plumptre has been writing in the *Guardian* about my joining your committee. I entreat any one who wishes me well *not* to answer him. Time and silence I find are the best answers whether to an enemy or (as in this case) to a respected friend."

FOR THE PRIVATE CONSIDERATION OF THE COMMITTEE.

Nov., 1872.

"This seems to me the time for sound churchmen to use a fresh weapon in defence of the Athanasian Creed, by bringing forward a somewhat neglected Catholic doctrine—that of the intermediate state, or states. Thus, too, I may say in passing, the Church would be shown to be on this—as on other points—more and not less liberal than her dissenting opponents.

"The Athanasian Creed is now construed by the people, in the light of Puritan Eschatology—*i.e.*, of the doctrine which the Puritans (as far as I know) introduced first, namely, that the fate of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death.

"I need not tell you that this is not the Catholic doctrine; that the Church has held, from a very early age, the belief in an intermediate state. That belief was distorted and abused, in later times, as the

Romish doctrine of purgatory. But the denunciation of that doctrine in the Thirty-nine Articles (as Dr. Newman pointed out, if I recollect rightly, in Tract 90), does not denounce any primitive doctrine of purgatory, nay rather allows it, by the defining adjective 'Romish.' That this Puritan Eschatology is no part of the Creed of the Church of England, is proved by her final rejection of the Article affirming endless punishment.

"It is as well here to say, that I do not *deny* endless punishment. On the contrary, I believe it possible for me, and other Christian men, by loss of God's grace, to commit acts of ἀτασθαλία—sins against light and knowledge, which would plunge us into endless abysses of probably increasing sin, and therefore of probably increasing and endless punishment.

"But I say that to predicate endless punishment, from the moment of death of those who either sin, or misbelieve, not of ἀτασθαλία, but of weakness or invincible ignorance, is not required by the Church of England, nor (as far as I am aware) by the Churches of Rome or of Greece; and that the doctrine of an intermediate state, has been in all Christian ages and lands (save where Puritan influences have prevailed), the refuge of the sense of justice and pity in man from so terrible a doctrine.

"Now, it is plain again that men have no right to read the Athanasian Creed in this Puritan sense. In whatsoever age it was composed, it was composed by one who believed in the intermediate state; and there is nothing in its language to hint that he held that there was no hope in that state for the unorthodox whom he denounced; nothing to hint that he held with the old Crusaders, that an infidel went straight to hell. So guardedly vague are the expressions of the Creed, as to 'perishing everlastingly,' and 'everlasting salvation,' that it might be believed and used honestly by one who did not hold the 'necessary immortality of the soul,' and therefore thought the final annihilation of the wicked possible.

"The Creed says, and truly, that the knowledge of God, and it alone, is everlasting life. It does not say that that knowledge may not be vouchsafed hereafter to those who have sought honestly for it, in this life, but through unfortunate circumstances, or invincible ignorance, have failed to find it. Provided the search be honestly continued in the unknown realms beyond the grave, the Athanasian Creed does not deny that the seeker, it may be, after heavy pains and long wanderings, shall at last discover his Saviour and his God, and discover that for Him he had been yearning though he knew it not.

"It is almost needless for me to point out, how such an interpretation

of the Athanasian Creed would relieve the consciences of thousands, without (it seems to me) forfeiting our strict honesty, or our claim to Catholic orthodoxy—how it would make the Creed tolerable to thousands to whom (under its Puritan misinterpretation) it is now intolerable; and would render unnecessary that alteration of the so-called 'damnatory clauses,' to which I have consented with much unwillingness, and only as a concession to the invincible ignorance of modern Puritanism.

"I have reason to believe that the English mind (and possibly the Scotch) is specially ripe just now for receiving once more this great Catholic doctrine of the intermediate state, and that by preaching it with all prudence, as well as with all manfulness, we should cut the ground from under our so-called 'Liberal' adversaries' feet. I say—with all prudence. For it is plain that unguarded latitude of expression might easily awaken a cry that we were going to introduce 'the Romish doctrine of purgatory,' and to proceed to 'pardons' and 'masses for the dead.' But that if we keep cautiously within the limits permitted by truly Catholic antiquity, we shall set in motion a mighty engine for the Church's help in her need, I, as a student of public opinion, have no doubt whatsoever. While I fear, on the other hand, that unless we take the course I have pointed out, we shall lose, to our extreme injury, not only on the so-called 'damnatory clauses,' but (for all practical purposes) the Creed itself."

HARROW, *April* 6, 1873.

"You are very kind, and I should gladly hear what good and wise Lord Lyttelton has to say about the question of the day. For such, be sure it is. But I must go to Eversley that very day for Good Friday, and must be satisfied with reading what is said, and carefully perpending it.

"I am much obliged to you for your congratulations on Westminster. I never hoped, and never deserved, such a post. Now I have it, I trust the Church will not find me a sluggard, however ignorant or unwise."

"I am really sorry that I cannot be at the meeting on the 31st. But will you allow me to send a short but formal letter addressed to you, expressing my sense of the importance of the meeting, and what I should have said had I spoken? If this could be read, so as to be heard by the meeting, it would at least satisfy my conscience and honour. . . . ."

"I am unfortunately unable to be present on the 31st. But I cannot let it pass without some expression of opinion as well as of strong sympathy.

"I have long held that the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed by the Church of England will exercise a most potent and wholesome influence not only on the theology, but on the science, both physical and metaphysical of all English-speaking nations for generations to come.

"I feel for, though I cannot feel with, the objections of many excellent persons to the so-called damnatory clauses; but I believe that those objections would gradually die out, if there were appended to the Creed, in our Prayer-book, an explanatory clause, which expressed, or at least allowed, the true and ancient Catholic doctrine, concerning the future state."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GUARDIAN," 1873.

"SIR,

"My letter concerning the Ancient Catholic Doctrine of the Future State (read at St. James's Hall), and its connexion with the Athanasian Creed, has called out, I find, many comments, both in your paper and in private letters to me which I beg leave to answer, once and for all, in your estimable columns.

"It is not for me, a private clergyman, to lay down the law as I have been asked to do, what is the Catholic doctrine on this, or any other matter, save as I find it expressed in the formularies of the Church of England, as by law established. Now the Church of England has left this question of the Future State, in many points, an open question; the more markedly so, because the Puritan influences of the sixteenth century were pressing her to define and narrow her formularies about it. Those influences, though they failed, thank God, in narrowing her formularies, have actually succeeded till very late years, in narrowing her public opinion about this most important question, among the majority of her members. In the face of that public opinion, I intended by that letter, to try to re-open the whole question; to set the clergy searching for themselves, Scripture, Catholic antiquity, and whatsoever of wisest and soundest has been written by our great English divines; to make them think for themselves, and judge for themselves, instead of asking me or any man, to think and judge for them. For only so will any wider and sounder belief on this, or any other matter, be a real belief of the heart and reason, and not a mere party cry, repeated parrot-like and unintelligently.

"If God should ever give me grace and wit to express clearly my opinion on this matter, I shall do so when and how I shall choose, after that full research and deliberation which befit so important and awful a subject. But I look to wiser and more learned men than myself to

speak better sense upon it than I shall ever speak meanwhile; certain that even though they may differ in details, and even some of them err, they will at least prepare the mind of the Church for the reception of eternal truth.

"I regret much to find that the name of my beloved and revered friend and teacher, the late Mr. Maurice, should have been introduced into this little controversy, and that expressions have been used concerning his opinions, which I must believe would be modified with regret, on a more thorough understanding of his writings. I am bound to say of him that he was always most jealous of Catholic orthodoxy, as he conceived it, both in himself and in others; that he not only shrank from all 'Rationalism,' but was seriously angry with me some years since, when he suspected me (though mistakenly) of leaning to the so-called Rationalist party, and that from him I first learned to value the Athanasian Creed, as a bulwark alike to the theology and the ethics of Christendom, and to defend its public use, including the so-called damnatory clauses, in the services of our Church. And what he did for me I have full reason to believe he did for many more.

"I shall trouble you with no rejoinder to any comments which this letter may evoke,

"And remain, with deep respect,

"Your faithful servant,

"C. KINGSLEY."

While paying a visit in Weybridge at this time, he was asked to write some answers to the following questions in a book kept for the Autographs of literary men. The answers are characteristic, truthful, and therefore interesting:

"Favourite character in history? David.
"Favourite kind of literature? Physical science.
"Favourite author? Spenser.
"Favourite male and female character in fiction? (No answer given.)
"Favourite artist? Leonardo de Vinci.
"Favourite composer? Beethoven.
"Favourite dramatic performance? A pantomime.
"Favourite public character? (No answer given.)
"Favourite kind of scenery? Wide flats or open sea.
"Place at home and abroad you most admire? Clovelly.
"Favourite reminiscence? July, 1839.
"Favourite occupation? Doing nothing.
"Favourite amusement? Sleeping.

"What you dislike most? Any sort of work.
"Favourite topics of conversation? Whatever my companion happens to be talking about.
"And those you dislike most? My own thoughts.
"What you like most in woman? Womanliness.
"What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.
"What you like most in man? Modesty.
"What you dislike most? Vanity.
"The character you most dislike? Myself.
"Your ambition? To die.
"Your ideal? The One ideal.
"Your hobby? Fancying I know anything.
"The virtue you most admire? Truth.
"The vice to which you are most lenient? All except lying.
"Your favourite motto or proverb? 'Be strong.'

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

His year closed at Eversley with his three children round him, his eldest daughter having returned safe from a long visit to her brother in Colorado, and a perilous journey with him and some American friends through Mexico, who were "prospecting" for the carrying on of the narrow gauge railway which her brother had assisted in building from Denver down to Colorado Springs, and which the company hoped to take through the heart of Mexico down to the city itself. The Report made by his son on the survey had been a great source of pride and joy to his father, and seemed to open great prospects for his own future, and for that of civilization, which, however, were finally frustrated by the Mexican Government. During the last six months the Rectory had the pleasant addition of a young German tutor, who was preparing the youngest boy for a public school. Dr. Karl Schulze had been all through the Franco-Prussian war, and had come to England to learn the language before settling in his professorship in Berlin. His society was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley, who in return had the same magnetic attraction for him, as for all young men who came within his influence. The following letter shows the impression made on Dr. Schulze during this short time, by Mr. Kingsley's "home life" at Chester and Eversley, which he said had made him "a better man,"

and of which he could not think without tears in his eyes. From Grünberg, in Silesia, he wrote in January, 1875:

"When the newspaper of to-day announced the death of Mr. Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, I would not trust my own eyes, and could not help thinking and hoping that this might be a mistake. But it is only too true: dear Mr. Kingsley is dead. What a sad news to all those that knew, loved, and admired him—to all that read his works; and still more so to those who had the honour of knowing him personally! What a loss to literature, science; what a great loss to his innumerable friends! But what a heavy loss to you and his whole family, whom he loved as never man loved his wife and father his children. I can fancy how great your grief is; may God be your consolation and help in these mournful days.

"How is it possible, I ask again and again, that this man, whom I saw but two years ago in full strength of mind and body, is now dead? How did it come to pass, that this powerful man was broken down in the prime of his age?

"How quickly he used to walk, that we, being so much younger, could scarcely follow him; in what a lively way he would tell us about his travels in the West Indies! How I remember his bright eyes when he talked to us about all he had seen; how full of humour he was, when he told his stories! And, again, how mild and earnest he was when he preached his beautiful sermons; those specimens of true Christian kindness and love. What a genius! and all this is now gone. It is very sad to think of it. There was never man whom I admired so much as I did Mr. Kingsley."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1873—4.

AGED 54—5.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL—CANONRY OF WESTMINSTER—HIS SON'S RETURN—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH—PARTING FROM CHESTER—CONGRATULATIONS—SERMON AND LETTERS ON TEMPERANCE—PREACHING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—VOYAGE TO AMERICA—EASTERN CITIES AND WESTERN PLAINS—CANADA—NIAGARA—THE PRAIRIE—SALT LAKE CITY—YO SEMITE VALLEY AND BIG TREES—SAN FRANCISCO—ILLNESS—ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND COLORADO SPRINGS—LAST POEM—RETURN HOME—LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"ONE of the kind wishes expressed for me is a long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible—then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of Truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet.

"C. K."

(Speech at the Lotus Club, New York, February, 1874.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

SOME months of this year were spent at Harrow, where his youngest son was at school, a change to higher ground having been recommended for some of his family, to secure which the Bishop gave him leave of non-residence: but he went regularly for his Sundays to Eversley, and himself helped to prepare the candidates for the first confirmation that, thanks to the kindness of Bishop Wilberforce, had ever been held in his own parish church. The letters are few this year. He writes to a clergyman:

HARROW, *March* 12, 1873.

"I found a letter to-day from you, which deeply touched and comforted me when I received it, but which I know not whether I answered; but I think not. Pray forgive me. It came at a time when I was not only on the move here, but needed comfort from sad circumstances. . . . Your letter, I say, touched me deeply, and all the more, because it came from one who had been a sailor. But your kind words about 'Hypatia' touched me more than those about 'Westward Ho'; for the former book was written with my heart's blood, and was received, as I expected, with curses from many of the very Churchmen whom I was trying to warn and save. Yet I think the book did good. I know that it has not hurt me, save, perhaps, in that ecclesiastical career to which I have never aspired. I am trying to make the Church party with whom are my deepest sympathies, understand that if they would conquer they must be themselves—what their formulæ rightly understood, are already—the most liberal and wide-minded men in Christendom. Whether I succeed or not, is in the hands, thank God, not of my weakness and ignorance, but of Christ who rules His Church, and happily in His own way and not mine."

While at Harrow it was with mingled feelings that he received on Lady Day a letter from the Prime Minister.

"I have to propose to you, with the sanction of her Majesty, that in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester; but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right."

There was a strong battle in his heart between the grief of giving up Chester and the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, a position which included among many advantages the blessing he had long craved for, of laying down his pen as a compulsory source of income, at once and for all, and devoting his remaining writing powers and strength to sermons alone. His feelings are best told in his own letters. The day before he received Mr. Gladstone's letter, he had been writing to a member of his scientific class, his friend and coadjutor, Mr. Shepheard of Bridge Street Row, Chester, on some point connected with his work there, which ends thus. "Give my love—that is the broadest and honestest word—to all the dear Chester folk, men, women, and children, and say that I long for May 1, to be back again among them." But on the 27th he wrote in lower spirits:

"A thousand thanks for the MSS., which have been invaluable to me. The programme of your Society for the year makes me at once proud and envious. For now I have to tell you that I have just accepted the vacant stall at Westminster, and shall, in a week or two, be Canon of Chester no more. Of course, I had to take it for my children's sake. Had I been an old bachelor, I would never have left Chester. Meanwhile I had sooner be Canon of Westminster than either dean or bishop. But I look back longingly to Chester. Shall we ever go up Hope Mountain, or the Halkin together again, with all those dear, courteous, sensible people? My eyes fill with tears when I think of it.

"Give them all my love. I must find some means, by the papers or otherwise, of telling them all at once what I owe to their goodness of heart.

"Ever yours,

"C. KINGSLEY."

His eldest son, to his father's great joy, had just returned from a railway survey in Mexico for a holiday; and his aged mother, now in her 86th year, and so long the inmate of his home, just

lived to know of, and rejoice in, her son's appointment, and to see her grandson once more before her death on the 16th of April.

Letters of mourning and congratulation poured in from Chester. Canon Blomfield, the first canon who welcomed him there in 1869, writes:

"Of course one might expect that such an event would occur, and before very long. It was quite clear that you ought to be lifted up to a higher degree in the scale of ecclesiastical preferment, and to find a larger sphere for your powers. But yet, when the time comes to lose you from Chester, it comes as a blow on one's feelings. I don't know how the Chester people will get over it. They will be like the schools of the prophets when Elijah was taken from them. *We* shall no less miss you in the cathedral, and in the Chapter, and in the matter especially of the King's School. And then whom shall we have to replace you?" . . .

Such words from a man so much his senior, and whom he so deeply respected, are a strong testimony, and as Canon Blomfield generously writes:

"A sincere one, to a man, whom, to know, was to love and to reverence as one who indefatigably employed his great powers in the good of his fellow men and for the glory of God."

"It will be pleasant," says Canon Hildyard, another valued member of the Chapter, also his senior, "among the regrets felt by the Chapter, to remember *what we had.* I say *we*, because I think each member of the Chapter will say and think the same of you in all your bearings to us. The whole of Chester mourns."

One of the oldest residents in Chester, a highly cultivated lady who had joined his scientific class two years before, speaks of

"'The distress of the old city,' and how terribly she feels her own selfish sorrow. 'You have brought together people,' she adds, 'in so marvellous a manner, and awakened tastes and sympathies, that I trust will out-live you, though I much fear we are too feeble yet to walk alone. . . . . I almost wished, when the news first came, that we had never known you all.' . . . .

"You would have been both glad and sorry," writes one of the members of his Scientific Society to Mrs. Kingsley, "if you had been at the cathedral last night, and could have seen the sorrowful little groups

all discussing the news that we had heard before, but which I, for one, had steadfastly refused to believe, till the dear Canon's own letter yesterday took away our last little hope. 'What will become of the Natural Science Society? Who will keep up our interest in it? What shall we do now, just as we wanted so much help with the Museum?' I heard one group of people saying, 'Look what he has done for us socially? Who will ever be to us what *he* has been in that respect? said others. Well, we have had the honour of his presence among us—no one can take that from us—let us try and remember that.' The Bishop says that the Canon's removal is the greatest blow that the diocese could possibly receive." . . . .

The same note is struck in letters full of love and loyalty, which would fill a small volume, from men and women of all ranks.

To one who had been with him in all his struggles upward, from the earnest, honest, but unknown curate life, through years of distrust, suspicion, and reproach from men of all parties in the church, it seemed but a just recognition of his character and work to hear the same tone taken by churchmen, from the Primate downwards.

"I ought, my dear Mr. Kingsley," writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, on April 9, "to have written before now to welcome you to the great Abbey, which I do very heartily. It is a great sphere for a man who, like you, knows how to use it." . . . .

While from his own diocese Bishop Wilberforce wrote:

"My dear Kingsley,

"I have just seen an authoritative statement of your appointment to the Canonry at Westminster, and I must tell you the pleasure that it gives me. It is so just an acknowledgment of your merits: it gives so much better a pedestal from which you may enlighten many, that I rejoice unfeignedly at it; and then it is a great personal pleasure to me. I am proud to have you in my old Collegiate Church; and I hope it may favour more of that personal intercourse between us which has been so much increased since I came to this diocese (Winchester), and which has given me such great pleasure.

"I am, my dear Kingsley,

"Yours most sincerely, and let me add affectionately,

"S. Winton."

The new Canon of Westminster little thought when he read this letter, that his first sermon in the Abbey after his installation would be one among many public lamentations for the sudden death of his diocesan.

The page of his Chester life fitly closes with a letter from Dean Howson, whose never-failing kindness and friendship he valued so truly.

FROM THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

"I have been asked to write a brief notice of that part of Charles Kingsley's life which was spent in close connection with the city and cathedral of Chester; and it is a request—considering from whom it comes—concerning which I feel, not only that I cannot refuse it, but that it must be a true pleasure to me to act upon it to the best of my power. I should be sorry, indeed, if this task had been assigned to any one else; for my own relations with him here were of the happiest kind, and I have a lively sense of the good he has left behind, as the result of three short official residences in Chester, and a few occasional visits to the place.

"Since the remarks in this paper are necessarily of a personal character, and since they must relate particularly to the religious side of the subject, it seems to me natural to begin with the first meeting which, so far as I remember, I ever had with Canon Kingsley. This took place at Cambridge. I must confess that at that time I had a strong prejudice against him. I had read 'Alton Locke,' on its first appearance, and had thought it very unjust to the University of which both he and I were members. It seemed to me quite out of harmony with my recollections of a place, from which I was conscious of having received the utmost benefit. I must say here, in passing, that the passages to which I refer have been so modified by notes in the last edition, that warm commendation has taken the place of blame; and I am not sure that the pendulum of his strong feeling did not, on this last occasion, swing too far in its new direction. This, however, belongs to a subsequent period. At the time to which I refer the book remained unchanged. Besides the impression which it made upon me, I had acquired a general notion of Mr. Kingsley's tone of mind, through conversation and through casual reading: and the notion amounted to this; that I regarded him as the advocate of a self-confident, self-asserting Christianity, whereas the view I had been led to take of the religion which has been revealed to us, and which is to save us here and hereafter, was extremely different. Under these circumstances I happened to be appointed Hulsean

Lecturer at Cambridge, he being then Professor of Modern History. I had taken for my subject the Character of St. Paul; and being, in one of my sermons, about to preach on the Apostle's 'tenderness and sympathy,' which, to my mind, involved a sense of utter weakness, and a continual self-distrust, I was very uncomfortable. I thought that I should be understood to be preaching against Professor Kingsley. Such a course would have been, to the utmost degree, foreign to my feelings; and yet I was bound to do justice to my convictions concerning, not only St. Paul's character, but Christianity itself, in this respect. My surprise, therefore, was great, when, at the close of the service, and after the dispersion of the congregation, I met Canon Kingsley at the south door of St. Mary's. He was waiting for me there, that he might express his sympathy with what I had said in the sermon; and this he did, not merely with extraordinary cordiality, but literally, I may say, with tears of approval. It was a moment of my life which made a deep impression on me. It not only caused me to be conscious that I had made a mistake, but it formed in me a warm personal regard for Mr. Kingsley, though, at that time, I had no expectation of any frequent opportunities of seeing him.

"For some time afterwards our meetings were only casual, and our acquaintance was very slight; and I must confess that when a letter came to me from him to tell me that he had been appointed a Canon of Chester, in succession to Dr. Moberly, who had been made Bishop of Salisbury, I was full of fear. There seemed to me an incongruity in the appointment. I fancied that there was no natural affinity between the author of 'Alton Locke' and cathedral life. Here again I soon found that I had made a mistake. I might, indeed, have reflected that cathedral institutions, even under their present restricted conditions, have great capacity for varied adaptation, and that I myself had been diligent in giving expression to an opinion of this kind. And here I may remark that the cathedral stall in question has had a very curious recent history, illustrative of the correctness of this remark. It has been held in succession by three men of eminence—Dr. M'Neile, Dr. Moberly, and Mr. Kingsley—differing from one another as much as possible in habits of thought, but in each case with beneficial results to the city of Chester, though in very various ways.

"Now, to describe particularly Canon Kingsley's work and usefulness in Chester, I must note first the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he entered upon his connection with the place. Chester has certainly a very great charm for an imaginative mind, and for any one who is fond of the picturesque aspects of history; and upon him it told immediately, giving him from the first a greater delight than he would have felt else-

where in the work which he found here to do. And with this enthusiasm I must note his old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position. I suppose his political and social views would have been termed 'liberal;' but his liberalism was not at all of the conventional type. I should have described him as a mixture of the Radical and the Tory, the aspect of character which is denoted by the latter word being, to my apprehension, quite as conspicuous as that which is denoted by the former. Certainly he was very different from the traditional Whig. I have spoken of his respect for official position. I believe that to have caused inconvenience to me, to have done what I did not like, to have impeded me in my efforts to be useful, would have given him the utmost pain. That he was far my superior in ability and knowledge made no difference. I happened to be Dean, and he happened to be Canon; and this was quite enough. From the first letter which he wrote to me announcing his appointment, till the time when, to our great regret, he left Chester for Westminster, he showed to me the utmost consideration. I record this, that I may express my gratitude; but I note it also as a mark of character.

"The opportunities of usefulness, which he found and employed at Chester, were not altogether limited to the city. He had a beneficial relation to the diocese at large, the mention of which ought not to be entirely omitted. Mere popularity in a canon of a cathedral, who is eminent for literary and scientific attainments, and who is known to take a large and kindly interest in his fellow-men, is no slight benefit to a diocese. But Canon Kingsley did useful work in Chester and South Lancashire by preaching at choral festivals, taking part in the proceedings of scientific societies, promoting the restoration of the cathedral to which he belonged, and the like. Under the present system, indeed, of capitular institutions, a cathedral cannot do as much as might be desired for the diocese in which it is placed; but such general work as was done here by Canon Kingsley, and more especially, the spirit in which he did it, aided to diffuse through the neighbourhood the idea that cathedral institutions have inherently a capacity for diocesan expansion.

"In the cathedral city itself, with which he is connected, it is desirable that a canon should do some definite thing, and one which is not likely to be spoilt and broken by intermittent residence. This one thing, suitable to his own tastes, and easily within the range of his powers, Canon Kingsley perceived at Chester as desirable to be done; and he definitely did it with all his heart and with complete success. By establishing a Society for the study of Natural Science, he brought to view much latent knowledge, promoted co-operation among those who had been isolated, encouraged those who knew little to learn more, and

those who knew nothing to learn something. He promoted these studies by excellent lectures; and his personal help, readily rendered on every side, was invaluable. For the making of such assistance effectual, he had many high qualities—a quiet and kindly sympathy, a genial humour combined with intense earnestness, and a disdain of the silly social distinctions which separate those who ought to be acquainted with one another. He had a quick eye for vegetable forms, and a large experience in judging of geological facts. Others may have known more than he did of many sciences; but he could teach what he knew; and he had another most important faculty—he could make others work.

"All this enthusiasm for Natural Science—to revert to a point which was touched before—might at first sight seem out of harmony with the grave and formal traditions of cathedral life. Even if it were so, there could be no objection to this, but rather a great advantage in it. The clerical office ought to touch human interests on every side; an ancient institution ought to diffuse light into fresh places; the meeting of the old and the new never occurs more properly or more usefully, than in a cathedral. But precedents for what has happened to us, to our great benefit, in Chester, are supplied by the connection of Buckland and Sedgwick and Mozeley with Westminster and Norwich and Bristol. In our own cathedral, too, there seems a special invitation to associations of this kind. For not only do our Gurgoyles and Corbels betray the general mediæval interest felt of old in animal and vegetable forms, but carvings in wood and stone, even in the interior of the church, show that here there was a lavish enjoyment of such observation and imitation. As an illustration of what I mean at this moment, I may say that in this building there are monkeys in the midst of the crockets of some canopies, and that Canon Kingsley, in the midst of Divine Service, was once observed to start, when his eye caught the sight of this strange creature in an unexpected place.

"But it is time now to turn to the religious and most serious side of his life in Chester; and this I must say, he was most careful and conscientious in attendance at the cathedral services, most reverential in public worship, most diligent in preaching. There is a remarkable passage in the statutes of this cathedral, which charges the Dean and Canons—and even pleads with them 'by the mercies of God,' that inasmuch as the Divine Word is 'a light to our feet and a lamp to our path,' they be diligent in preaching; and though the number of sermons prescribed in the year is so small, as almost, after such a preamble, to provoke a smile, yet the spirit of the injunction is excellent; and in this spirit Canon Kingsley acted. He is remembered here as a preacher of great power; he had always large congregations, and they tended, towards

the end of his time, to increase rather than to diminish. Through his preaching—in consequence of his known interest in science, and his large sympathy with humanity—religious truth found its way to many hearts, which otherwise might have been nearly closed to such influence. As to the sermons themselves, several of those which have been published in his volume of 'Westminster Abbey Sermons' were first preached here at Chester. I will make mention of two, the delivery of which I remember very distinctly. One was preached from the 104th Psalm, and dealt with the subject of the physical suffering of the animals around us, caused by their preying on one another. 'The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God.' He felt keenly all the mystery of pain in those creatures that have not deserved it by sin; and yet he had an undisturbed belief that God is good. The other was a sermon on Prayer: 'Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.' Some had doubted, in consequence of certain discussions then recent, whether the preacher did not so limit the use of prayer, as to cause it really to be no comfort to us at all. But those who heard this sermon found their doubts on this subject removed. Speaking from my own point of view, I by no means say that I always agreed with Canon Kingsley's mode of presenting Divine Truth, and of arranging its proportions; but there was far less divergence between us than I had expected to find; and he exhibited, with more force than any one else that I have ever heard, certain aspects of Christianity, which to both of us seemed of the utmost importance.

"In connection with his efforts for the moral and religious benefit of the people of this place I must mention one subject, which to me is of overwhelming interest, and which no reasonable man can say is unimportant. I refer to the Chester Races, which, to speak in plain English and in simple words, hinder here everything that is good, and promote everything that is bad. It is not my business, in this place, to say much of my own strong convictions upon this subject; but I may record, with grateful satisfaction, the harmony which subsisted regarding it between Canon Kingsley and myself. He was well acquainted with the whole subject of modern Horse-racing; and he deserved to be listened to when he maintained that, instead of being a manly sport, it had become a selfish and fraudulent trade. Among the efforts which were made during his connection with Chester, to give a right direction to public opinion in this matter, and to diminish the mischief caused here by the system, some small pamphlets were published, exhibiting its evils on various sides. Canon Kingsley wrote one on 'Betting.' It was very short, but it was admirable; and I think an account of his life would be incomplete without a notice of this small publication.

"Before I conclude, I must refer to the good done here by Canon Kingsley, through remarks made in the course of casual conversations. Great effects are produced in this way by certain men; and he produced them without being aware of it. I will simply give two slight illustrations, each having reference to Science. On being asked how he reconciled Science and Christianity, he said, 'By believing that God is love.' On another occasion, when the slow and steady variation of Mollusca, traced from stratum to stratum, was pointed out by a friend, with the remark that Darwin's explanation would hardly be considered orthodox, he observed, 'My friend, God's orthodoxy is truth; if Darwin speaks the truth, he is orthodox.' I may remark here that Kingsley's bent was, in his own opinion, more towards Science than towards Literature. He once said something to this effect, that he would rather be low on the roll of Science than high on that of Literature.

"This is a poor and inadequate account of a passage in Canon Kingsley's life, which was productive of great good in one particular city and neighbourhood, and which has left among us here, in one sense indeed, a very sorrowful, but, in a higher sense, a very cheerful, recollection. Various facts and incidents, for which room cannot here be found, might have been mentioned, as, for instance, his warm and practical interest in the development of our Cathedral School, which, under its new conditions, has already entered upon a successful career; or, again, the general lectures which he delivered in Chester to audiences far larger than can commonly be assembled here for such a purpose. But my aim has been simply to give a truthful impression of the life, and character, and work, which we observed, and from which we have derived advantage. It must be added, in conclusion, that three permanent memorials of Charles Kingsley have been established in Chester. On his scientific side he is commemorated by a prize founded in connection with the Natural History Society which he established: on his literary side by a marble bust, executed by Mr. Belt, which is to be placed in the Cathedral Chapter-house; while the religious aspect of his life and work are suitably recorded, in the midst of the beautiful tabernacle-work of the cathedral, by a restored stall which bears his name. His best and most faithful memory, however, remains in the seeds of good which he has sown in the minds and hearts of those over whom his influence was exerted."

In July he went to Chester to say good-bye, and to join the Nave Choir and Scientific Society in an excursion into Wales.

His kind friends insisted on his still keeping the office of President to the Scientific Society. Professor Hughes is his distin-

guished successor. He closed his Inaugural Lecture in 1875 with these words:

"Let us then try to carry on our Society in the spirit that pervaded all the work of him to whom this Society owes everything—whose loss, when last I came among you we had so recently to deplore; a spirit of fearless and manly grappling with difficulties—a spirit of vigorous, prompt, and rigorous carrying out of whatever was taken in hand—a spirit of generous and hearty co-operation with fellow-workers—a wide range of interests—not meaning by this, scattered desultory thought—but thought, like Napoleon's, ready to be concentrated at once where the battle must be fought."

Some of Canon Kingsley's friends in their congratulations expressed the hope that this distinction might be a stepping stone to a higher post, but he had no ambition beyond a stall at Westminster and the Rectory of Eversley.

"A thousand thanks," he says to Sir Charles Bunbury, "for your congratulations, and Lady Bunbury's. Let me assure you that your view of my preferment, as to its giving me freer access to scientific society, libraries, &c., is just mine, with this addition, that it will give me freer access to you. So far from looking on it as an earnest of future preferment, I acquiesce in it as all I want, and more than I deserve. What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread? A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power. It cannot be better than it is; and most thankful to God am I for His goodness."

TO THE REV. P. L. H. WOOD.

HARROW, *April* 7, 1873.

"MY DEAR PETER,

"I got your letter here this morning, and it touched me deeply. There are no friendships like old friendships, and 'there is a friend, says Solomon, that sticketh closer than a brother.' Yes, I had heard of your great loss. . . . And who can feel for you more deeply than I? But you, thank God, are blest in your children, and so am I in all mine; and though my beloved one is still with me, and all in all to me, yet I have my sorrows, such as God grant you may never taste; but it is a comfort to me to know that an old friend like you still thinks of me, and rejoices

in my real good fortune. . . . . We have twelve months' leave of absence, and are now 'dame-ing' our youngest boy at Harrow. God bless you; shall we not kill a trout together again? My mother, who is 86, is living, or rather, alas! dying with us. She often speaks of you."

To him in his great humility the outburst of sympathy on all sides was only a surprise: while to those who knew the history of his life it was a triumph, which wiped out many bitter passages in the past, but a triumph tempered by the fear that it came too late to save the overstrained brain. The candle had already burnt down, and though light and flame still flared up, it flared as from the socket. His eldest son returning at the moment to share in the joy of his father's elevation, was so much struck with his broken appearance, that he urged upon him rest and change and a sea voyage before he entered on a position of fresh responsibility. This, however, he refused, though it was strongly recommended by medical advisers, and decided not to leave England till the following year, when the repairs of both homes—at Eversley and the house in the Cloisters, would oblige him to take a holiday.

He preached in the Abbey for the Temperance Society* in April, for which at once he put himself under the orders of his Dean. To it this letter refers.

EVERSLEY, *April* 23, 1873.

"MY DEAR DEAN,

"Many thanks for your letter and its instructions, which I will follow. Kindly answer me this—to me important—question.

"Have you any objection to my speaking, in my sermon, in favour of opening the British Museum, &c., to the public on Sunday afternoons? Of course I shall do so without saying anything violent or uncharitable. But I have held very strong and deliberate opinions about this matter for many years; and think that the opening of these Public Institutions would not only stop a great deal of Sunday, and therefore of Monday drunkenness, but would—if advocated by the clergy—enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning, but ignorant, Sunday League, and prove herself—what she can prove herself in other matters if she has courage—the most liberal

* This sermon was the foundation of a valuable article in "Good Words," called the "Tree of Knowledge," since published in the volume, "Health and Education."

religious body in these isles. But if you, with your superior *savoir-faire*, think it better for me to be silent as yet, I obey.

His first residence at Westminster was in September, during a time in which London was considered "empty." He preferred these quiet months, as the congregations were composed chiefly of men of the middle and lower class, whose ear he wished to gain, and preached during September and November to vast congregations twice a day. Speaking of this, he says:—

"I got through the sermons without any bodily fatigue, and certainly there were large congregations worth speaking to. But the responsibility is too great for me, and I am glad I have only two months' residence, and that in a quiet time. What must it be in May and June?"

To his wife, who was ill in the country, he writes from the Cloisters in November:

"I ought to have written yesterday, but I was very busy with two sermons and early communion. The sermons, I am assured, were heard, and R. says, the attention of the congregation was great. If I find I can get the ear of that congregation, it will be a work to live for, for the rest of my life. What more can a man want? And as for this house, it is charming—the mere feeling of room in it is most pleasant, and the beauty outside under this delicious gleamy weather, quite lifts my poor heart up a-while. . . . . I regret much that I am leaving just as I seemed to be getting hold of people. But I do not think I could have stood the intense excitement of the Sundays much longer."

His last sermon in 1873 in the Abbey was on "The Beatific Vision," and those who heard him were impressed by the deep solemnity of his words and manner as he, in prospect of leaving Europe, bade farewell to a congregation which he had already begun to love. After noble words on God's character, and intense prayer that He, the Glorious, the Just, the Powerful, the Merciful, The One Good, would teach him and his hearers His Name, and "gladden their souls by the beatific vision of Himself till they loved Him, worshipped Him, obeyed Him for His own sake, not for anything which they might obtain from Him, but

solely because He is The perfectly Good who inhabits eternity, and yet dwells with him that is of a contrite spirit, and revives the heart of the feeble; and after an ascription of adoration for the glory of His justice, and the glory of His love," he closes:

"And now, friends—almost all friends unknown—and, alas! never to be known by me—you who are to me as people floating down a river; while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank, and call, in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine, ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight—oh! catch, at least, catch this one word—the last which I shall speak here for many months, and which sums up all which I have been trying to say to you of late.

"Fix in your minds—or rather ask God to fix in your minds—this one idea of an absolutely good God; good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man; good as you, and I, and every honest man, understand the plain word good. Slowly you will acquire that grand and all-illuminating idea; slowly and most imperfectly at best: for who is mortal man that he should conceive and comprehend the goodness of the infinitely good God? But see, then, whether, in the light of that one idea, all the old-fashioned Christian ideas about the relation of God to man; whether a Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Revelation, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the final triumph of the Son of God—whether all these, I say, do not seem to you, not merely beautiful, not merely probable, but rational, and logical, and necessary, moral consequences from the one idea of an Absolute and Eternal Goodness, the Living Parent of the universe. And so I leave you to the grace of God." *

"When Charles Kingsley was first appointed to the stall in Westminster," says Dean Stanley, "there was a great sense of triumph that a famous name was enrolled in the number of our body. It was felt down to the humblest verger. When he came to live amongst us, this feeling was deepened into a no less universal sentiment of grateful attachment. Every one felt that in him they had gained a friend. Every one was delighted with him, because he was delighted with everything. Much as he loved Eversley—much as he loved Chester, which he was leaving—he enjoyed Westminster as if he had never had anything else to enjoy. 'It was,' he said, 'like coming suddenly into a large inheritance of unknown treasures.' Short as was the time he spent here—but four months divided between the two years of his

* This sermon, with others, preached some of them first at Chester, form the volume of "Westminster Sermons," which appeared in 1874. (Macmillan.)

occupation of the Canonry—the impression which he left on the place was by the very reason of the brief space in which it was accomplished, a stronger proof perhaps of his power of fascination than the spell which he threw over the spots which were associated with him for longer periods of his life. I was myself absent during the larger portion of his residence—but I could judge of its effects from the glow which it left behind on every heart and face—the glow on the hills after the sun has just set."

In the autumn he wrote three articles on Health, Physical Education, and Sanitary subjects, to which and to his sermons he proposed to devote the remaining years of his life, and made preparations for his American journey; and in December he returned to Eversley with his family, and remained till the end of January, when he and his eldest daughter sailed for New York, taking with him a few lectures, to meet his expenses.

This Poem, written this year, but not corrected for the press, is the only one he composed:

JUVENTUS MUNDI.

List a tale a fairy sent us
Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
When Love and all the world was young,
And birds conversed as well as sung;
And men still faced this fair creation
With humour, heart, imagination.
Who come hither from Morocco
Every spring on the Sirocco?
In russet she, and he in yellow,
Singing ever clear and mellow,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you,
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?
Phyllopneustes wise folk call them,
But don't know what did befal them,
Why they ever thought of coming
All that way to hear gnats humming,
Why they built not nests but houses,
Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
Nor how little birds got wings,
Nor what 'tis the small cock sings—
How should they know—stupid fogies?
They daren't even believe in bogies.
Once they were a girl and boy,
Each the other's life and joy.
He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
Only they were brown, not snowy,

Till an Arab found them playing
Far beyond the Atlas straying,
Tied the helpless things together,
Drove them in the burning weather,
In his slave-gang many a league,
Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
Up he caught his whip of hide,
Lashed each soft brown back and side
Till their little brains were burst
With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
Over her the poor boy lay,
Tried to keep the blows away,
Till they stiffened into clay,
And the ruffian rode away:
Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
Carrion vultures gathered round,
And the gaunt hyenas ran
Tracking up the caravan.
But—Ah, wonder! that was gone
Which they meant to feast upon.
And, for each, a yellow wren,
One a cock, and one a hen,
Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
O'er the desert toward the north.
But a shade of bygone sorrow,
Like a dream upon the morrow,
Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
Sets the wee cock ever singing
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you,
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?
Vultures croaked, and hopped and flopped,
But their evening meal was stopped.
And the gaunt hyenas foul,
Sat down on their tails to howl.
Northward towards the cool spring weather,
Those two wrens fled on together,
On to England o'er the sea,
Where all folks alike are free.
There they built a cabin, wattled
Like the huts where first they prattled,
Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
Many a tiny feathered baby.
But in autumn south they go
Past the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
Over desert, over mountain,
To the palms beside the fountain,
Where, when once they lived before, he
Told her first the old, old story.
What do the doves say? Curuck-Coo,
You love me and I love you.

EVERSLEY, *January* 7, 1874.

". . . . We sail on the 29th," he writes to Professor Newton; "we go in April or May (when the prairie is in flower) to San Francisco, and then back to Denver and the Rocky Mountains south of Denver, and then straight home.

"Tell us if we can do anything for you. . . . I think you have ordered a pair of Asahta sheep-horns already, we will do our best, . . . and have friends who will do their best for you after we are gone."

ON BOARD THE "OCEANIC," OFF WATERFORD, *Janary* 30, 1874.

"*The* blessed Psalms this morning! Weather bright and warm, like June. No wind or motion, and the Irish coast most lovely. This is the most luxurious ship I ever was in, and one has more room than one wants. Delicious warm baths and every luxury. Certainly, all as yet has been most prosperous. The good dean and M. came from Chester to see us off. The captain, a very handsome, agreeable, Norfolk man.

"Left Queenstown the forenoon of Jan. 30. Had three days of charming warm April, or rather June, weather. . . . Off Cape Clear ship rolled a good deal from the *calm*. The 3rd and 4th were two short runs, as we were retarded by an unexpected branch of the Gulf-stream, a knot an hour against us, water 53°, which lost us fifty miles in two days. 5th. A good run to the banks of Newfoundland, where the water shoals from 2,000 fathoms to 30-50, the sea becomes green instead of blue, and the water falls from 53° to 32° in a day. Here we met very cold north-west gales. We had had snow showers on the Gulf-stream, and wind veering and backing from N.W. to S.W. But on the banks the gale set in steadily from N.W.; and has blown till now (Feb. 7, 2 P.M.) for more than seventy-two hours at an average of eight, all the cold air from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, the Carriboo barrens, and up to Hudson's Bay, rumpling itself into the Atlantic in a steady stream, as a Mistral does into the Mediterranean, or a Norte into the Gulf of Mexico. We are now past the banks; the water has risen to 40°: but the air is 29°, three degrees of frost, and the whole bow and forerigging coated with masses of white ice, very beautiful. The captain thinks we have escaped some great cyclone jammed up between us and Cape Race, which can't get out into the Atlantic: *I* think this is rushing down to supply the heated air carried up by some cyclone far south, which will come to the Bay of Biscay, and France, and England as a S.W. gale. Please try and remember if you had a gale about now. At all events, no one recollects such a persistent N.W. gale. R. is quite well, and on the deck whenever one can stand on it. Let Grenville work out the places on the map, if you have time.

"8th, 12 P.M. Run 241 miles. Gale still continuing, but sea less, so that screw acts better. Temperature just freezing. Just passed Sable Island, about seventy miles W. Many Mother Cary's chickens have re-appeared to-day—all flying *against* the gale—towards America. Can walk tolerably on the deck to-day.

"2 P.M., air 31°. Water suddenly risen to 53°, and the sea covered with flying hot steam (called the Barber,) which is melting the ice on the rigging and forecastle, now six inches thick and more. A shoot of the Gulf-stream again more northerly than the Admiralty charts.

"9th. Bad night again; short, heavy sea, ship violent; coal bad and retarding us. Calm by midday, and fine, and walking excellent. Touched beginning of Nantucket Shoals about 4 P.M.

"At 6 P.M. on the 10th captain called me up to see Nantucket light—first point of the United States; at noon on the 10th very hard breeze from N., going 12½, were off the E. point of Long Island, 102 miles from New York, shall have come in 3,015 miles, the shortest possible great circle being 3,012. So we have steered very straight, though slow. Took in pilot at three. Got to Sandy Hook at about nine. Lay all night off bar, and got to New York at nine A.M. Cold, bright, and calm. *Floe ice* in river."

Here the notes of the journey are made by his daughter, and form the connecting thread between his own letters home:

"We arrived at Sandy Hook late on the 10th Feb., and on the morning of the 11th landed at New York; and here, before my father set foot on American soil, he had a foretaste of the cordial welcome and generous hospitality which he experienced everywhere, without a single exception, throughout the six months he spent in the United States and Canada. The moment the ship warped into her dock a deputation from a literary club came on board, took possession of us and our baggage, and the custom-house authorities passed all our trunks without looking at them. We went out later in the day to stay at Staten Island with Mr. F. G. Shaw, where we stayed till the 14th, going to New York on that day for a dinner and reception given in my father's honour by the Lotus Club."

STATEN ISLAND, *February* 12.

"I have, thank God, nothing to write but what is pleasant and hopeful. We got here yesterday afternoon, and I am now writing in a blazing, sunny, south window, in a luxurious little room, in a luxurious

house, redolent of good tobacco and sweet walnut-wood smoke, looking out on a snow-covered lawn, and trees, which, like the people, are all English, *with a difference.* I have met with none but pleasant, clever people as yet, afloat or ashore, and Mr. Curtis (Mr. Shaw's son-in-law, and an old friend of Thackeray's,) a very handsome, cultivated man.

"As for health, this air, as poor Thackeray said of it, is like champagne. Sea-air (there is a mighty salt-water river, Papaio, at the bottom of the garden,) and mountain air combined, days already an hour longer than in England, and a blazing hot sun and blue sky. It is a glorious country, and I don't wonder at the people being proud of it. To-day Rose and I go into New York by steamer to see various people and do business; and out again before dinner, to meet a very gentleman-like clergyman of this place, once rector of *San Francisco.* I enclose a log and chart of the voyage which should interest and teach Grenville, for whom it is intended. I dine with the Lotus Club on Saturday night, and then start for Boston with R. to stay with Fields next week."

"On Monday evening, after a busy day in Boston, we went out to Salem, fifteen miles by train, and my father was particularly struck and interested by the recurrence of the old Fen names, with which he was familiar from his early childhood, on that side of the Atlantic, and made me notice, with tears in his eyes, the difference between the New World and Old World Lynn, etc., etc. Through the whole of his stay in America the recurrence of the Old World names of places and people were a never-failing source of interest and pleasure to him.

"On the 18th we went out to Cambridge, and spent the next few days there with some friends, my father going in and out to Boston, and spending one night at Andover and another at Georgetown. At Georgetown, the lady with whom he was to stay being ill, he went to the village inn, and told me that the great question of hard money *v.* paper had been quaintly brought to his notice by the landlord's little child of six or seven, who sat on his knee playing with his watch chain, and finding among his seals an old Spanish gold doubloon, cried, 'See, father, the gentleman has got a cent on his chain!' never having seen a gold coin before. He took the greatest interest in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, his only regret being that he had come to America two months too late to make the acquaintance of its founder. The joyous young life of the university with which he

was surrounded, together with the many distinguished Americans with whom he made or renewed acquaintance, made these days exceedingly pleasant to my father, and it was with real regret that he left Cambridge on the 25th.

"We broke our journey at Springfield, staying there one night as the guests of Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the celebrated Springfield Republican newspaper, and reached New York again, to stay with our kind friends Professor and Mrs. Botta."

DR. WHARTON'S, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *February* 19, 1874.

"Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night. Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him to-night. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me and we had a most loving and like-minded talk about the other world. He is an old saint. This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company.

"New York was a great rattle, dining, and speechifying, and being received, and so has Boston been; and the courtesy, and generosity, and compliments would really turn any one's head who was not as disgusted with himself, as I always (thank God,) am. The Westminster lecture is the only one I have given as yet. Salem was very interesting, being next to Plymouth, *the* Pilgrim Fathers' town. People most intelligent, gentle, and animated. They gave me a reception supper, with speeches after, and want us to come again in the summer to their Field Naturalists' Club. New England is, in winter at least, the saddest country, all brown grass, ice-polished rocks, sticking up through the copses, cedar scrub, low, swampy shores; an iron land which only iron people could have settled in. The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it. Now, under deep snow, it is dreadful. But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive. And, indeed already, though it is hard frost under foot, the sun is bright, and hot, and high, for we are in the latitude of Naples! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I've seen, or of all the kindness we have received, but this I can say, that R. is well, and that I feel better than I have felt for years; but Mr. Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do anything, and then suddenly very tired. But I am at rest now. . . ."

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1874.

". . . . We made great friends with Asa Gray and are going to stay with

him when we return. Moreover, dear Colonel John Hay, with his beautiful wife, has been here, and many more, and here, as at Boston, we have been seeing all the best people. Mr. Winthrop was most agreeable, a friend of the Cranworths, Bunburys, Charles Howard, and all the Whig set in England, and such a fine old gentleman. Nothing can exceed the courtesy and hospitality everywhere. . . On Thursday we are off to Philadelphia, then Washington, where we have introductions to the President, etc., and then back here to these kind friends. From Professor Botta I am learning a lot of Italian history and politics, which is most useful.

"Here the streets are full of melting snow. We had a huge snowstorm on Wednesday after dreadful cold, and overhead a sky like Italy or south of France, and a sun who takes care to remind us that we are in the latitude of Rome. But it is infinitely healthy, at least to me. R. looks quite blooming, and I am suddenly quite well. . . . I never want medicine or tonic, and very little stimulant. But one cannot do as much here as at home. All say so and I find it. One can go faster for awhile but gets exhausted sooner. As for the people they are quite charming, and I long to see the New Englanders again when the humming birds and mocking birds get there and the country is less like *Greenland*. . . . I have been assisting Bishop Potter at an ordination. The old man was very cordial, especially when he found I was of the respectful and orthodox class. So that is well, but I will not preach, at least not yet."

"During our stay among our many friends in New York, renewing old friendships and making fresh acquaintances, my father particularly rejoiced at an opportunity of meeting Mr. William Cullen Bryant, whose poetry had been his delight from his boyhood. From New York we went to Philadelphia, staying there for two nights with Mr. C. J. Petersen. On the evening of our arrival my father lectured in the Opera House to an audience of nearly 4,000—every seat being occupied, and the aisles and steps crowded with people, who stood the whole time. Here, as in New York and Boston, we were overwhelmed with kindness, our hosts and other friends gathering together at their houses everyone in the city whose acquaintance was most likely to give us pleasure.

"On the 7th of March we went on to Washington, where President Grant welcomed my father most cordially. The

10th we spent among the scientific men of Washington, Dr. Henry at the Smithsonian Institute, and Professor Hayden at the office of the Geological Survey of the Territories. In the latter my father took a keen interest, and was struck by the admirable work displayed in the geological maps and photographs made by the surveying parties in the field in Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, and Wyoming during the summer months, which are worked up at Washington during the winter.

"We also went to the Senate House though rather weary with continual sightseeing: but my father often said afterwards that he would not have missed that visit for any consideration, for in the Senate he was introduced to Mr. Charles Sumner. They had corresponded a good deal in former years, though personally unacquainted, and for some time the correspondence had ceased owing to the different views they had held on some American matters. But the moment the two came face to face all mistrust vanished, as each instinctively recognized the manly honesty of the other, and they had a long and friendly talk. An hour after, Mr. Sumner was seized with an attack of Angina Pectoris, from which he had long suffered, and when we reached New York the next day we were shocked to find that the news of his death had preceded us by telegraph."

WASHINGTON, *March* 8.

". . . . We are received with open arms, and heaped with hospitality. I hardly like to talk of it, and of our reception by Mr. Childs and all Philadelphia. We went just now and left our introductions at the White House, and in walked dear Rothery, who is here settling the International Fisheries question, and he is going to take me round to make all our calls, on Fish, and Dr. Henry, &c., and then to dine, and go with him to the White House in the evening, and go to Baltimore on Tuesday. . . .

"Railway travelling is very cheap and most luxurious. Meanwhile we are promised free passes on the Chicago lines and also to California. I have not been so well for *years*. My digestion is perfect, and I am in high spirits. But I am homesick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you, and G., and M. But I dream of you all every night, and my dreams are more pleasant now I sleep with my window open to counteract the hideous heat of these hot-air pipes. R. is very well and is the best of secretaries. Tell G. I was delighted with his letter.

"On Monday the 9th, I was asked by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to open the Session of the House with prayer,* and I simply repeated two collects from the English Prayer-book, mentioning, as is the custom, the President of the United States, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, and ended with the Lord's Prayer."

"From New York my father went up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie and Troy, joining me at Hartford (Conn.) on the 14th, to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). From Troy to Hartford he came through the wooded passes of Berkshire County, and was enthusiastic about the beauty of the pine forests, and rocky trout streams, just breaking free from the winter snow which was beginning to melt, comparing it to the best parts of the Eifel and Black Forest.

"On Monday the 16th, we returned to Boston to stay with my father's old friend Mr. James T. Field, in whose hospitable house we were able to see many whose acquaintance we had long wished to make, and whose friendship was a lasting pleasure to my father. During this week my father spent one night at New Haven, staying with his namesake and distant kinsman, Dr. William Kingsley, of Yale College."

BOSTON, *March* 23.

". . . . We are housed and feasted everywhere. I do not tire the least.—Sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark, to eat a great breakfast, my digestion always in perfect order, while my nerve is like a bull's. This is a marvellous climate. The Americans make themselves ill by hot-air, and foul air, and want of exercise; I, who sleep with my window open and get all fresh air I can by day, am always well. To-morrow morning we start for Montreal, and then on to Quebec to good Col. Strange.

"Sumner's death has been an awful blow here. I do not wonder, for he was a magnificent man. He and I were introduced to each other in the Senate *an hour* before his attack. He was most cordial, and we had much talk about Gladstone, and the A.'s. His last words to me were, that he was going to write to the Duchess of Argyll the next day. Alas! I wrote to her for him, to tell her particulars of the end.

"Oh, dear, I wish spring would come, the winter here is awful. The grass as brown with frost as a table. But the blue-bird and the robin (as

* This was considered a most unusual distinction, and the deep solemnity of manner and simplicity with which it was done struck every one present.

they call a great particoloured thrush,) are just beginning to come, to my intense delight. However, when we go north to-morrow we shall run into *Arctic* weather again. Don't frighten yourself at our railroads, they seem utterly safe, and I believe one is far safer, humanly speaking, here than at home. As for the people, they are fine, generous, kindly, wholesome folk, all classes of them. Now good-bye, and love to M., and my blessing to G. . . ."

MONTREAL, *March* 28.

"Here we are safe, on what I hope is our dear Maurice's wedding-day, thank God, in this magnificent city, in intense frost, snow, and sunshine. I have been just walking on the St. Lawrence, where ocean steamers will be lying in two months' time. I have also been calling on the Bishop (Ashton Oxenden,) who is very cordial, and wanted us to come and stay with him; but we were pre-engaged to an old Cambridge classman of mine, Fisher. I read a poem just now in Whittier's new volume, which spoke to me so much of you that I must get the book and bring it to you.

"Tell G. that there is a snow-shoe club among the young gentlemen here: but it is stopped by the snow being gone for awhile; and that everyone drives in sledges, covered with buffalo robes, &c., and the hack drivers in strangest fur coats and caps, and red or blue sashes, and most picturesque they are. Tell him also there is a hill 400 feet high, mostly cliff, in front of my window now, (the old Mont Royal of the first settlers,) with a few pines 100 feet high on the top, and though they must be a mile off, they look as if you could touch them, the air is so clear. We came yesterday through grand scenery, though obscured by snow showers in the upper mountains, 5,000 to 6,000 feet high, but got such a crimson sunset behind the Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain, as made me long for you to see it with me. We ran through the wonderful tubular St. Lawrence bridge, one-and-a-half mile long, by moonlight, and got here at 10.30, after fourteen-and-a-half hours. There, this is a disjointed letter: but I wanted you to know we were safe; and my heart is so full of you, and of all at home."

QUEBEC, *April* 1.

"Here we are in a beautiful little old city, with tin roofs and spires, we in the citadel, on the top of a cliff like St. Vincent's Rocks, with the blazing sun above and blazing snow below, and the St. Lawrence, a mile wide of snowy ice, at our feet, with sledges crawling over it like flies. We have crossed the river in a tandem sledge and driven out to the Falls of Montmorency, which look two miles off, and are six or seven, and seen the most awful and beautiful thing I ever saw.

The fall, 260 feet high, fringed with icicles 50 feet long, roaring into a horrible gulf of ice, under an exquisite white ice cone 100 feet high, formed of its own spray. I looked in silence. One had no more right—when we went to the top and looked *into* the gulf—to talk there than in church. Every one, as usual, is most kind. Dear Col. Strange is most charming. To-morrow we start for Ottawa to stay with Lord and Lady Dufferin, in quiet for Good Friday and Easter, and then back to New York. R. well and happy, and after driving all the morning gone out on a sliding party on the ramparts. The bishop here is a Hampshire man and a fisherman. All goes well. The cold is less than I expected, and will be gone in two to four weeks more. Tell G. I have eaten *moose*, but the Indians have only killed one this winter, because the snow is so light, only two feet instead of six! that the moose can get away from them. There was a plague of lynxes round the city last winter, who came to eat the cats, the hares being dead of distemper; and they killed seventeen close round; this year there are none. We saw wolf track, and I think moose, from the railway."

OTTAWA, *April* 3, 1874.

"Found your letter here, where we are resting for Passion Week, and most comfortable with these pleasant clever people. . . . Don't say we cannot be colder than you are at Harrow; the citadel at Quebec would kill you in a week, whereas it made R. quite well, and did not hurt me save with pain of cold. The thermometer outside the train on Tuesday was below zero."

WASHINGTON, *April* 9.

"Here we are safe and sound, having run 500 miles in thirty hours to Baltimore, from the delightful Dufferins. . . . The long journeys do not in the least tire me, so have no fears for me. The safety of these rails is wonderful, as is their comfort. We have come out of intense winter into damp spring. The birds (such beauties) are coming fast from the Bahamas and Floridas; the maples are in crimson clouds of little flowers; the flowers are coming out in the gardens. I have seen two wasps like West India ones, an inch and a half long, and heard a tree toad, and am warm once more. All goes well. We have a dinner-party to-night; we are staying with Senator Potter, and to-morrow a dinner-party with the President. So we shall have seen quasi-royalty, British and American both in one week. . . . Thank God for our English letters. I cannot but hope that there is a time of rest and refreshing for us after I return. . . . . To me the absence of labour and anxiety is most healthy. I am quite idle now for days together, and the rail itself is most pleasant idleness."

"At Baltimore my father yielded to the entreaties of the friends with whom we were staying, and preached on the 12th in the principal church of Baltimore to a large congregation. On Easter day he had preached in the little church close to Rideau, for the first time since he landed in America, on 'The Peace of God.' On the 20th of April, we left New York to begin working our way slowly westward, so as to be at Omaha early in May to meet a large party of friends who had invited us to join them in a trip to California. Our first halting place was Ithaca (Cornell University), which we should have reached on the evening of the 20th, but on the Erie railroad we were stopped for six hours by a huge rock falling on the track as a coal train was coming towards us, round sharp curves, and we should have had a frightful accident but for the presence of mind of the engineer, as his engine ran over the rock, jamming itself and the tender across both lines of rail; he being unhurt, and remembering our train was due at that moment, ran down the line seeing us coming, and we pulled up within 100 yards of the disaster. It happened in the midst of the finest scenery on the Delaware, above Port Jervis, where the railway follows the windings of the river, and is in many places blasted out of the cliffs. And as there was no possibility of getting on till the disabled train and broken trucks were removed, my father and I spent the hours of waiting in wandering about the rocky woods above the railway, botanizing and geologizing.

"On Tuesday we reached Ithaca, and went on the next day to Niagara. After one night at Niagara we went on the 23rd (St. George's day) forty miles to Hamilton (Ontario), where my father had an enthusiastic reception at his lecture. After lecturing he went to the dinner of the St. George's Society. . . . . We returned next day to Niagara, staying at Clark's Hill with an old English friend, with whom we spent the next three days, my father preaching on Sunday, the 26th, in the morning, at Clifton, and in the afternoon at Chippewa. He thoroughly enjoyed being once more in the country, and the walks on country roads, after three months of cities and pavements. The spring birds were just beginning to make their appearance, and the spring flowers to try and push their leaves through the melting

snow. On the 27th we went on to Toronto for one night, and on the 28th we finally bade farewell to Canada, and set our faces westward, reaching Detroit (Mich.) late that night.

"At Detroit, where we stayed three days with the rector of one of the Episcopal churches, the weather was still bitter, and my father could not shake off a cold which he had caught at Niagara. But as we neared St. Louis, on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, after a railway journey of twenty hours, we began to be warm once more, and realize what spring time in the West really was. All the fruit trees were in blossom; the ground on either side of the railway, where any was left untilled, was carpeted with beautiful flowers utterly unknown to us, and the air was mild and balmy."

NIAGARA, *April* 23.

"At last we are here, safe and well, thank God, in the most glorious air, filled with the soft thunder of this lovely phanton, for such, and not stupendous, it seems as yet to me. I know it could and would destroy me pitilessly, like other lovely phantoms, but I do not feel awed by it. After all, it is not a quarter of the size of an average thunderstorm, and the continuous roar, and steady flow, makes it less terrible than either a thunderstorm or a real Atlantic surf. But I long for you to sit with me, and simply look on in silence whole days at the exquisite beauty of form and colour. . . .

. . . . . .

"After a delightful time in the Prince's old quarters at Hamilton, we are here again in another old quarter of his, the loveliest house in the loveliest grounds, and as I write the whole rapids of Niagara roaring past 100 yards off, between the huge arbor vitæ, forty feet high, like a tremendous grey Atlantic surf rushing down-hill instead of up. I could not describe the beauty of this place in a week. I can see the smoke of the horse-shoe through a vista on my left, not half a mile off as I sit (sketch enclosed). We are above, understand, and the river is running from right to left. To-day we are going to Des Veaux College to see the lower rapids. Will you give Sir William Cope my love, and apologies for not having written in time to ask him to continue to be my churchwarden, which I hope he will be kind enough to do. . . . . As to what you say of ——, I am hopeful that as she gets weaker the brain will uncloud, and that you will see a bright, peaceful sunset after all. God grant that it may be so for you, and for her, and for all of us, and all we love."

ST. LOUIS, *May* 4.

"At St. Louis safe and well, thank God, in the capital of the West, and across the huge rushing muddy ditch, the Mississippi. Having come here over vast prairies, mostly tilled, hundreds of miles like the Norfolk fens, without the ditches, a fat, dreary, aguish, brutalizing land, but with a fine strong people in it, and here is a city of 470,000 souls growing rapidly. It is all very wonderful, and like a dream. But there is material civilization and comfort everywhere (except at the stations where the food is bad), and all goes well. Only I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do. However, we shall go west in comfort. The Cyrus Fields, the Grays, and probably the dear Rotherys, will make up a good party. And I cannot but feel that I have gained much if only in the vast experience of new people and new facts. I shall come home I hope a wider-hearted and wider-headed man; and have time, I trust, to read and think as I have not done for many years. At least so runs my dream. We had a glorious thunderstorm last night after I had helped at the communion in the morning, and preached in the afternoon for good Mr. Schuyler. R. looks better already at the mere idea of being in her beloved West. Tell G. we are going to see one of the first-class Mississippi steamers for New Orleans, which are so famous. She will *not* blow up at the quay side. We are going out to see the Botanic Garden this afternoon, and there is plenty to interest us before we start for Omaha, where we pick up our party, and then away to Denver and Salt Lake, &c. Ah that you were here. But you *could* not do it. . . . .

. . . . . .

"We start to-morrow for California, after receiving here every civility. The heat is tremendous, all of a sudden, but it will be cooler as we rise the prairies out of the Mississippi Valley. We have free passes here to Kansas city, and the directors offered to take us on with them to Denver. We shall also have free passes to California and back from Omaha—a great gain."

"We stayed for a week in St. Louis, where the hot weather came on so suddenly and fiercely that we were both made quite ill by it, and were thankful on Saturday, the 9th of May, to leave the city on our way to Omaha, where we were to join our friends from New York.

"The journey was intensely hot. A perfect sirocco blowing away everything in the cars if the windows were opened; but the country was so lovely as almost to make amends for our discom-

fort. The trees were bursting into a tender green; the woods were here snowy with the pure white dogwood and wild plum blossoms, there, purple pink with the Judas tree, and down below grew countless wild flowers, making us long every moment that it were possible to stop the train and gather them.

"We reached Omaha on Sunday morning, the 10th, and had hardly been there an hour before we felt the renovating effect of the glorious air rushing down, down, in a gale 500 miles from the Rocky Mountains, to cool and refresh the panting Missouri Valley; and we were able once more to eat and sleep, which in the heat of the last three days at St. Louis had become impossible."

OMAHA, *May* 11.

"And we are at Omaha! a city of 20,000, five years old, made by the railway, and opposite to us is Council Bluffs!! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone), and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go in despair . . . . as soon as I took my degree, and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or swim, escaping from a civilization which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man! Oh! how good God has been to me. Oh! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you—for everything, and stared at them till I cried. . . . . Give my love to Harrison, and tell him how specially glad I am that he was at Livingstone's funeral." . . .

"On the 14th the party of friends we were awaiting arrived at Omaha, and on the following day we left with them for the first stage of the Californian journey. Mr. Cyrus Field and Mr. J. A. C. Gray, of New York, were the organizers of the expedition, and with them, besides several of their own relations and friends, were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rothery, making a party of eleven Americans and five English, which quite filled, but did not crowd, the magnificent Pullman car which was our home for the next fortnight.

"Our first halt was at Salt Lake City, where we arrived on Friday, the 15th May, one day too late, unfortunately, for my father to take part in the consecration of St. Mark's, the first Episcopal church which has been built in Utah. On Sunday, the 17th, however, he preached the evening sermon at the church,

to such a crowded congregation that there was not standing room in the little building, and numbers had to go away. The steps outside, and even the pavement, being crowded with listeners, among whom were many Mormons as well as 'Gentiles.' Brigham Young sent to offer my father the tabernacle to lecture or preach in, but of this offer he of course took no notice whatever, a course strongly approved by the excellent Bishop, Dr. Tuttle.

"On Monday, the 18th, we left Salt Lake City, after a visit to General Moreau at Camp Douglas, the United States camp, on the hill-side above the city, who had one of the Gatling guns fired for our amusement. On our remonstrating against such a waste of ammunition he said that 'he was glad sometimes to show those rascals in the city how straight his guns fired, and that if they gave him any trouble he could blow the city to pieces in an hour.'"

WALKER HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *May* 17.

"Here we are after such a journey of luxury—through a thousand miles of desert, plain, and mountain, treeless, waterless almost, sage brush and alkali. Then cañons and gorges, the last just like Llanberris Pass, into this enormous green plain, with its great salt lake; and such a mountain ring, 300 to 400 miles in circumference! The loveliest scene I ever saw. As I sit, the snow-peaks of the Wasatch tower above the opposite houses five miles off, while the heat is utterly tropical in the streets. Yesterday we were running through great snowdrifts, at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea (we are 5,000 here), and all along by our side the old trail, where every mile is fat with Mormon bones. Sadness and astonishment overpower me at it all. The 'city' is thriving enough, putting one in mind, with its swift streams in all streets, and mountain background, of Tarbes, or some other Pyrenean town. But, ah! what horrors this place has seen. Thank God it is all breaking up fast. The tyrant is 70, and must soon go to his account, and what an awful one. I am deeply interested in the good bishop here, and his mission among the poor little children, whose parents are principally Cornish, Worcestershire, and South Welsh; and if I can do aught for him when I come home, I will do it with a will. Meanwhile our kind hosts insist on R. and me being their guests right through, and let us pay for nothing. It is an enormous help, for they control both railways and telegraphs, and do and go exactly as they like. The gentlemen and R. are gone down to-day to

see a silver mine, by special engine, and she and Rothery (F.L.S.) are going to botanize. The flowers are exquisite, yellow ribes all over the cliffs, &c., and make one long to jump off the train every five minutes. While the geology makes me stand aghast; geologizing in England is child's play to this. R. is quite well, and the life of everything, and I am all right, but don't like a *dry* air at 95°, with a sirocco.

"Interrupted by a most interesting and painful talk with a man who has been United States Governor here. It is all very dreadful. Thank God we (in England) at least know what love and purity is. I preach to-morrow evening, and the Bishop of Colorado in the morning."

"On the 20th our car was slipped during the night at Reno, and when we woke at 5 A.M., we found ourselves on a branch line at Carson city. After breakfast, with Californian strawberries heaped on dishes on every table, we left our car for a special train, the Pullman being too long for the sharp curves of the railroad, and with Mr. D. O. Mills, of San Francisco, who had joined our train in his directors' car, the day before, at Ogden, we went up to Virginia city, and spent the day among silver mines and stamp mills, and dust, and drought, my dear father finding, even in the out of the way spot, a warm and hearty welcome from many. We returned to Carson in the afternoon, and were picked up in the night by the Western train at Reno, breakfasting at Summit, on the top of the Sierra Nevada next morning, and arrived at Sacramento at midday on the 21st.

"My father was delighted at finding himself once more in almost tropical heat, and spent all the afternoon driving with our friends about the city, and revelling in the gorgeous sub-tropical flowers which hung over every garden fence. In the evening he lectured to a very pleasant audience, and that night we left Sacramento in our car, with a special engine, for Merced, which we reached before dawn.

"Next morning, the 22nd, we were all up about four, and before starting on our Yosemite trip, Mr. Cyrus Field sent off a telegram to the Dean of Westminster, to my mother, and various friends in England:—'We are, with Canon Kingsley and his daughter and other friends, just entering Yosemite Valley, all in

excellent health and spirits. Mr. Kingsley is to preach for us in Yosemite on Sunday.'

"We started at 6 A.M. in two open stages with five horses, and drove 54 miles that day through exquisite country, botanizing all the way to Skeltons, a ranch in the forest, and some of our party made their first acquaintance with a real western shanty. On the 23rd we were all up betimes, my father, the earliest of all, came up with his hands full of new and beautiful flowers, after a chat with the guides, who had driven the mules and ponies in from their grazing ground, and were beginning to saddle them for our day's ride. At 6 we started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. We chose a new and unfrequented route, and having to climb two mountains and ride along precipices, and ford four rivers in flood in 29 miles, we were not sorry to reach the Valley at sunset. But rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains, still white with snow on their highest points, till we reached the mouth of the valley itself, and, emerging from a thicket of dogwood, pines, and azaleas, 'El Capitan,' just tipped with the rosy setting sun on one side, and the Bridal Veil Fall rushing in a white torrent, 900 feet high, over the gloomy rocks, on the other side, revealed themselves to us in a glow of golden rosy light.

"The next day (Whit Sunday) most of our party rested from their fatigues, and we walked about and feasted our eyes on the almost overpowering scene around us, which seemed, if possible, to increase in beauty in every fresh phase of light or shade, sunlight or moonlight. At 5 P.M. the visitors at both hotels assembled in the little parlour at Black's, and my father gave a short service, after which we sang the 100th Psalm, and he preached a short sermon on verses 10-14, 16-18 of the 104th Psalm, which happily was the Psalm for the day.*

* In his sermon, in Westminster Abbey, on Whit-Sunday, the Dean of Westminster referred to Mr. Field's telegram. His text, too, was on Psalm civ., 2, 14, 15, 24: "On this very day," he says "(so I learnt yesterday by that electric flash which unites the old and new worlds together), a gifted member of this Collegiate Church, whose

"On Monday we spent the day in riding all over the Valley, and on Tuesday, 26th, we left it at 6 A.M., and rode 24 miles to Clark's Ranch, near the Mariposa Grove. It was bitterly cold, for the snow had not melted on some of the high passes, which were 7,000 feet above the sea; but we found blazing fires and a good supper at Clark's, and after a good night rode out six miles the next day to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias (Wellingtonias). My father and I agreed to see the first one together, and riding on ahead of our party a little, we suddenly came upon the first, a huge cinnamon-red stem standing up pillar-like, with its head of delicate green foliage among the black sugar pines and Douglas spruce, and I shall never forget the emotion with which he gazed silently—and as he said 'awe struck'—on this glorious work of God.

"It was very cold, and we rode over snow for some two miles under the 'big trees,' and were glad to camp in Mr. Clark's little empty shanty under a group of some of the largest of the sequoias. Mr. Clark, who is the guardian of the Grove, had come with us as well as our own guide, Jim Cathy, and they soon lighted a roaring fire, and, seated on a bed of fragrant hemlock twigs, we warmed ourselves and ate our luncheon of bread and meat and excellent beer, and then rode on and back to the Ranch, with a collection of flowers that took our whole evening to dry. Next day, the 28th, we drove down to Merced, 65 miles, and there

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discourses on this and like Psalms have rivetted the attention of vast congregations in this Abbey, and who is able to combine the religious and scientific aspects of Nature better than any man living, is perhaps at this very hour, preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of Nature are revealed on the most gigantic scale—in that wonderful Californian Valley, to whose trees, the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall—where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise. Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm which I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival, the old and the new, the east and the west, are indeed united in one."

On May 26th Mrs. Kingsley received the following telegraphic message from Mr. Cyrus Field, through the Secretary of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company: "Yosemite Valley, California, Sunday, May 24th.—We arrived here safely Saturday evening, all delighted with the magnificent scenery. Canon Kingsley preached in the Valley this Sunday afternoon. We leave here Tuesday for the Big Trees. Arrive in San Francisco, Friday. Remain there till the following Wednesday."

joined the railroad again, and left on the 29th at dawn, arriving that afternoon in San Francisco."

SAN FRANCISCO, *May* 31.

"Here we are safe after such adventures and such wonders in the Yosemite and the Big Trees, and found the dear English letters waiting for us. . . . . Tell G. I will write to him all about the sea lions which I saw this morning. All is more beautiful and wonderful than I expected, and California the finest country in the world—and oh! the flowers."

June 9.

"The next letter you get from me will, I hope, be from Denver. We start east to-morrow, thank God, and run the Sierras, and the desert back again, and beautiful as California is, I think destined to be the finest country in the world, I want to be nearer and nearer home. We have been so heaped with kindness that this trip will cost us almost nothing. I have got cones from the big trees, with seeds in them, for Lord Eversley and Sir Charles Bunbury; and we have collected heaps of most exquisite plants. I think we shall bring home many pretty and curious things. The letters are delectable. Tell all the servants that I wish heartily I was through and safe home again, for there is no place like England."

"We stayed in San Francisco about ten days, my father making excursions to different places in the neighbourhood. The most notable of these was to the Berkeley University at Oakland, whither he was invited by the president, Mr. D. C. Gilman. This day he most thoroughly enjoyed; and he made an address to the students full of vigour and enthusiasm, on Culture, a subject always very near to his heart.

"To quote the words of the 'Berkeleyan,' the students' paper, which appeared next day:—

"'Few incidents in our college life at Berkeley have given more pleasure to the college circle, teachers and scholars alike, than the recent visit of Mr. Charles Kingsley. It was not as Canon of Westminster, nor as Professor of History in the University of Cambridge that we greeted him; but as the poet, the novelist, the essayist and the scholar; as the man who is ever ready to advocate the truth, ever quick to encourage progress, ever ready to utter the best aspirations of the human soul.

"'Mr. Kingsley came to Berkeley in a very quiet way, almost unan-

nounced, attended by his daughter, by the British Consul in San Francisco, and by a few other English friends, one of whom, Mr. Rothery, is a representative of the British Government in Washington.

"'His speech at Berkeley had but one drawback. It was too brief; but the words, though few, were fitting and of good cheer. His allusions to Berkeley, the philosopher, were striking and felicitous; and his plea for comprehensive culture, and for long-continued intellectual training was most timely. A speech so invigorating, and yet so simple, will long be remembered—like a draught of pure water in a thirsty clime.

"'At half-past two o'clock, the students rallied in the rear of the edifice, under the battalion commander, and marched to seats in the assembly hall to formally welcome their distinguished guest.

"'Advancing to the front, W. R. Davis, of the senior class, then addressed to the Canon a few remarks appropriate to this rare occasion. He expressed the unanimous sentiment of the audience. Though thousands of miles separated Mr. Kingsley from California, his fame had reached us, and we read with pleasure and profit the productions of his pen, and, were the distance doubly great, the result would be the same.

"'Canon Kingsley returned his acknowledgments of the compliment with a slight bow, and spoke to the pupils in feeling terms. There was an eloquence and earnestness in his utterances that elevated them to the plane of oratory. The man was inspired, and felt every word that he spoke. And he spoke to a purpose. Though the tone of his voice was low, and his manner of delivery slow and quiet, there was a magnetism in his presence that held the attention of his hearers. He desired to speak for the other cultivated English people present. They saw a new world beyond the new world, containing much that tends to make a world great and good. But behind this fact was one equally potent: the old world was the seat of culture and learning, and to her the young men could look for many useful lessons. He drew a line of demarcation between culture and learning, which he desired the students to bear in mind. He endorsed the dissemination of technical knowledge, and yet desired that his hearers should strive for a moral as well as intellectual education, and the culture so highly appreciated by the ancient Greeks and Romans and the Japanese of to-day. Such an education would humble them in the present, and render them hopeful of the future. And the better would it adapt them to the struggles of life in the world. Out of darkness would come light. The culture and knowledge of the old world must tell the student when, where, and how to rise. The University ought to be the glory of Cali-

fornia, and the coast, as a common civilizer of the Pacific. The institution should represent civilization itself in the highest sense. By civilization he did not mean exclusively the knowledge of books. The student must act by and live up to the books.

"'The speaker was forcibly impressed with the singular coincidence that the site of the University bore the name of the man who, next to Plato, had taught him the most instructive lessons in philosophy—Berkeley. The Bishop was one of the noblest, calmest, and kindest of all philosophers. One cannot read his works too often. The student should take heed that the works did not become a mere name to them. Read them over and over again. The speaker read them when he desired relaxation; read at random, and found the practice as bracing as our pure Californian air. If he could see a school of Berkeleyan philosophy founded on this side of the continent, he should think that California had done a great deal for the human race—a great deal for America, and for Europe likewise. But there were other topics that might be discussed.

"'The students should not forget, amid the pursuits of a technical education, to cultivate the æsthetic faculty—a taste for music and the fine arts. They should learn to appreciate grace and manners, and beauty of form, as studied by the Greeks and Ionians, who produced the sculptors, painters and musicians of old. The reverend gentleman ventured to hope for a time when Berkeley would become the Athens of modern times. The suggestion with reference to æsthetic culture was elaborated with graceful suggestions, and enriched with classical allusions admirably adapted to the illustration of Mr. Kingsley's ideas on this point. He paid a special tribute to music. He trusted that music would reach the dignity of a science in the University. Not one student in one hundred would continue to give music attention in after life, and yet the beneficial influence of the study would still be manifest. Music was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character. The speaker closed his address with a practical example of the beneficial effects of culture, narrating an anecdote of a couple of English University graduates who went to the wilds of Australia. Though these men were surrounded by coarse and pernicious influences they remained untarnished by continuing their classical studies. The same spirit that imbued these graduates with a love for culture made them superior to their surroundings. They read Greek plays in the original for entertainment after Sabbath devotions. Culture meant true freedom. He exhorted his hearers to cultivate the true, the beautiful, and the good, if they would succeed in life, and thus closed his beautiful address.

"'The occasion was one long to be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present; and the remarks of the Canon will also cling to the memory. With the high regard for the eternal fitness of things that is peculiar to him, the Canon did not indulge in fulsome eulogies of the people and institutions of California, but talked with a nice discrimination. He talked of the future rather than of the present. He peered into the future, and discussed what might be accomplished. He saw the grand capabilities of the University.'"

"During the last few days of my father's stay in San Francisco, he caught a severe cold from the damp sea fog which makes the city and parts of the coast of California extremely unhealthy, while a few miles inland the climate is the finest in the world. This cold became rapidly worse, and the doctors in San Francisco ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible; so on Wednesday, June 10, we set off eastward once more, with Mr. J. A. C. Gray, and part of our original party; and after a very trying journey of four days, we reached Denver. Here most providentially my father met his brother, Dr. Kingsley, who found that he was suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, and advised our going south on the next day, 75 miles, to Colorado Springs, by the narrow gauge railway, which my brother had helped to build four years before. Here Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Bell received us, and nursed my father with the most devoted attention in their charming English house, at the foot of Pike's Peak.

"As soon as my father had recovered sufficiently to be moved, we all drove up twenty-two miles to Bergun's Park for change of air, and stayed at Mr. Cholmondely Thornton's Ranch, for a week. My father's chief amusement during these weeks of illness was botany, and though he was not able to get many specimens himself, he took a keen delight in naming those we brought him in every day.

"On Sunday, the 5th July, he had recovered enough to be able to read a short service in the large dining-room of the Ranch, and he often reverted to that service with pleasure and emotion.

"On the 6th we went down again to Manitou, and spent a few days with General and Mrs. Palmer, at Glen Eyrie, whose care and kindness helped on his recovery; and on the following Sunday, July 12, my father preached in the Episcopal Church at Colorado

Springs, which was barely finished, and in which only one service had been held. The church was crowded, many men, young Englishmen chiefly, having ridden in twenty miles and more from distant Ranches to hear my father preach. The next week, before leaving Colorado Springs for the homeward journey, he gave a lecture in Colorado Springs for the benefit of the church, where he also had a crowd to listen to him. The place was very dear to him from the fact of my brother having been one of the first pioneers there."

MANITOU, COLORADO, *June* 18.

"We are here in perfect peace, at last, after the running and raging of the last three weeks, and safe back over those horrid deserts, in a lovely glen, with red rocks, running and tinkling burn, whispering cotton woods, and all that is delicious, with Pike's Peak and his snow seemingly in the back garden, but 8000 feet over our heads. Oh, it is a delicious place, and the more so, because we have just got a telegram from Maurice, to say he and his wife are safe in New York from Mexico. Thank God! The heat is tremendous, but not unwholesome. God's goodness since I have been out, no tongue can tell. . . . Please God I shall get safe and well home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace."

June 29.

"A delightful party has clustered here, not only the Rotherys, but Dudley Fortescue and Lord Ebrington, who has just got his Trinity scholarship, and is a charming lad; and we all go up to Bell's Ranch in Bergun's Park to-morrow, for a few days, to get *cool*, for the heat here is tropic, and we cannot move by day. That has given me rest though, and a time for reading. God has been so gracious that I cannot think that He means to send my grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave, but will, perhaps, give me time to reconsider myself, and sit quietly with you, preaching and working, and writing no more. Oh! how I pray for that. Tell the Dean I have been thinking much of him as I read Arnold's life and letters. Ah, happy and noble man; happy life, and happy death. But I must live, please God, a little longer, for all your sakes. Love to G. and M."

BERGUN'S PARK, *July* 2.

"Oh, my Love, Your birthday-letter was such a comfort to me, for I am very home-sick, and counting the days till I can get back to you. Ah, few

and evil would have been the days of my pilgrimage had I not met you; and now I do look forward to something like a peaceful old age with you. . . Tell John Martineau his letter was a great comfort to me. This place is like an ugly Highland strath, bordered with pine woods. Air almost too fine to breathe, 7200 feet high. Pike's Peak 7000 feet more at one end, fifteen miles off; and, alas! a great forest-fire burning for three days between us and it; and at the other end wonderful ragged peaks, ten to twenty miles off. Flowers most lovely and wonderful. Plenty of the dear common hare-bell, and several Scotch and English plants, mixed with the strangest forms. We are (or rather Rose is) making a splendid collection. She and the local botanist got more than fifty new sorts one morning. Her strength and activity and happiness are wonderful; and M.'s letters make me very happy. Yes; I have much to thank God for, and will try and show my thankfulness by deeds. Love to G. Tell him there are lots of trout here; but it is too hot to catch them."

GLEN EYRIE, *July* 11.

"Thank God our time draws nigh. I preach at Colorado Springs to-morrow, and lecture for the Church on Wednesday;* Denver, Friday, and then right away to New York, and embark on the 25th. Letters from M., who has gone to Tennessee. . . .

"This is a wonderful spot: such crags, pillars, caves—red and grey—a perfect thing in a stage scene; and the Flora, such a jumble—cactus, yucca, poison sumach, and lovely strange flowers, mixed with Douglas's

* CANON KINGSLEY AND A BEETLE.—(From a Denver Letter).—I will relate a little anecdote of Canon Kingsley, which I heard at Colorado Springs, the other day. On a recent evening he read his lecture on "Westminster Abbey" to the people of Colorado Springs, right under the shadow of Pike's Peak. In the midst of his lecture a bug of some species of *Coleoptera*, new and strange to the eminent lecturer, alighted on his manuscript and attracted his attention at once. Mr. Bug sat still a moment or two, during which space the speaker "improved the occasion" to study his peculiarities of form and structure—perhaps determining in his mind certain obscure or doubtful questions; but while these investigations were in progress, and his language rolling right along to the delight of his hearers, the insect began to expand his wings as if anxious to fly away. The reverend speaker saw the motion, and deftly caught it in his hand. Going right on with his line of argument, he continued his examination for several moments, until, having settled everything to his own satisfaction, he let it buzz away about its own business—perhaps mentally repeating the parting injunction of "My Uncle Toby" to the fly. To any ordinary man the presence of such an intruder would have been unwelcome, and he would have been brushed aside, but the great English divine, trained to such close habits of observation and thought, could not forego the opportunity, even in the midst of his lecture, to study the points in a new species of beetle, his mental discipline enabling him to carry along in his mind two trains of ideas at the same time.

and Menzies' pine, and *eatable* pinon, and those again with our own harebells and roses, and all sorts of English flowers. Tell G. I have seen no rattlesnakes; but they killed twenty-five here a year or two ago, and little Nat M., twelve years old, killed five. Tell him that there are 'painted lady' butterflies, and white admirals here, just like our English, and a locust, which, when he opens his wings, is exactly like a white admiral butterfly! and with them enormous tropic butterflies, all colours, and as big as bats. We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive. There is a cave opposite my window which must have been full of bears once, and a real eagle's nest close by, full of real young eagles. It is as big as a cart-load of bavins. Tell G. that I will write again before we start over the plains. Oh! happy day!"

GLEN EYRIE, *July* 14.

"I cannot believe that I shall see you within twenty-one days; and never longed so for home. I count the hours till I can cross the Great Valley, on this side of which God has been so good to me. But, oh! for the first rise of the eastern hills, to make me sure that the Mississippi is not still between me and beloved Eversley. I am so glad you like Westminster. Yes! we shall rest our weary bones there for a while before kind death comes, and, perhaps, see our grandchildren round us there.* Ah! please God *that!* I look forward to a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene, which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things. . . . . The collection of plants grows magnificent. . . . . Give my love to Wm. Harrison, and tell him from me not to be afraid, and he will do splendidly; and that I long to hear him preach in the Abbey, and to preach there myself likewise."

During his severe illness in Colorado, he composed these lines; they were the last he ever wrote:

I.

"'Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, &c.'

* His first grandchild passed away at its birth just before he himself went into the unseen world, and happily he never knew it.

2.

"She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Barum, Barum, &c.*
'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

3.

"'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me.'

4.

"'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
'That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!'

5.

"She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see.
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree."

The American chapter may be fitly closed by the following letter from Mr. John Whittier, whose poetry and whose acquaintance, made in Boston, had given him such especial pleasure.

BEARCAMP HOUSE, W., N. H., 8th Mo. 30, 1876.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I am glad to learn from a letter received from an American clergyman just returned from England that thou art engaged in preparing a biography of thy lamented husband. It seems to me very

* The meaning of this strange refrain is not known. Some were doubtful whether, as no explanation was given by Mr. Kingsley, it would not be better to omit it; but Mr. Froude, who thought this poem one of the finest of his ballads, on being consulted, wrote: "I am in favour of keeping the refrain. The music of the song will be incomplete without it: and as the words went humming through his head, the refrain went along with them. It presses like an inexorable destiny, and makes you feel the iron force with which poor Lorraine was swept to her fate." . . . .

fitting that the life of such a man as Charles Kingsley should be written by one so fully acquainted with the noble and generous personal qualities of the reformer, poet, and theologian. In this country his memory is cherished by thousands, who, after long admiring the genius of the successful author, have learned, in his brief visit, to love him as a man.

"I shall never forget my first meeting with him in Boston. I began, naturally enough, to speak of his literary work, when he somewhat abruptly turned the conversation upon the great themes of life and duty. The solemn questions of a future life, and the final destiny of the race, seemed pressing upon him, not so much for an answer (for he had solved them all by simple faith in the Divine Goodness), as for the sympathetic response of one whose views he believed to be, in a great degree, coincident with his own. 'I sometimes doubt and distrust myself,' he said, 'but I see some hope for everybody else. To me the Gospel of Christ seems indeed Good Tidings of great joy to all people; and I think we may safely trust the mercy which endureth *for ever*.' It impressed me strongly to find the world-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for the first time, and engaged only with 'thoughts that wander through eternity.' All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit. His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare, physical, moral, and spiritual, of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men.

"I forbear to speak of the high estimate which, in common with all English-speaking people, I place upon his literary life-work. My copy of his 'Hypatia' is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory. But since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author. With profound respect and sympathy,

"I am truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

To Mrs. Kingsley.

CHAPTER XXX.

1874—5.

AGED 55.

RETURN FROM AMERICA—WORK AT EVERSLEY—ILLNESS AT WESTMINSTER—NEW ANXIETY—LAST SERMONS IN THE ABBEY—LEAVES THE CLOISTERS FOR EVER—LAST RETURN TO EVERSLEY—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH—LAST ILLNESS AND DEPARTURE—HIS BURIAL—SERMONS AT CHESTER, EVERSLEY, AND WESTMINSTER—MEMORIALS—LETTERS OF SYMPATHY—THE VICTORY OF LIFE OVER DEATH AND TIME.

"'Tis said when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind
To wander forth wherever be
The homes and haunts of humankind.

"Then strayed the Poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo temple caves.

. . . . . .

"How could he rest? Even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown,
Already from the seat of God
A ray upon his garments shone.

"Shone and awoke that strong desire
For Love and Knowledge reached not here,
Till death set free his soul of fire
To plunge into its fitting sphere.

"Then who shall tell how deep, how bright,
The abyss of glory opened round;
How thought and feeling flowed like Light,
Through ranks of being without bound?"

BRYANT.

"Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty!"

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was sultry August weather when he returned to Eversley from America; there was much sickness and a great mortality in the parish, and he was out among his people twice and three times a day in the burning sun and dry easterly wind. His curate, the Rev. Elis Price, was away for his well-earned holiday; and his great joy at being with his poor people again made him plunge too eagerly and suddenly into work, and Sunday services, before he had regained his strength after his illness in Colorado. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver came on, which alarmed his friends, and prevented his preaching in the Abbey on the first Sunday of his residence. This attack shook him terribly, and from that time he was unable to preach more than once a day during his residence; but, though altered and emaciated, he seemed recovering strength, when, early in October, a shadow came over his home, in the dangerous illness of his wife, touching him in his tenderest point, and filling him with fears for the future. When all immediate danger was over, it was with difficulty he was persuaded to leave her and take a few days' change of air and scene, before his November work commenced, at Lord John Thynne's, in Bedfordshire, and with his friend Mr. Fuller Maitland, in Essex.* From these visits, however, he returned invigorated in health and spirits, and got through his sermons in the Abbey with less difficulty. The congregations were enormous—the sermons powerful as ever, though their preparation was an increasing labour. The change in his appearance was observed

* At Stanstead, during this visit, the friend with whom he was conversing on the deepest doctrines of Christianity said she could never forget his look and voice, as he folded his arms, and bowing his head, said, "I cannot—cannot live without the MAN CHRIST JESUS."

by many. "I went back," said an old correspondent, who had gone to hear him preach in Westminster Abbey, "sad at the remembrance of the bent back and shrunken figure, and while hoping the weakness was but temporary, I grieved to see one who had carried himself so nobly, broken down by illness."

His sermon on All Saints' Day will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was like a note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God upon which he was so soon to enter. It was a revealing too of his own deepest belief as to what that blessedness meant, with back glances into the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own earthly life and warfare with evil.

"'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!' Ah! what a gospel lies within those words! A gospel? Ay, if you will receive it, the root of all other possible gospels, and good news for all created beings. What a gospel! and what an everlasting fount of comfort! Truly of those words it is true, 'Blessed are they who, going through the vale of misery, find therein a well, and the pools are filled with water.' Know you not what I mean? Happier perhaps are you—the young at least among you—if you do not know. But some of you must know too well. It is to them I speak.

"Were you never not merely puzzled—all thinking men are that—but crushed and sickened, at moments, by the mystery of evil? Sickened by the follies, the failures, the ferocities, the foulnesses of mankind, for ages upon ages past? sickened by the sins of the unholy many—sickened, alas! by the imperfections of the holiest few?

"And have you never cried in your hearts with longing, almost with impatience, 'Surely, surely, there is an ideal Holy One somewhere—or else, how could have arisen in my mind the conception, however faint, of an ideal holiness? But where? oh where? Not in the world around strewn with unholiness. Not in myself, unholy too, without and within—and calling myself sometimes the very worst company of all the bad company I meet, because it is the only company, that company, from which I cannot escape. Oh! is there a Holy One, whom I may contemplate with utter delight? and if so, where is He? Oh that I might behold, if but for a moment, His perfect beauty, even though, as in the fable of Semele of old, 'the lightning of His glance were death.' Nay, more, has it not happened to some here, to clergyman, lawyer, physician, perhaps, alas! to some pure-minded, noble-hearted woman—to be brought in contact with . . . . some case of human

folly, baseness, foulness—which, however much their soul revolts from it, they must handle, they must toil over, in hopes that that which is crooked may be made somewhat straight—till their whole souls were distempered, all but degraded, by the continual sight of sin, till their eyes seemed full of nothing but the dance of death, and their ears of the gibbering of madmen, and their nostrils with the odours of the charnel house, and they longed for one breath of pure air, one gleam of pure light, one strain of pure music, to wash their spirits clean from those foul elements into which their duty had thrust them down perforce?

"And then, oh, then—has there not come to such a one—*I know that it has come*—that for which his spirit was athirst—the very breath of pure air, the very gleam of pure light, the very strain of pure music—for it is the very music of the spheres—in those same words, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; and he has answered with a flush of keenest joy—'Yes, whatever else is unholy, there is a Holy One—spotless and undefiled, serene and self-contained. Whatever else I cannot trust, there is One whom I can trust utterly. Whatever else I am dissatisfied with, there is One whom I can contemplate with utter satisfaction, and bathe my stained soul in that eternal fount of purity. And who is He? Who, save the Cause and Maker, and Ruler of all things, past, present, and to come? Ah, gospel of all gospels—that God Himself, the Almighty God, is the eternal realization of all that I and all mankind, in our purest and our noblest moments, have ever dreamed concerning the true, the beautiful, and the good. Even though He slay me, the unholy, yet will I trust in Him. For He is holy, holy, holy; and can do nothing to me or any creature, save that He *ought*. For He has created all things, and for His pleasure they are and were created.' Whosoever has entered, though but for a moment, however faintly, partially, stupidly, into that thought of thoughts, has entered in so far into the communion of the elect, and has had his share in the Everlasting All Saints' Day which is in heaven. He has been, though but for a moment, in harmony with the polity of the living God . . . . and with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with all past, present, and to come, in this and all other worlds, of whom it is written, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled, for great is their reward in heaven. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for great is their reward in heaven.' Great indeed—for it is no less than the very beatific vision, to contemplate and adore. That supreme moral

beauty, of which all earthly beauty, all nature, all art, all poetry, all music, are but phantoms and parables, hints and hopes, dim reflected rays of the clear light of that everlasting day, of which it is written—that the city had no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Of that very beatific vision he spoke once more three days before his death; when, conscious of no human presence in the night, he was heard by his daughter to cry out, in a clear voice, "How beautiful God is!" He little thought when preaching this sermon that in less than three months' time he too should himself be entering the Holy of Holies.

One of the last letters he ever wrote was on November 22nd, to Mr. Shone, an active member of the Chester Natural Science Society:

"My dear young friend," he says, "I have been too ill and too busy, having the affairs of this great place upon me,* to read or acknowledge your address ('The Tendency of Modern Thought,' an Inaugural Address to the Chester Mutual Improvement Society) till now. And now I say—that I have read it with deep pleasure. You are—roughly speaking—'as right as the church.' You see the broad truth, and you have put it in very manly words, and illustrated it by quotations and metaphors which are sound and to the point. I don't class you among my scholars, because I saw in you from the first an original tendency towards truth, which I had not to awaken but only to encourage. Only—don't lose hold of that belief in the old faith, which is more precious to my *reason*, as well as to my moral sense, the older I grow, and have to do with sorrows and difficulties which you, in your youth and strength, do not know yet—and God grant you never may know. Be true to your own manly words: and in due time God will pay you all, for He is very just and very merciful. Excuse bad writing as I have a lame hand, and give my love to all the dear Chester people—your parents included. If you come to London come to see us."

On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached his last sermon in the Abbey, with intense fervour. It was the winding-up of his work in the Abbey, but neither he nor those who hung upon his words thought that it was the winding-up of his public

* Owing to the Dean of Westminster having been detained by a great anxiety in Paris, the work of the Abbey devolved exclusively on the Canon in residence.

ministrations and the last time he would enter the pulpit. The text was Luke xix. 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed almost to shake the Abbey, which made the service to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to all changes of weather, especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting.

The sermon was a characteristic one. "Advent," he said, "should be a season not merely of warning, awe, repentance, but a season of trust and hope and content." He sketched the leading features of his past teaching in the Abbey—dwelling on the Kingship and Divine Government of Christ over races, nations, individuals—His infinite rigour and yet infinite tenderness of pity—the divine humanity which possessed Him as he wept over the doomed city, and cried out, "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," and closed with these words:

"And what is true of nations and of institutions—is it not true of individuals, of each separate human brother of the Son of Man?

"Ah—and is there a young life ruined by its own folly—a young heart broken by its own wilfulness—an elder man or woman too, who is fast losing the finer instincts, the nobler aims, of youth in the restlessness of covetousness, of fashion, of ambition? Is there one such poor soul over whom Christ does not grieve? To whom, at some supreme crisis of their lives, He does not whisper—'Ah, beautiful organism—thou, too, art a thought of God—thou, too, if thou wert but in harmony with thyself and God, a microcosmic *City of God!* Ah! that thou hadst known—even thou—at least in this thy day—the things which belong to thy peace?'

"Shall I go on? shall I add to the words of doom? 'But now they are hid from thine eyes? Thou hast gambled with thine own destiny too long. Thou hast fixed thy habits. Thou hast formed thy character. It is too late to mend. Thou art left henceforth to the perpetual unrest which thou hast chosen—to thine own lusts and passions; and the angels of peace depart from thy doomed heart, as they did in the old legend, from the doomed Temple of Jerusalem—sighing—'Let us go hence'—shall I say that? God forbid—it is not for me to finish the sentence—or to pronounce the doom of any soul.

"But it is for me to say—as I say now to each of you—Oh that you

each may know the time of your visitation—and may listen to the voice of Christ, *whenever* and *however* He may whisper to you, 'Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee *Rest.*'

"He may come to you in many ways. In ways in which the world would never recognize Him—in which perhaps neither you nor I shall recognize *Him;* but it will be enough, I hope, if we but hear His message, and obey His gracious inspiration, let Him speak through whatever means He will.

"He may come to us, by some crisis in our life, either for sorrow or for bliss. He may come to us by a great failure; by a great disappointment—to teach the wilful and ambitious soul, that not in *that* direction lies the path of peace. He may come in some unexpected happiness to teach that same soul that He is able and willing to give abundantly beyond all that we can ask or think. He may come to us, when our thoughts are cleaving to the ground, and ready to grow earthy of the earth—through noble poetry, noble music, noble art—through aught which awakens once more in us the instinct of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He may come to us when our souls are restless and weary, through the repose of Nature—the repose of the lonely snow-peak, and of the sleeping forest, of the clouds of sunset and of the summer sea, and whisper Peace. Or He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul—not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage—in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge—and whisper to them even so—as the sea swallows all of them which *it* can take—of calm beyond, which this world cannot give and cannot take away.

"He may come to us when we are fierce and prejudiced, with that still small voice—so sweet and yet so keen. 'Understand those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee. Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate. Forgive and thou shalt be forgiven; for with what measure thou measurest unto others, it shall be measured to thee again.' He comes to us surely, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help, and says, 'If you do good to one of these, my brethren, you do it unto Me.'

"But most surely does Christ come to us, and often most happily, and most clearly does He speak to us—in the face of a little child, fresh out of heaven. Ah, let us take heed that we despise not one of these little ones, lest we despise our Lord Himself. For as often as we enter into communion with little children, so often does Christ come to us. So often, as in Judæa of old, does He take a little child and set him in the midst of us, that from its simplicity, docility, and trust—the restless, the

mutinous, and the ambitious may learn the things which belong to their peace—so often does He say to us, 'Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me. For I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

"AND THEREFORE LET US SAY, IN UTTER FAITH, 'COME AS THOU SEEST BEST—BUT IN WHATSOEVER WAY THOU COMEST—EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.'"

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he came home much exhausted, and went straight up to his wife's room. "And now my work here is done, thank God! and . . . . I finished with your favourite text."

The next day he dined at the Deanery to meet Dr. Caird, before attending his lecture in the Abbey at the special evening service. The night was damp, and coming out into the cold cloister he caught a fresh cold and coughed all through the night; but he made light of it, for he could think of nothing but the joy of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter's work. And on the 3rd of December, full of spirits and thankfulness, he left the cloisters for ever, and took her with tenderest care to Eversley. But his happiness was shortlived; the journey down had had serious consequences for her, and that night the Angel of Death for the first time for thirty-one years seemed hovering over the little rectory. He had been engaged by the Queen's command to go to Windsor Castle the following Saturday for two days. Telegrams were sent there, and to his children who were absent. Still he could not believe there was danger, till he was told that there was no hope, and then—"My own death-warrant was signed," he said, "with those words." Children and friends collected round him, while he gathered himself up with a noble self-repression to give comfort where it was needed. His ministrations in the sick room showed the intensity of his own faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful, and in the light of the Cross of Christ and the love of God, spoke of an eternal reunion and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine on earth, can only be severed for a brief moment. When asked if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul, who had been encom-

passed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone—to shrink from leaving husband, children—the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years—and to go alone into the unknown: "Cowardly!" he said. "Don't you think I would rather some one put a pistol to my head than lie on that bed there waiting? *But*,—" he added, "it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." And when the dreary interval before reunion was mentioned, he spoke of the possibility of all consciousness of time being so abolished that what would be long years to the survivor might be only a moment to the separated soul that had passed over the River of Death. And so, with words of strong consolation and hope, with daily prayer and reading from the Gospel and Epistles of St. John and the Psalms, he preached peace and forgiveness till all was calm; and dwelling on the borderland together for weeks of deep communion, every chapter of the past was gone over once more, and "life was all re-touched again,"—favourite poetry was read for the last time, Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," Milton's magnificent Ode to "Time" again and again, Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life," and certain passages from Shakspeare. Once more he himself administered the Holy Communion to his wife, children, and servants; and once again, before he lay down to die, he received it with them from the hands of Mr. Harrison. But though his own iron will and utter submission to the Will of God enabled him to be outwardly calm in the sick room, and even to speak there of the lonely years which he feared were before him, of the grave where, he said, he would allow no one but himself to do the last office, where he would place the three Latin words in which the life of his life, past, present, and future, are gathered up,—the charm of life for him was over, and he spoke the truth when he said his "heart was broken," for so it was. He was ill himself, and became careless of his own health, reckless of cold and snow; his cough became bronchitic. On the 28th of December he took to his bed, and pneumonia, with its terrible symptoms, came on rapidly. He had promised his wife to "fight for

life" for his children's sake, and he did so for a time; but the enemy, or, as he would have said himself, "kindly Death," was too strong for him, and in a few weeks the battle was over and he was at rest. The weather was bitter, and he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it; but one day he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven, don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again. When told that another move would be fatal, he replied, "We have said all to each other, we have made up our accounts;" and often repeated, "It is all right, all *as it should be.*" For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil; and on December 30 he wrote of this "terrible trial," the fiery trial of separation, to both so bitter at such a moment. "But," he adds, "I am somewhat past fretting—almost past feeling. . . . . I know it *must* be right, because it is so strange and painful." Again, on New Year's Eve, "I am much better in all ways. Thank God for the gleam of sun and the frost on the window-pane. . . . ." And again, in the last letter he ever wrote, on January 3rd, a bright morning, the first Sunday in the year: "Ah! what a good omen for the coming year—this lovely Sunday morning. May it mean light and peace and blessing in both worlds for us all! . . . ." But, to use his own words, it then became "too painful, too tantalising," and the letters ceased.

He was now kept constantly under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off hæmorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California. These scenes he would describe night after night to the trained nurse from Westminster Hospital who sat up with him, and whose unwearied care and skill can never be forgotten. He would tell her, too, of the travels of his eldest son in America, of whom he continually spoke with love and pride, and to whose success in life he so eagerly looked. His own physical experiences were very singular to him, for he sat as a spectator outside himself, and said if he

recovered he would write a book about them. Early in January, when the alarming symptoms came on, his devoted medical attendant, Mr. Heynes, of Eversley, who was day and night at the Rectory, begged for further advice; and Dr. Hawkesley, who twice came down from London, did not despair of Mr. Kingsley; he said he never saw a "more splendid fight for life," and was struck with his brilliancy in describing his symptoms.

He spoke but little latterly, and the fear of exciting him made those around afraid of telling him anything that would rouse him to the sense of his great loneliness. But one morning before his condition became hopeless, when some little letters, enclosing some drawings to amuse him, had come from the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him well and were sorry for his illness and his grief, his doctor said they might be shown him. They touched him deeply; and his messages in answer were among the last he sent. On Sunday, the 17th, he sat up for a few moments, where he could see from the bedroom window which looked into the churchyard his dear people go into church, and spoke of their "goodness" to him and how he loved them. He reiterated the words, "It is all right." "All *under rule*." One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was light, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. "Ah! well," he said, "the light is good and the darkness is good—it is all good." From sleeping so much he was unconscious of the lapse of time. "How long have I been in bed?" he said one day, and on being told three weeks, he said, "It does not seem three days. Ah, I live in fairyland, or I should go mad!"

On the 20th of January the Prince of Wales, whose regard and affection had never failed for fourteen years, requested Sir William Gull to go down to Eversley. He, too, thought recovery possible; but immediately after his visit hæmorrhage returned—the end seemed near, and then the full truth—and not a painful one—burst upon him. "Heynes," he said, "I am hit; this last shot has told—did F. tell you about the funeral? We settled it all," and then he repeated, in the very words used to himself, the arrangements that had been made in view of the event he had been dreading, which God mercifully spared him; and after mentioning the names of the bearers selected (labouring men

endeared by old parish memories), "Let there be no paraphernalia, no hatbands, no carriages . . . ." He was calm and content. He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been "hid with Christ in God." Twenty-five years before, in speaking of a friend who had rejected Christianity, he had said, "The more I see of him, the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the Gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the Peace of God which passes understanding." In this faith he had lived—and as he had lived, so he died—humble, confident, unbewildered. That night he was heard murmuring, "No more fighting—no more fighting;" and then followed intense, earnest prayers, which were his habit when alone,—too sacred for any listener. Yes, his warfare was accomplished, he had fought the good fight, and never grounded his arms till God took them mercifully out of his brave hands and gave him rest.

It was on one of those, his last nights on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is." For the last two days before he departed, he asked no questions, and sent no messages to his wife, thinking all was over, and hoping that at last the dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together; and under this impression, it is thought, when the faithful nurse who had been with his children since their birth, left his wife for a moment to come to her dying master the day before he went, "Ah," he said, "dear nurse, and I, too, am come to an end; it is all right—all as it *should be*," and closed his eyes again. On that same morning from his bed he had looked out over the beloved glebe once more. The snow, which had been deep for weeks, had cleared a little, the grass of the pasture was green, and he said, "Tell Grenville (his youngest son, who had just left him after helping to arrange his bed) I am looking at the most beautiful scene I ever saw," adding some words of love and approval, that were scarcely audible.

The last morning, at five o'clock, just after his eldest daughter, who, with his medical man and Mr. Harrison, had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard, in a clear voice, repeating the words of the Burial Service:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee."

He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again, and before midday, on the 23rd of January—without sigh or struggle—breathed his last breath, so gently that his eldest daughter and the family nurse, who were watching him, could scarcely tell that all was over. Twenty years before, and how often since, he had expressed his longing for that moment: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." And now the great secret that he had longed to know was revealed to him, and he was satisfied.

"Never shall I forget," said Max Müller, "the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death.

"As one looked on that marble statue which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young Curate and the 'Saint's Tragedy'; the Chartist parson and 'Alton Locke'; the happy poet and the 'Sands of Dee'; the brilliant novel-writer and 'Hypatia' and 'Westward Ho'; the Rector of Eversley and his 'Village Sermons'; the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy Canon at Chester, the powerful preacher at Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk streams, and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling too over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of

his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him! How young wild men believed in him, and obeyed him too! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy!

"All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked at him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility, worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little;—yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies."*

"As he lay," said Dean Stanley, "the other day, cold in death, like the stone effigy of an ancient warrior, the 'fitful fever' of life gone, the strength of immortality left, resting as if after the toil of a hundred battles, this was himself idealized. From those mute lips there seemed to issue once more the living words with which he spoke ten years ago, before one who honoured him with an unswerving faithfulness to the end. 'Some say'—thus he spoke in the Chapel of Windsor Castle—'some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt. The age of chivalry is never past so long as we have faith enough to say, God will help me to redress that wrong, or if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal will is to overcome evil with good.'" . . . .†

On the afternoon of his departure a telegram was sent to Chester, where the daily bulletins had been watched for so eagerly, "Canon Kingsley peacefully expired;" and on the Sunday morning the tolling of the Cathedral bell, and the omission of his name in the daily prayer for the sick, confirmed the worst fears of many loving hearts. For many weeks the prayers of the congregation had been asked for "Charles and Fanny Kingsley." Not only in Chester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but in other churches and chapels, at prayer-meetings too, in London, Sheffield, and elsewhere, his life was prayed for, and God, in His great mercy, had answered by giving him immortal life. Canon Hillyard, who was the preacher for

* Max Müller—Preface to "The Roman and the Teuton."

† Dean Stanley.—Sermon in Westminster Abbey.

the day, after explaining his text, "Thy will be done," with deep feeling, said:

"Here, friends, I feel myself constrained to break off, for within the last few hours there has fallen such a blow upon the hearts of many in this city, that it seems to recall me to the passive sense of the words, 'Thy will be done.' Within a few hours there has passed away from earth the spirit of one who often has stood where I am standing—of one who had in a singular manner drawn towards himself (and that in no mean spirit, from no mere love of popularity, but to elevate, to educate, and to make them conscious of their nobler faculties) the hearts of a veritable multitude in Chester. Short as was his sojourn among you, he had done a great work. . . . . That active life, that busy brain, how did it end? There is something inexpressibly soothing in the words which announced his end. Not in the tumult of a crowd, not in any of those distant lands which he loved to travel, but from his own quiet home, came the message that he had 'peacefully expired.' We can thank God for this—he we feel sure thanked God for it. 'Peacefully expired!' Who will not say, 'May my last end be like his.'" . . . .

As soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from the Dean brought these words to his children: "Bear up under the blow. You will perhaps choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet."

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *Jan.* 24, 1875.

"I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night.

"It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago, since I for the first time was at Eversley—and our meetings have been but few and far between—but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved; and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings—to long years of labour together.

"God has ordered it otherwise. He had done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him.

"The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his own tropical suns—no twilight—no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful.

"I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the most probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you—most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that should the other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him, not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honours.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. P. STANLEY."

There was no hesitation with those who knew his own feelings, and at Eversley he was buried on the 28th of January; no one was invited to come, but early in the day the churchyard was full. There had been deep snow and bitter cold for many weeks. But the day was kindly, soft and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine. He was carried to the grave by villagers who had known, loved, and trusted him for years. The coffin, covered with flowers, was met at the garden-gate by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Powles, his oldest friend, his two last curates, Rev. William Harrison, and Rev. Elis Price, and his churchwarden Sir William Cope, and was laid before the altar, where for thirty-two years he had ministered so faithfully, before the service was finished at the grave. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, American and English, met at that grave; every profession, every rank, every school of thought, was represented. Soldiers* and sailors were there; among them three Victoria Cross officers, men whom he had loved, and who honoured him. The Master of Fox Hounds, with the huntsman and the whip, were there also, and from his beloved Chester came the Dean and a deputation from the Natural Science Society he had founded.† "I have been

* Gen. Sir William Codrington; Col. Sir Charles Russell, V.C.; Col. Alfred Jones, V.C.; Col. Evelyn Wood, V.C.; Captain F. Maurice, &c.

† Dr. Stolterforth, Mr. Shepheard, Mr. Manning, Mr. Griffith.

at many state funerals," said a naval officer who was present, "but never did I see such a sight as Charles Kingsley's."

"Who," says Max Müller, "can forget that funeral on the 28th of January, 1875, and the large sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai' (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the labourers young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies,* officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Non-conformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink; and, outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the old trees, which he had planted and cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal man.

"All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own. Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year; aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood. He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life. As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore."

Such was the scene at Eversley, while at Chester and at Westminster the cathedral bell tolled for the well-beloved Canon, whom they should see no more.

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The Sunday following his funeral, sermons on his life and death were numerous. Dean Stanley in London, Dean Howson

* His Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon; Col. Sir Thomas Gore Browne.

at Chester, Churchmen, Baptists, and other Nonconformists, both in London, Chester, and elsewhere, while his own pulpit at Eversley Church was occupied by Sir William Cope in the morning, and by his devoted and attached curate, the Rev. Elis Price, in the afternoon.

"I never," said Sir William Cope, "thought to preach another sermon; but by the freshly covered grave of a friend all scruples and all hesitation vanish. .It is a sad, sad task . . . 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' and if abounding sorrow and earnest love can give me words I will strive to address myself to the thoughts of your hearts."

And then, after speaking of "our loved Rector's" firm hold on the doctrines of the sacraments and creeds, he adds:

"No doubt other men hold and have held these doctrines as strongly, and taught them as plainly; but he, by belonging to no party, and by his fairness and liberal charity to those who differed with him, had an influence on many men and many minds which others have not, and therefore had an opportunity and a power of impressing those doctrines on many who would not otherwise have listened to them, or received them. Therefore I say, he occupied a place, a most important place, in the Church of England, which, as far as I know, no other man fills, and which his death has left void. . . . . But whatever his loss to the Church, much greater is his loss to us—whatever he was to others, much more was he to us; for he was the teacher and friend of every one of us. Of every one even of those who would none of his counsel, and despised his reproof; even to them he was the earnest affectionate friend. . . . We have known more of him than the most constant reader of his works, or the most ardent admirer of his talents. For until lately that the duties of well-deserved appointments took him away, he was always among us, and Sunday after Sunday we received his teaching. You know how we hung on his lips. . . . . Brethren, I have heard many preachers, but I never heard one whose hearty yet quiet manner appealed more earnestly to the mind and heart; or who had in so great a degree the power of explaining the truths of Scripture, and enforcing the practice of its precepts in such plain simple words."*

At Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley spoke of that

"One brilliant light which shone in our dim atmosphere, and has

* "Living unto God." A Sermon preached at Eversley, on Jan. 31, 1875, by Sir William H. Cope, Bart. (Basil Montagu Pickering, London.)

been suddenly extinguished, and which cannot be allowed thus to pass away without asking ourselves what we have gained by its brief presence amongst us—what we have lost by its disappearance. Others have spoken and will long speak on both sides of the Atlantic of the gifted poet whose dust might well have mingled with the dust of his brother poets in these walls. Others will speak, in nearer circles, of the close affection which bound the pastor to his flock, and the friend to his friend, and the father to his children, and the husband to the wife, in that romantic home which is now for ever identified with his name, and beside which he rests, beneath the yews which he planted with his own hands, and the great fir-trees that fold their protecting arms above. But that which alone is fitting to urge from this place is the moral and religious significance of the remarkable career which has left a spot void, as if where a rare plant has grown, which no art can reproduce, but of which the peculiar fragrance still lingers with those who have ever come within its reach. To the vast congregations which hung upon his lips in this church—to the wide world which looked eagerly for the utterances that no more will come from that burning spirit—to the loving friends who mourn for the extinction of a heart of fire, for the sudden relaxation of the grasp of a hand of iron—I would fain recall some of those higher strains which amid manifold imperfections, acknowledged by none more freely than himself, placed him unquestionably amongst the conspicuous teachers of his age, and gave to his voice the power of reaching souls to which other preachers and teachers addressed themselves in vain.

"It has seemed to me that there were three main lessons of his character and career which may be summed up in the three parts of the apostolic farewell—'Watch ye; quit you like men and be strong: stand fast in the faith.' . . . ."

After a masterly enumeration of his works, and the principle which was the keynote to each, much of which has been already quoted in these volumes, the Dean goes on:

"And this leads me to that clause in the apostle's warning, which I have kept for last, 'Stand fast in the faith.' I have hitherto spoken of our lost friend in his natural God-given genius, not in his professional or pastoral functions. He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise, and sometimes hardly in the guise, of a clergyman—fishing with the fisherman, hunting with the huntsman, able to hold his own in

tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman—that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself ont from the haunts and walks of man. He was sent by Providence as it were, 'far off to the Gentiles,'—far off, not to other lands, or other races of mankind, but far off from the usual sphere of minister or priest, to 'fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought, and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response for himself, because he gave a response to them. Witness the unknown friends that from far or near sought the wise guidance of the unknown counsellor, who declared to them the unknown God after whom they were seeking if haply they might find Him. Witness the tears of the rough peasants of Hampshire, as they crowded round the open grave, to look for the last time on the friend of thirty years, with whom were mingled the hunter in his red coat and the wild gipsy wanderers, mourning for the face that they should no more see in forest or on heath. Witness the grief which fills the old cathedral town of my own native county and of the native county of his ancestors, beside the sands of his own Dee, for the recollection of the energy with which he gathered the youth of Chester round him for teachings of science and religion. Witness the grief which has overcast this venerable church, which in two short years he had made his own, and in which all felt that he had found a place worthy of himself, and that in him the place had found an occupant worthy to fill it. In these days of rebuke and faintheartedness, when so many gifted spirits shrink from embarking on one of the noblest, because the most sacred of all professions, it ought to be an encouragement to be reminded that this fierce poet and masculine reformer deemed his energies not mis-spent in the high yet humble vocation of an English clergyman—that, however much at times suspected, avoided, rebuffed, he yet, like others who have gone before him, at last won from his brethren the willing tribute of honour and love, which once had been sturdily refused or grudgingly granted.

"Scholar, poet, novelist, he yet felt himself to be, with all and before all, a spiritual teacher and guide. . . . . Amidst all the wavering inconstancy of our time, he called upon the men of his generation with a steadfastness and assured conviction that of itself steadied and reassured the minds of those for whom he spoke, to 'stand fast in the faith.'"* . . . .

* "Charles Kingsley." Sermon preached on Jan. 31, 1875, in Westminster Abbey, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. (Macmillan.)

Telegrams and letters, full of reverent love for him and of sympathy for those whom he had left, poured in from the highest to the lowest in this land, and from many in other lands, where his words had brought light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, hope in despair—from the heart of Africa, from Australia, from California, as well as from America, where thousands had loved him before they had seen him face to face so recently.

Never had mourners over an unspeakable loss more exultant consolation, lifting them above their own selfish sorrow, to the thought of what they *had* possessed in him, and that, if misunderstood by many in his lifetime, he was honoured by all in his death—that among men of all parties, there was the unanimous feeling that the great presence which had passed away had left a blank which no one could exactly fill.

But to those who knew what the life of his spirit had been, and how his soul had been athirst for God, even the Living God, there was higher consolation still, in the thought that that thirst was slaked—that his own prayer offered up once before Holy Communion in Eversley Church, in these words, was answered, —when, after speaking of the "intolerable burden of sin," he cried:

"Oh Lamb Eternal, beyond all place and time! Oh Lamb of God, slain eternally before the foundation of the world! Oh Lamb which liest slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God! Let the blood of life, which flows from Thee, procure me pardon for the past; let the water of life, which flows from Thee, give me strength for the future. I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more, and to receive Thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever and ever, and find it a well of life springing up in me to everlasting life. Eternal goodness, make me good like Thee. Eternal wisdom, make me wise like Thee. Eternal justice, make me just like Thee. Eternal love, make me loving like Thee. Then shall I hunger no more, and thirst no more; for

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise me, fallen; cheer me, faint;
Heal me, sick; and lead me, blind.

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all Eternity." *

Many of the letters received, which will be heirlooms to his children, are too private, too sacred, to meet the public eye; but from those which point to some particular aspect of his character, the following are selected, from the Missionary Bishop, the Parish Priest, the Scientific Professor, the Poet, and the Young Artist:

"How grateful," writes Bishop Macdougall,† "is the remembrance of your beloved husband's unexpected visit to us at Ely (in 1873), how he cheered me up, for I was ill, and urged me to take this canonry of Winchester, that we might be nearer together, and see more of one another. Ah! how much I counted upon the benefit and pleasure of some closer intercourse with his bright, earnest, truthful, God and man-loving soul! . . . . Charles Kingsley and Frederick Maurice were the two great and noble spirits whose sympathy and converse I most craved for in the doubts and difficulties of my missionary life. On recalling our long talks those two nights at Ely, I can now see how he was prepared for the great change which was, alas! so near. He spoke so earnestly of the comfort of firm religious faith in these sceptical days. He said he regretted the time spent on some of his earlier writings as lost, and that his desire and purpose for the future was to finish his course devoting all his powers of tongue and pen to the defence of God's truth, and the services of the Church, and God's people therein. Yes! his ardent spirit was, it seems to me even then, perhaps unconsciously, pluming her wings to soar to the nearer presence of Him, whom, in spite of all doubts and trials, he had learned to love so dearly, and to fight for so manfully here below. His yearnings for higher and better service were speedily answered, too soon, alas! for those who knew and loved him here.

"I have been lately reading his 'Westminster Sermons.' They are a noble testimony to all, of true faith in the living God (as made known to us through our divine Redeemer), by one who loved and understood science, but who, by using his knowledge rightly, so strengthened his own faith and trust in God's providence and love, that he has been enabled to leave us those grand sermons, as a voice from the grave, to

* "Jesu, lover of my Soul." No. XIV. Town and Country Sermons.

† Bishop Macdougall, of Labuan, Canon of Winchester.

support and help his brethren in their struggles with the scepticism and atheism of the day. They are, I think, a great gift to the Church, for which we may well be most grateful. . . . ."

"I always," said Mr. Lyttelton,* "had hoped to see more of him here below; and somehow it never occurred to me to expect that he would so soon be taken from us. One so little connected any thought of *death* with him—and rightly I am very sure, for God, we might feel in blessed and humble confidence founded upon instinct, as well as upon dogmatic religious belief, would never let him *die*,—his heart and soul so basked in the glorious sunlight of God's love, that it could not decay. He was a bit, a bright shining bit of life itself. . . . . God did fit him wonderfully to rejoice in all His works here below, and to teach multitudes now and in many a future year to do the same. His 'bright particular star' will shine with its quite peculiar light in this earthly firmament for many a long year, perhaps even till the end, and make many rejoice, in a way that scarcely any one else teaches one to do. It was indeed (no it *is* still more truly now) a most beautiful soul in its simplicity and truth and power; and all its power came from the love of God and man. . . . . I was much struck, as have been many, with a saying I heard quoted of your husband's, how, when on his death-bed some one spoke of your state of danger, and he could not go to you, he took it with true and complete resignation—'*What is the use of saying we believe in a Heavenly Father, if we will not trust Him?*' That was most characteristic of him, and will I hope be recorded in any memoir of him. It would carry great weight with every one who knew anything of him, from the absolute and evident complete sincerity of all he ever said, especially on such great matters. . . . ."

PROFESSOR ROLLESTON TO MISS KINGSLEY.

OXFORD, *January* 27, 1875.

"I read the sad news of your father's death whilst travelling away from Oxford on Monday. Otherwise I should have written before this to say to you how much I felt I had lost, and *à fortiori* others, by the event. I do not recollect being more affected by any similar occurrence for many years.

"Like many other men, I have felt that I owe some of the most deeply fixed impressions I have ever had made upon me in favour of a line of virtue and truth to my acquaintance with your father's writings. And the opportunities which I was privileged to have of personal inter-

* Hon. and Rev. W. Lyttelton, Rector of Hagley, Canon of Worcester.

course with him, I count amongst the most valuable incidents of the kind which I have to look back upon.

"I do not like to intrude upon you in your great sorrow, and I hope you will not trouble yourself to reply to this note. I have written it finding it something of a relief to write it, and hoping you may be a little soothed by finding an additional testimony borne to merits the proportions of which you yourself must so thoroughly appreciate.

"I am, yours truly,

"GEORGE ROLLESTON."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ESQ., TO MISS KINGSLEY.

"I fear your mother is in no state to read letters; you must let me write one line to you. I kept watching the accounts of your dear father's illness with a boding heart. I feared the worst; it has seemed of late years as if he had not fortune on his side as when he was young. With all the more interest I followed the accounts of this illness, and not only I, but Mrs. Arnold and my two girls. Your dear father interested and attached all with whom he came in contact. His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again; the injustice, which he and they had in some quarters to experience, will be no longer busy. But it is not of his talents and acquirements that I wish now to speak. I find myself more full of the thought of something in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep your father's memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Kingsley,

"Most sincerely yours,

"MATTHEW ARNOLD."

The last testimony, from a young London Artist, is not among the least valuable:

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

"It is a very great pleasure to me to record my deep love and reverence for Mr. Kingsley, and my gratitude for all he did for me by word, influence, and by many kind and generous deeds. That gratitude

lives and increases day by day; for his influence abides with me, affecting me more than ever it did; and memory claims more and more its homage, as I think over his high example, and the singular rectitude and beauty that went to make up his life. I like to believe that he would not be ill-pleased that I should give my tribute (not for a moment in attempting to speak of his position as a churchman, or power as a parish priest, nor of his attainments as scholar, poet, or man of science, but) simply as a young man amongst many other young men to whom he was at once a fatherly counsellor, a friend, and a hero. His personal power of appeal to young men was very great: though, as I venture to think, in a somewhat different direction to the one usually imagined. It was of a far more tender, strict, and refining nature than I have found it was popularly supposed to be. Perhaps the one thing that struck me more than anything else in him when I first knew him, was his singular dignity and polished grace of manner; a certain high tone that made itself felt to all around, not in any unpleasant restraint of speech or manner, for there was nothing I should have feared to say to him, so entirely did he seem friend and sympathizer; but by raising the whole colour and atmosphere of life about him, and by putting to shame, beyond anything I have ever felt before or since, unworthy thought, coarse word, and ignoble feeling.

"From boyhood I have loved Mr. Kingsley's writings, and whiled away many an hour, brightly and joyously, with my schoolfellows, by repeating page after page by heart from some favourite chapter. My 'chums' used to call 'Westward Ho!' my 'textbook,' and often we used to assume the various characters in that book, behaving each as he thought his assigned character would behave under like circumstances, sometimes to the astonishment and perplexity of those around, and not unfrequently to our own confusion! Mr. Kingsley's name was a household word in our home, and the very look of the written word 'Eversley' had a charm in it to my eyes. It was, therefore, a most memorable moment when I was introduced to him. Too often such moments are times of disillusion, and we find, to our sorrow, that our heroes look most heroic when viewed at a distance, and that they have already given us their best in their public work. But with Mr. Kingsley this was not so. He himself was far finer than any of his words; and his life and living, as I grew to know him more and more, brought to me a greater lesson and a more lovely light than any even of his sweetest songs. Others, I know, have spoken in worthier words than any I could frame, or than it would be befitting for me to use, of his many-sided nature. Yet there was one trait in his character that I must dwell on, and it is this—his great and unforced kindness to everyone of every

age and station. In the first half-hour of my knowing him, I found him listening to me with as much attention and kindness as he would have given to one of his own age and attainments. I felt that whilst and whenever I was with him he gave me his *best.* If I asked him anything he would tell me the best he thought, knew, or felt. Young men know how rare this is with men of Mr. Kingsley's age and ability; and none know better than they how delightful also it is when it is met with. It commanded my love and admiration more than I could say. He always seemed content with the society he was in; because, I think, he loved and educated himself to draw out the best of everyone, to touch on their stronger and not their weaker points. When I was with him I always felt as much at home as if I were with one of my own college friends; and yet I gained all the pleasure, advantage, and information of his brilliant imagination and well-stored mind. The delicate courtesy and natural inborn kindness this showed were, to my mind, things of no common order, and hardly to be over-estimated, because so very rarely found. I have never experienced such like kindness from anyone of Mr. Kingsley's age and learning. To be with him was like reading one of his works. It strengthened and refreshed one. I always felt in his writings a certain *open-air* effect—it is the only expression I can use at all to convey my meaning. To turn from most writers to him is, to my mind, like coming up on to a glorious breezy moorland, or in sight of the open sea.

"I must dwell for a moment on his generosity. When I first knew him life was just opening to me amidst strange perplexities and changes. Through his helpful kindness I was enabled to go to Cambridge. 'God do so to me and more if I do not help this young man,' he said, when he heard of my wish to go to college. Subsequent years have been marked with his unfaltering affection, forbearance, and ever ready help. He bore with, and upheld me unwaveringly; sympathizing with me in all things, even when he disapproved.

"'Requiescat in pace.' Sweet, and strong, and holy—the memory of his life will live with us who knew him, and teach us young men how to live, that we may, each in his own way, grow, as best we may, like unto him; and, if like him, then surely also 'in favour both with God and man.' "Yours affectionately and gratefully,

"CLIFFORD S. HARRISON."

A Kingsley Memorial Fund was set on foot immediately after the funeral, in London, Chester, and at Eversley. The call was responded to in America as well as in England.* The church

* Particulars of the different funds will be found in the Appendix.

at Eversley has been enlarged and improved. The Chester memorials have been described by the Dean; and on the 23rd of September the London memorial was placed in Westminster Abbey, of which the following account appeared in the *Times* of the next morning:

The bust of Canon Kingsley, which has been executed in marble by Mr. Woolner, was unveiled yesterday afternoon in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was extremely simple, but interesting and touching. At 2 o'clock Canon Duckworth, who succeeded the late Mr. Kingsley in his canonry, and is now in residence, attended by the Rev. W. Harrison (Mr. Kingsley's son-in-law) and the Rev. J. Troutbeck, Minor Canons, proceeded in surplices to the Baptistery, accompanied by the two sons and two daughters and daughter-in-law of the late Canon, and a small number of intimate friends. Canon Farrar was also present, but took no official part.

After the bust had been unveiled by Mr. Maurice Kingsley, Canon Duckworth delivered the following address, at the close of which the ladies laid wreaths of choice flowers below the bust:—

"If the grand reverential soul which almost beams upon us from those sculptured features could find voice, would it not be to deprecate the least transfer to himself of the glory which belongs to God alone? I cannot but remember now what he himself has said of the illustrious company gathered here in what he has called 'England's Pantheon of beneficent and healthy manhood.' 'All wise words which they have spoken, all noble deeds which they have done, have come, must have come, from the one eternal source of wisdom, of nobleness, of every form of good—even from the Holy Spirit of God.' This is the thought which he would bespeak at this moment, when the joy of perpetuating his honoured name and almost his very presence within these storied walls mingles with a regret too deep for words. So let us recognize that by the grace of God he was what he was, the fearless champion of purity and truth, the tenderest and the manliest of men. Memories cluster around him at this spot worthy to be entwined with his. There is Maurice, to whose saintly soul his own was knit in bonds of such sympathy as only those can know who love God and man with an intensity like theirs. Yonder is Wordsworth, the poet of nature, whose marvels he delighted to explore and expound. There stands Keble, the sweet singer of that Church which never had a more loyal and devoted son. And the light which streams upon him passes fitly through the blazoned figures of Herbert and Cowper—an offering from one of the great kindred people which claims its part and lot in the worthies of England, and treasures the name of Charles Kingsley with an affection equal to our own. And now we leave this precious memorial, not only to attract for many a day the loving gaze of surviving disciples and friends, but to take its place among the permanent glories of the Abbey, and to be the heirloom of generations to come. Let us look at him once more, and judge his right to be here by the noble words in which he himself tested the right of others to commemoration in this shrine—'What was your work?

Did we admire you for it? Did we love you for it? And why? Because you made us in some way or other better men. Because you helped us somewhat toward whatsoever things are pure, true, just, honourable, of good report. Because, if there was any virtue—that is, true valour and manhood; if there was any praise—that is, just honour in the sight of man, and, therefore, surely in the sight of the Son of Man, who died for men—you helped us to think on such things. You, in one word, helped to make us better men."

The bust itself is one of Mr. Woolner's finest works, and, to those who knew Charles Kingsley well, represents with marvellous fidelity the character which had so stamped itself upon his expressive features. The mingled sternness and tender sympathy, the earnestness and playful humour are all in the living marble. To those who knew Mr. Kingsley but slightly, the likeness is at first less striking. The sculptor holding that either the beard or the smooth face may be legitimately treated in sculpture, but that the whisker is a temporary fashion of no artistic worth, has (since Mr. Kingsley wore no beard) entirely divested the face of hair, and this, while it increases the grandeur of the work, renders the likeness less immediately apparent. But we believe that Mr. Kingsley's own family, and all those who knew him well, are entirely satisfied that Mr. Woolner is not only right in his idea, but most thoroughly successful in his treatment.

The Baptistery in which the bust is placed, is rapidly becoming, as the Dean has said, "a new Poets' Corner." On the same wall with the bust of Charles Kingsley stands that of Mr. Maurice, whom he delighted to call his "dear master;" Keble and Wordsworth find a place in the same chapel, and a stained window presented to the Abbey by an American gentleman contains figures of George Herbert and Cowper.

We may mention, that so soon as the bust was completed and ready for the position it now occupies, Mr. Woolner sent it down to Byfleet for Mrs. Kingsley's inspection. Those who know the danger of moving heavy works of art will appreciate the sculptor's kindness, which was, we know, deeply felt by Mrs. Kingsley.

In Eversley Churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favourite passion-flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life:

"AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS."

And above them, circling round the Cross, "God is Love," the keynote of his faith.

The green turf round the grave was soon worn by the tread of many footsteps; for months a day seldom passed without strangers being seen in the churchyard. On Bank holidays numbers would come to see his last resting-place—little children, who had loved the "Waterbabies," and the "Heroes," would

kneel down reverently and look at the beautiful wreaths of flowers, which kind hands had placed there, while the gipsies never passed the gate without turning in to stand over the grave in silence, sometimes scattering wild flowers there, believing, as they do, to use their own strange words, that "he went to heaven on the prayers of the gipsies."

* * * * * *

And now these scattered memories, connected by a feeble thread all unworthy of its great subject, draw to a close. To some it may have seemed a treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who while here hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrunk from every approach to egotism; but these private letters, showing, as they do, the steps by which he arrived at many of his most startling conclusions through years of troubled thought, are a commentary on much that seemed contradictory in his teaching, and may justify him, while they teach and strengthen others. Those alone who knew him intimately—and they not wholly—best understood his many-sided mind, and could interpret the apparent contradictions which puzzled others. Those who knew him little, but loved him much, could trust where they could not interpret. But to the public, some explanation, if not due, may yet be welcome; and in that invisible state where perhaps he now watches with intensest interest the education of the human race, he would not shrink, as he would have shrunk here, from a publicity which, in revealing the workings of his own mind, may make his teaching of the truths which were most precious to him on earth more intelligible, if such a revelation should only help one poor struggling soul to light, and strength, and comfort, in the sore dark battle of life.

Some, again, may be inclined to say that this character is drawn in too fair colours to be absolutely truthful. But "we speak that we do know, and testify to that we have seen." The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest

passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it will not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate, for six-and-thirty years—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a "most true and perfect knight" to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity—for such love is eternal; and he is not dead. He himself, the man, lover, husband, father, friend, he still lives in God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living. He is not dead; for to use his own inspiring words *—

"Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings, unchanged; still the same living, thinking, active beings, which they were here on earth. I say active. . . . Rest they may; rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care; this is true rest. Above all to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty, and yet not being able to do it. That is true rest; the rest of God, who works for ever, and yet is at rest for ever; as the stars over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest, in perfect work; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of his elect. I hope that this is so. I trust that this is so. I think our Lord's great words can mean nothing less than this. And if it be so, what comfort for us who must die! What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that it changes in us is our body—the mere shell and husk of us—such a change as comes over the snake when he casts his old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison, and spreads its wings to the sun as

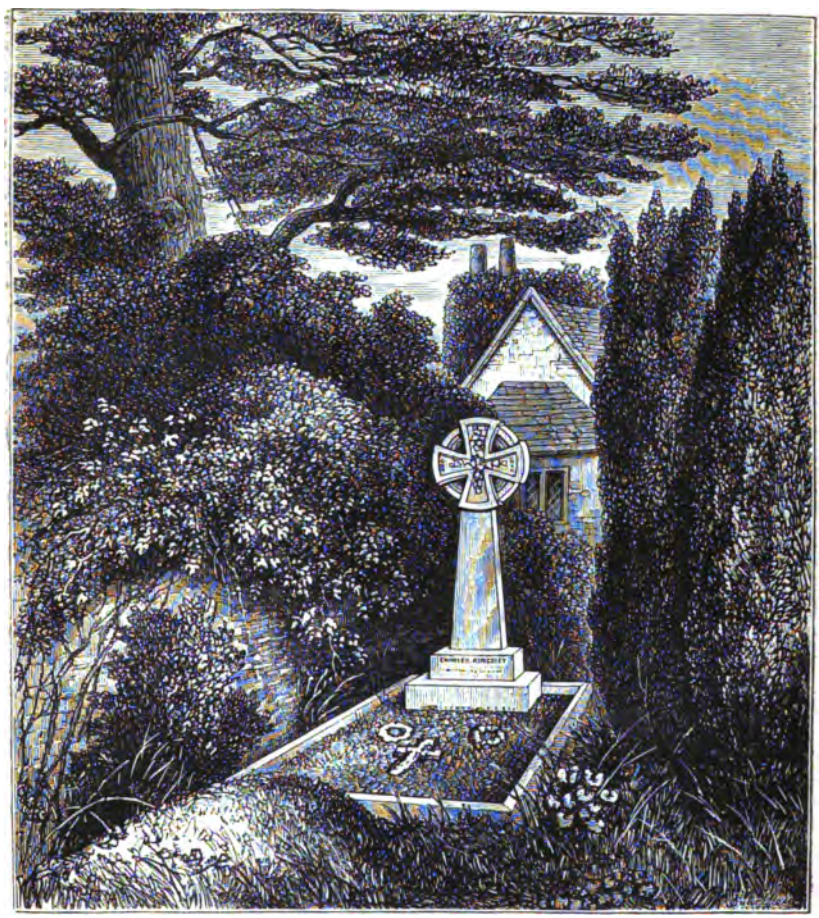
* "The Victory of Life," preached at the Chapel Royal in 1861. Milton's "Ode to Time" was the last he read to his wife before his death.

a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting and poison and corrupt nothing of us, for which our friends have loved us; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down—the mortal body?

"Death is no death then, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death, if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives us to those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth, and then destroy. Death is not death; for Christ has conquered death, for Himself, and for those who trust in Him. And to those who say, 'You were born in Time, and in Time you must die, as all other creatures do; Time is your king and lord, as he has been of all the old worlds before this, and of all the races of beasts, whose bones and shells lie fossil in the rocks of a thousand generations;' then we can answer them in the words of the wise Poet, and in the name of Christ, who conquered death:

"Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For when as each bad thing thou hast entomb'd,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
And Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, unto whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time!"

AMEN.



CHARLES KINGSLEY'S GRAVE, EVERSLEY CHURCHYARD.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

LAWS OF HEALTH TEACHERS' TRUST.

Proposal to Found a Trust for Promoting the Teaching of Teachers the Laws of Health, and inducing Teachers to make that Subject one of the Things statedly taught in their own Schools.

1.—To place in the hands of Trustees the sum of 2,000*l.* to be applied as follows (namely): To pay out of the principal the stipend of a competent Teacher, to be appointed by the Authorities of Saltley Training College (if they sanction the proposal), who should deliver not less than twenty-five Lectures each year on the subject to Students of that College. This will probably absorb the capital in about ten years. The dividends on so much of the principal as from time to time remains unappropriated, to be used by the Trustees (subject to the payment of expenses as afternamed), in such way as they may deem best for promoting the object expressed at the head of this paper.

2.—If the teaching of the Laws of Health should not be carried on at Saltley College, as before indicated, to the satisfaction of the Trustees, the Trustees are to appropriate the Trust Fund in such manner as they may deem best for promoting the object before stated.

3.—To place in the hands of the Trustees a further sum of 1,000*l.* to be by them permanently invested, and the dividends arising from such Investments to be applied in payment of four Exhibitions of 10*l.* each, to be awarded to the four most meritorious Students indicated in Clause No. 1. The College authorities to prescribe the regulations for the competition and the award of the exhibitions. The Exhibitions to be held by each Exhibitioner for two years next after he shall enter on his work as a teacher, and to be paid in half-yearly sums, but subject to this condition, that he shall during the two years teach the Laws of Health in a manner approved of by the Trustees, either in his own school or in some other place approved of by the Trustees. If this condition be not faithfully observed, the payment of the Exhibition shall cease.

4.—If there should be no Candidate from Saltley College, or none sufficiently worthy, at any Examination, the Trustees may apply the Income so left unappropriated, and all other unappropriated income (if any), in such manner as they deem best for promoting the study of the subject.

5.—The Trustees shall be the Deputy-Mayor of Birmingham; the President and the Principal of Saltley College; the Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham; a Member of the Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, nominated by the Council; and the Warden of Queen's College; and five other persons residing, or pursuing their avocations, in the Borough of Birmingham, of whom two shall be Medical men, to be elected, in the first instance, by the before-named Official Trustees, and afterwards by the whole body of Trustees. The elected Trustees to hold office for two years, and to be eligible for re-election on their retirement.

6.—The first funds shall be invested in the names of three or more of the Trustees in the Public funds; or in the stock of any of the English Colonies or dependencies; or in Indian Railway Stock, guaranteed by the Indian Government; or on Mortgages of City or Borough Rates; or Debentures or Debenture Stock of "dividend-paying" Companies.

7.—The Examiners for the Exhibitions shall be appointed by the Trustees at a Meeting specially convened for the purpose.

8.—All questions as to compliance with the conditions of the Exhibition shall be decided by the Trustees.

9.—All expenses in the management of the Trust, and the fees payable to Examiners, shall be paid during the first ten years out of the income arising from the investments of so much of the 2,000*l.* as is from time to time unappropriated in the payment of the Teacher; and after that period, out of the income of the 1,000*l.*, with power to reduce the Exhibitions if and when the expenses are not otherwise provided for.

Signed on behalf of the Donor who desires to be anonymous.

ARTHUR RYLAND.

BIRMINGHAM, *24th October*, 1874.

II.

THE Kingsley Memorial Fund, set on foot in February, 1875, resulted at Eversley in the enlargement of the Church, and in the carrying out of a plan of their late Rector for turning the old vestry in the tower into a baptistery, opening out the roof, and substituting open benches for the remaining pews The Committee included the following names :—

The Duke of Westminster.	Rev. R. C. Powles.
Lord Eversley.	Rev. Elis Price.
Lord Calthorpe.	Mr. Martineau.
Rt. Hon. W. Cowper Temple.	Mr. Stapleton.
General Sir William Codrington.	Mr. Tindal.
Sir William Cope.	Mr. Dew.
Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.	Mr. Wyeth.
Mr. Raikes Currie.	Mr. Seymour.

On a Brass Plate in the Baptistery these words are inscribed :—

IN PIAM MEMORIAM
CAROLI KINGSLEY
S. PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS
CANONICI
HVIVSCE ECCLESIÆ
PER XXXI ANNOS
RECTORIS DILECTISSIMI
HANC ÆDEM SACROSANCTAM
QVAM DOCTRINA ILLVSTRAVIT SVA
INSTAVRANDAM CVRAVERVNT
PAROCHIANI ET AMICI
DESIDERANTES
A.D.
MDCCCLXXV.

At Chester, a Committee with which the Wrexham Society of Natural Science joined, was formed, and it was decided that a Marble Bust should be placed in the Chapter House ; a Medal struck for successful students in the Natural Science Society ; and the ladies of Chester undertook to restore one of the Cathedral Stalls in memory of the Canon.

In London the following Prospectus was issued by Mr. John Thynne, and responded to most generously, both in England and America.

KINGSLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

WESTMINSTER.

Independently of the proposed Restoration of Eversley Church, it is proposed that a Bust should be made of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and that one

copy be presented to the Chapter of Westminster, to be placed in the Abbey, and another to Cambridge, of which University Mr. Kingsley was so distinguished a member.

Mr. Woolner, R.A., has expressed his willingness to undertake the execution of the bust.

The following have already sent in their names in support of the Memorial:—

The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Dean of Chester.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
Tom Taylor, Esq.
The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
The Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D.
Professor Max Müller.
A. Macmillan, Esq.
The Bishop of Chester.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Hon. J. L. Motley.
The Rev. Chancellor Benson, D.D.
The Duke of St. Alban's.
John Walter, Esq., M.P.
The Duke of Bedford.
The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.
The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.
The Right Hon. G. Hardy, M.P.
The Hon. C. L. Wood.
Professor Tyndall.
Lord Clinton.
Lord Penrhyn.
Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B.
Anthony Trollope, Esq.
Thomas Hughes, Esq.
The Dean of Windsor.
John Martineau, Esq.
Prescott Hewett, Esq.
G. Washburn Smalley, Esq., New York.
The Rev. C. Powles.
The Right Hon. Lord John Manners, M.P.
Matthew Arnold, Esq.
Lord Houghton.
The Rev. S. Flood Jones.
The Duke of Argyll, K.T.
The Bishop of Winchester.
The Earl of Ellesmere.
Sir Thomas Watson, Bart.
Sir Charles Russell, Bart., M.P.
Lord Carlingford.
The Rev. Lord John Thynne.
Lord Henniker.
The Rev. Stopford Brooke.
The Earl of Clarendon.
The Rev. Canon Prothero.

Treasurer:
JOHN C. THYNNE, Esq.

LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *Feb.* 19, 1875.

The list of Subscribers, which is too large to be inserted here, includes many names, dear to one who loved Art as he did: among them, George Macfarren, Alma Tadema, James Burn; besides those of American friends who had welcomed him so warmly and so lately to their homes across the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Peterson, of Philadelphia; Mr. J. A. Gray, of New York; Mr. G. Childs, of Philadelphia; Mr. D. O. Mills, of California, &c., &c.

III.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE REVEREND CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORKS.

1848 The Saint's Tragedy.
1849 Alton Locke.
1849 Yeast.
1849 Twenty-five Village Sermons.
1852 Phaeton.
1852 Sermons on National Subjects, 1st Series.
1853 Hypatia.
1854 Sermons on National Subjects, 2nd Series.
1854 Alexandria and her Schools.
1855 Glaucus.
1855 Westward Ho!
1855 Sermons for the Times.
1856 The Heroes.
1857 Two Years Ago.
1858 Andromeda and other Poems.
1859 The Good News of God—Sermons.
1859 Miscellanies.
1860 The Limits of Exact Science applied to History (Inaugural Lecture).
1861 Town and Country Sermons.
1863 Sermons on the Pentateuch.
1863 The Waterbabies.
1864 The Roman and the Teuton.
1866 David and other Sermons.
1866 Hereward the Wake.
1867 The Ancien Régime (Lectures).
1867 The Water of Life and other Sermons.
1869 The Hermits.
1869 Madam How and Lady Why.
1871 At Last.
1872 Town Geology.
1872 Discipline and other Sermons.
1873 Prose Idylls.
1873 Plays and Puritans.
1874 Health and Education.
1874 Westminster Sermons.
1875 Lectures delivered in America.

INDEX.

A.

ABBOT, Archbishop, vol. i. 76
Abou Zennab, vol. i. 435
Abstraction, power of, vol. i. 302
Accents, vol. i. 347
Accounts, vol. i. 108
Afflictions, vol. i. 132, 145
——— letters on, vol. ii. 29, 367, 381
Agriculture, Lecture on, vol. i. 287; vol. ii. 356, 358
Alderflies, vol. ii. 177
Aldershot, vol. i. 463; vol. ii. 48
Alexandrian schools, vol. i. 365
"Alton Locke," vol. i. 268, 305
America, vol. ii. 421–44
American professorship, vol. ii. 228
Ancestors, vol. i. 1, 184; vol. ii. 24, 320
Andrew's, St., vol. ii. 251
Andromeda, vol. i. 339–340
Angelic ideal of men, vol. i. 257
Animals, vol. ii. 9, 10
Anthropomorphism of Bible, vol. i. 81
Antinomies, vol. i. 196, 460
Antipathies, vol. ii. 10
Antiquities, Scotch, vol. ii. 253–255
Antiquity of Man and Vegetation, vol. ii. 348, 349
Apologia, Newman's, vol. ii. 191
Aquarium, vol. i. 404, 410
Archdeacons, vol. ii. 78, 80
Arianism, vol. i. 327, 398
Arnold, Dr., vol. i. 143
Arnold, Matthew, letter to, vol. ii. 338
——— letter from, vol. ii. 471
Art, vol. i. 168–178, 296
Articles, vol. ii. 216–218
Artist, letter from, vol. ii. 471
Associations, vol. i. 236; vol. ii. 35
Athanasian Creed, vol. i. 327–8; vol. ii. 207, 393–99
Atheist, letter to, vol. ii. 75
Attacks of Press, vol. i. 282–90; vol. ii. 265
Augustine, St., vol. i. 114, 126; vol. ii. 65
Avignon, vol. ii. 204–5

B.

BABEL, vol. ii. 339
Back, Admiral Sir G., letter from, vol. ii. 187
Bagshot sands and gravels, vol. ii. 169
Baker, J. S., Esq., letter from, vol. ii. 354
Baptism, vol. i. 78
Barnack Rectory, vol. i. 7, 8
Bates, W., Esq., letters to, vol. ii. 173
Bateson, Dr., letter from, vol. i. 57
Beauty, vol. i. 27
Beekites, vol. ii. 169
Bees, swarming, vol. i. 139
Bellini, John, vol. i. 170
Bemerton, vol. i. 118
Bennett, Charles, letters to, vol. ii. 76–78
Benson, Dr., letter from, vol. ii. 157–9
Berkeley, Bishop, vol. ii. 345
———University, vol. ii. 438
Bermondsey, vol. i. 216–17
Bertrich, vol. i. 295

Betting, letters on, vol. ii. 360–66
Bewick, vol. ii. 222
Beziers, vol. ii. 202
Biarritz, vol. ii. 193–6
Bible, vol. i. 114–116
Bideford, vol. i. 428, 446, 449
Birds, vol. ii. 10–12, 246
Birmingham, vol. ii. 386–91
Blomfield, Bishop, vol. i. 291
Body, sanctity of, vol. i. 83, 465; vol. ii. 83, 96
Book ocean, vol. i. 111
Botanical Class, vol. ii. 321
Botany, vol. i. 29; vol. ii. 331, 333
Boyle, Rev. G., letter from, vol. ii. 50
Bramo Somaj Tracts, vol. ii. 317
Brave Words, vol. i. 439
Bremer, Frederika, vol. i. 350
Bright side and dark, vol. i. 86, 387
Brimley, G., letters to, vol. i. 265
Bristol riots, vol. i., 20, 21, 307
——— lecture, vol. ii. 32, 33
——— Social Science Congress, vol. ii. 297–304
British Museum, vol. i. 174
Brontë, Charlotte, vol. ii. 24, 25
Brooke, Rajah, vol. i. 222, 369–70, 444–5
Brother's death, vol. i. 133
——— love, vol. i. 82
Brotherhoods, vol. i. 429
Brown, Tom, vol. ii. 26–27
Buccaneers, vol. ii. 61
Bunsen, Baron, letters from, vol. i. 151–152, 367–9, 424
Bunyan, John, vol. ii. 39, 76, 89
Bust in Westminster Abbey, vol. ii. 474
Butterflies, mocking, vol. ii. 173

C.

CADDISES, vol. i. 481–2
Callcott, W. H., letters to, vol. ii. 318, 332
Calvinism, vol. i. 82, 324, 398, 471
Cambridge, College days, vol. i. 43–62
Cambridge Professorship, vol. ii. 101
Campbell, Rev. E., letters to, vol. ii. 155, 178
Canonry, Middleham, vol. i. 134
——— Chester, vol. ii. 296
——— Westminster, vol. ii. 406
Canons of criticism, vol. ii. 39
Carcassonne, vol. ii. 201
Carlyle, Thomas, vol. i. 119, 234, 244, 378
Cathedral worship, vol. ii. 319
Celibacy, vol. i. 188, 257, 272–5
Chagford, vol. i. 212
Chain of destruction, vol. i. 486
Chalk Forest, vol. i. 119
Chaplaincy to Queen, vol. ii. 71
——— ——— Prince of Wales, vol. ii. 179
Chartism, vol. i. 154, 162
"Cheap clothes and nasty," vol. i. 236
Chelsea Rectory, vol. i. 37–38
Chester, vol. ii. 296, 305, 319–22, 392
Children, love of, vol. i. 145
——— training of, vol. ii. 3–5
——— death of, vol. ii. 322–4
Chloroform, vol. i. 326
Cholera, vol. i. 215, 414, 423
Christ co-equal with God, vol. i. 327, 397
Churchyard, vol. ii. 103, 104
Church of England, liberality of, vol. i. 400; ii. 136
Church Catechism, vol. i. 110
Clerkship in Orders, vol. i. 233
Clifton College, vol. ii. 297–9
Clough's poems, vol. i. 181, 191
Clovelly, vol. i. 17–19, 39, 207
Club day, vol. i. 278
Coal in the fire, vol. ii. 351–2
Coal plants, vol. ii. 133
Cobden, vol. i. 221
Coleridge, Rev. D., letter from, vol. i. 23
Comatula rosacea, vol. i. 198, 200
Comte and Comtism, vol. ii. 274
Confirmations, vol. i. 125
Congreve, Capt., letter from, vol. ii. 56
Conington, Professor, letters to, vol. i. 191, 195
Conscience, vol. ii. 38–39
Cooper, Thomas, letters to, vol. i. 183, 221

Cope, Sir Wm., letters to, vol. ii. 65-68, 270
Cornwall, vol. i. 22-37, 98, 207
Correspondence, vol. i. 246 ; vol. ii. 233
Cottage Lectures, vol. i. 228, 238, 303
Cotton famine, vol. ii. 144-9
Country parish, ladies' work in, vol. i. 451
Coverdale, vol. i. 135
Crannoges, vol. ii. 253
Crime, vol. ii. 275-6
Crowland Abbey, vol. i. 182
Crystal Palace, vol. i. 351
Culture, la petite, vol. ii. 356

D.

DARTMOOR, vol. i. 213
Darwin, vol. ii. 135, 171, 247, 346
Day of the Lord, vol. ii. 453
D.C.L. degree, vol. ii. 179
Dead, state of, vol. ii. 29
Death, vol. ii. 460
Deep thoughts, vol. i. 87
Degradation theory, vol. ii. 143
Democracy, a true, vol. i. 315
Design, arguments from, vol. i. 389-90
Deutsche Theologie, vol. i. 419-20, 422-5
Devonshire, vol. i. 3, 17-19, 195-202, 207-215, 403-412, 427, 449-51
Devoutness and holiness, vol. i. 204
Disease preventible, vol. ii. 47, 81-86, 369
Disestablishment, vol. i. 400
Doubts, religious, vol. i. 44, 50
Drawing class, vol. i. 449-50
Drawings, vol. i. 209, 210
Dreams, vol. ii. 20, 38
Drunkenness, vol. ii. 33, 416
Dundreary, Lord, vol. ii. 140-143
Dunn, Henry, letter, vol. ii. 276
Duty, vol. i. 321

E.

EARNSHAW, Rev. J., letter to, vol. ii. 108
Edinburgh, vol. i. 365
Education, vol. i. 198, 201
——— of son, vol. ii. 245
——— Address, vol. ii. 298
——— League, vol. ii. 303
Eifel, tour in, vol. i. 294
Elizabeth of Hungary, vol. i. 97, 146
Eloquence, vol. i. 303
Emperor L. Napoleon, vol. ii. 269
English Race, vol. ii. 81
Enthusiasm, vol. i. 103, 106
Erskine, Right Hon. T., vol. i. 329; vol. ii. 210
Esau and Jacob, vol. ii. 186
Essays and Reviews, vol. ii. 80, 130
Eversley, parish and church, vol. i. 73, 122 ; vol. ii. 15, 315
Excitement, physical, vol. i. 53, 54
Exercise, value of, vol. i. 83
Exhibition, Great, vol. i. 280
Eyre, ex-Governor, vol. ii. 235

F.

FAME, vol. i. 457
Farley Court, vol. i. 455, 463
Father, his character of, vol. i. 3, 17
——— death of, vol. ii. 102
——— in his home, vol. ii. 3-9
Fatherhood of God, vol. i. 324, 379, 392
Father-confessors, vol. i. 54
Fens, vol. i. 12, 13
Fever in parish, vol. i. 206
Field, Horace, letter to, vol. ii. 258
Field lectures, vol. ii. 321, 350
Fire and worms, vol. ii. 41, 42
Fires on heath, vol. ii. 316
Fishing, vol. i. 277-8, 479-80
Fishing flies, vol. i. 480-489
Former life, glimpses of, vol. i. 82
Fox, George, vol. i. 357
France, tour in, vol. ii. 193-207
Franchise, the, vol. i. 387
French peasants, vol. ii. 359
Froude, A., vol. i. 195 ; vol. ii. 192
——— letters from, vol. ii. 177, 277, 367
Funeral, vol. ii. 463
Future life, vol. i. 485 ; vol. ii. 96, 97, 392

G.

GALTON, Francis, letter from, vol. i. 6
Gaskell, Mrs., letters to, vol. i. 370; vol. ii. 24
Geikie, Professor, letter to, vol. ii. 279
Genius inherited, vol. i. 4
Geological Society, vol. ii. 153
German and French war, vol. ii. 333, 335
Germany, vol. i. 292
Gerolstein, vol. i. 295
Ghosts, vol. i. 7, 463; vol. ii. 19.
Grove, George, letter to, vol. i. 351
Gypsies, vol. i. 298; vol. ii. 158, 464, 476

H.

HABIT, power of, vol. i. 89
Hansard, Rev. S., letter from, vol. ii. 127
Hare, J. C., vol. i. 157
——— letter from, vol. i. 376
Harrison, Rev. W., letter from, vol. ii. 281–288
Hawk, vol. i. 339–40
Health classes, vol. ii. 387–390
Heimweh, vol. i. 200, 211
Hellenism, vol. ii. 338
Helston, vol. i. 22
Henslowe, Rev. G., letter to, vol. ii. 31
Heroes, the, vol. i. 456
Heroism lecture, vol. ii. 392
Hexameters, vol. i. 341–9
Hippolytus, vol. i. 368, 369
Hospital hymn, vol. ii. 370
Hounds, vol. i. 349; vol. ii. 177
Howson, Dean, letter from, vol. ii. 409
Hughes, T., sketch of the time, vol. i. 158
——— letters to, vol. i. 277, 311, 440, 488; vol. ii. 25, 132, 214
Hullah, John, letters to, vol. ii. 60–62
Humanity, vol. i. 113
——— of Bible, vol. i. 114
Humour, sense of, vol. i. 227
Hungerford Suspension Bridge, vol. i. 181
Hunting, vol. i. 349
Hunting Song, vol. ii. 320
Hymnology, modern, vol. ii. 346, 382–6
"Hypatia," vol. i. 366; vol. ii. 405

I.

ICE action, vol. ii. 279
Ilfracombe, vol. i. 195
Impulse, vol. i. 104, 5
Incarnation of the Son, vol. i. 378, 379, 392, 468; vol. ii. 31
Independents, vol. ii. 24
Indulgence of God, vol. ii. 208
Infinity, definition of, vol. i. 323
Influence, vol. i. 86
Installation ode, Cambridge, vol. ii. 124
Intermediate state, vol. ii. 395–8
Inverary, vol. ii. 139–40
Ireland, vol. ii. 107, 108, 295
Iron trade strike, vol. i. 311
Ivory, Mammoth, vol. ii. 221

J.

JACOB'S Island, vol. i. 216–219
Jervaulx Abbey, vol. i. 136
Jesuitism, vol. i. 250, 430
Jews, vol. i. 353; vol. ii. 237
Jones, Col., letter from, vol. ii. 73
Juventus Mundi, vol. ii. 419

K.

KANT, vol. i. 324
King's College, vol. i. 37–40
——— professorship, vol. i. 178
Knowledge, vol. i. 467

L.

LAND, cultivation of, vol. ii. 357–9
Landes, the, vol. ii. 194
Landlords, education of, vol. ii. 357
Lange, vol. i. 384
Language of attitude, vol. i. 91
Lay preaching, vol. ii. 270
Lectures, vol. ii. 32
Leopold, King, lines on, vol. ii. 223
Liberality of Church of England, vol. i. 400; vol. ii. 405
Liberty and equality, vol. i. 289
Life, destruction of, vol. i. 222
Light shining, vol. i. 105
Linnean Society, vol. ii. 15
Literary world, vol. ii. 221

Long life, vol. i. 59 ; vol. ii. 404
Longfellow, vol. ii. 271
Lords, House of, vol. ii. 243
Lorimer, Professor, letter to, vol. ii. 241
Lorraine, last ballad, vol. ii. 444
Low-church school, vol. i. 70
Lundy Island, vol. i. 208
Luther, vol. ii. 219
Lyell, Sir Charles, letter from, vol. ii. 114
——— letters to, vol. ii. 168, 350
Lyttelton, Hon. Rev. W., letters to and from, vol. ii. 270, 470

M.

MACDOUGALL, Bishop, letter from, vol. ii. 469
Madness, vol. i. 466
Manchester school, vol. i. 314 ; vol. ii. 37
——— millowners, vol. i. 474, 5
Mansfield, Charles, vol. i. 441
Mariolatry, vol. i. 259
Marriage, letters on, vol. i. 145, 186–90 ; vol. ii. 18, 28, 94, 95
——— eternity of, vol. i. 185
Marsh, Miss, letter to, vol. i. 440
Martineau, Harriet, letter from, vol. i. 6
Martineau, John, letter from, vol. i. 297
Materialism, vol. i. 113
Maura Santa, vol. i. 345 ; vol. ii. 52–54
Maurice, Rev. F. D., letter from, vol. i. 127
——— works, vol. i. 371
Medical education of women, vol. ii. 304–5, 329
Mediterranean sea, vol. ii. 202, 3
Message, the great, vol. i. 100
Meteor shower, vol. ii. 239
Michael's, St., Mount, vol. ii. 349
Middle class, vol. ii. 275
Middleham, vol. i. 134–6
Military education, vol. ii. 271–3
Mill, John Stuart, letter from, vol. ii. 88
——— letters to, vol. ii. 294, 327
Miracles, vol. i. 377 ; vol. ii. 67
Monks, vol. i. 272–3, 331, 335
Monotony, vol. ii. 231, 315
Moorland bath, vol. i. 80
Mother's influence, vol. ii. 252
Mountains, snow, vol. ii. 199
Müller, Max, vol. ii. 72, 237, 332, 349, 379
Muscular Christianity, vol. ii. 212
Museums, vol. i. 221 ; vol. ii. 166-168
Music, vol. i. 107 ; vol. ii. 320, 440
Mutiny, Indian, vol. ii. 34, 35
Mysticism, vol. i. 77
Mystification of self, vol. i. 87

N.

NAPOLEON, Louis, vol. ii. 336
National Freedmen's Union, vol. ii. 258
National Gallery, vol. i. 168–174
Natural history, vol. ii. 371
Naturalist, character of, vol. i. 406 ; vol. ii. 21
Nature, worship of, vol. i. 36
——— and morals, vol. i. 486
Navy chaplain, letter from, vol. ii. 29
Neo Platonism, vol. i. 325 ; vol. ii. 336
New Forest, vol. i. 147, 8
Newman, John Henry, vol. i. 82 ; vol. ii. 192, 270
Niagara, vol. ii. 431
Nicor, vol. i. 336
Norse intellect, vol. i. 201
Novels, vol. ii. 39

O.

ŒNONE, vol. i. 339
Officers at church, vol. ii. 16
Opinions, changing, vol. i. 105
Ordering the household, vol. i. 111
Orders, holy, vol. i. 58, 67, 236
Ordination, vol. i. 71
Oxford D.C.L., vol. ii. 179–80
Oxford and Cambridge Review, vol. i. 13

P.

"PALMER Church History," vol. i. 67
Palmerston, Lord, vol. i. 414, 422
Pantheism, vol. ii. 367

Parish work, vol. i. 109, 122–6, 153
Parker, John, vol. ii. 104
Parson Lot, vol. i. 159, 160
Parties in the Church, vol. i. 137
Passion week, vol. i. 360–4
Pau, vol. ii. 197–9
Paul, C. K., letter from, vol. i. 224
Peasant proprietors, vol. ii. 356
Pendulum, vol. i. 105
Pengelly, letters to, vol. ii. 169, 255, 318
Penny periodical, vol. i. 179
Penny readings, vol. ii. 231
Penrose, Frank, letter from, vol. i. 55
Pentateuch, vol. ii. 181
Pen-y-gwryd, vol. i. 495
Personality, vol. i. 384
Philosophy of Coleridge, Maurice, and Carlyle, vol. i. 110
Phraseology, vol. i. 50, 128
Phryganea, vol. i. 481–2
Physical strength, vol. i. 52, 300
Physiognomy, vol. ii. 18
Physiology, study of, vol. ii. 387, 389
Pictures, vol. ii. 230
Pilgrim's Progress, vol. ii. 76–78, 89–91
Placard for Chartists, vol. i. 156
Plato, vol. i. 383, 384; vol. ii. 27
Poems, vol. i. 9, 148, 197, 213, 243, 293, 346, 479, 487, 490, 495; vol. ii. 223, 393, 419, 444
Poetic nature, vol. i. 304–5
Poetry of life, vol. i. 108
——— advice on writing, vol. i. 185
Political economy, vol. ii. 36
Politics for People, vol. i. 158
Pont du Gard, vol. ii. 203–4
Popery, vol. i. 133
Portraits, vol. ii. 76
Positivism, vol. ii. 105, 367
Powles, Rev. R., letter from, vol. i. 24
——————— letters to, vol. i. 38, 133, 137–144
Prayer, vol. i. 97, 110, 146, 320, 389; vol. ii. 109–118
Preaching, vol. i. 126, 359–65
Prince Consort, vol. ii. 237
Prince of Wales, vol. ii. 155, 368, 458
Problem of life, vol. i. 455
Procession of Holy Ghost, vol. i. 468
Professorships, vol. i. 154; ii. 266, 293
Progression, vol. i. 141–2
Pulliblank, Rev. J., letter, vol. ii. 266
Pulver Maar, vol. i. 295
Pump, vol. i. 62
Punishment, vol. ii. 4
——————— capital, vol. i. 380
——————— eternal, vol. i. 392
——————— endless, vol. ii. 209, 396
Pupil work, vol. i. 198
Purgatory, vol. ii. 397
Puritans, vol. ii. 24

Q.

QUAKERS, vol. i. 271, 337
Queen's College, vol. i. 182, 200–201
Queen's chaplaincy, vol. ii. 71
Queen Emma, vol. ii. 219

R.

RABELAIS, vol. i. 211
Religious emotions, vol. i. 70
Religio Laici, vol. ii. 131
Restlessness, vol. i. 301
Revivalism, vol. ii. 93
Rhine, the, vol. i. 292–3
Rock doves, vol. ii. 135
Rolleston, Professor, letters to and from, vol. ii. 143, 470
Romanists, vol. ii. 59
Roman Catholic Church, Dr. Newman's definition of, vol. ii. 192
Rome, conversions to, vol. i. 202, 249–260
Ruskin, vol. i. 211
Ruth, Mrs. Gaskell's, vol. i. 370

S.

SABBATH Question, vol. i. 352, 484; vol. ii. 416
Sailor, letter from, vol. i. 472
"Saint's Tragedy," vol. i. 97, 146, 151
Salisbury Cathedral, vol. i. 117; vol. ii. 29
Salmon fishing, vol. ii. 107, 108, 139
Salt Lake City, vol. ii. 434
Sandhurst College, vol. ii. 272–3
Sanitary work, vol. i. 218; vol. ii. 34, 71, 82, 86, 369, 386–7
Savonarola, vol. ii. 219

Scenery, impressions of, vol. i. 199, 211
School-teaching, vol. i. 110
Schulze, Dr. Karl, letter from, vol. ii. 401
Scientific Society, Chester, vol. ii. 349
Scotland, vol. ii. 251
Scripture difficulties, vol. i. 468
Sedgwick, Professor, vol. i. 47
Self, danger of, vol. i. 102
Self-sacrifice, vol. i. 103, 399
Self-will, vol. i. 319
Sensitiveness, vol. i. 268–9, 299
Sermons, vol. i. 8, 280, 289, 359, 478
S.G.O., vol. i. 121
Shields, Fred., letters to, vol. ii. 89, 91
———, letter from, vol. ii. 91
Shipwreck, vol. i. 18, 19
Sin against the Holy Ghost, vol. i. 448
Sion College lecture, vol. ii. 345
Smith, Rev. H. Percy, letter from, vol. i. 237
Smoking, vol. i. 301
Snowdon, vol. i. 464, 490
Socialist, Christian, vol. i. 264
Soldiers, vol. ii. 48, 73, 374
Soot, human, vol. ii. 322–4
Souffrière of St. Vincent, vol. i. 5
South of France, vol. ii. 193–207
Space predicated of God, vol. i. 322–3
Spenser, vol. ii. 77, 399
Spoon, vol. ii. 27
Staff College, vol. ii. 49, 56
Stammering, vol. i. 303; vol. ii. 17, 18, 260–3
Stanley, Dean, letters to, vol. ii. 55, 129, 181
————, letters from, vol. ii. 418, 462
————; Sermon, vol. ii. 466
Stimulants, craving for, vol. ii. 93
Strauss, vol. i. 234, 265, 378–9
Strikes, Union, vol. i. 474–7
Struggles after truth, vol. i. 112
Stuart, J., letter to and from, vol. ii. 253–5
Study at Rectory, vol. i. 301–2; vol. ii. 285
Study of God, vol. i. 95
——, objective, vol. i. 89
Strange, Col., letter from, vol. ii. 374
Subjectivity, vol. i. 88; vol. ii. 58
Subscription to articles, vol. ii. 216–18
Subtlety of mind, vol. i. 89
Sympathy of working men, vol. i. 291.

T.

TARTARUS, vol. i. 470; vol. ii. 368
Tauler, vol. i. 498–9
Taylor, Sir Henry, vol. ii. 275
Teetotalism, vol. i. 270
Tennyson, vol. i. 70
Tersteegen, Gerhard, vol. i. 67
Thackeray, vol. ii. 25.
Thrift, distribution of, vol. ii. 353–5
Thunderstorm, vol. i. 279
Time and space, vol. i. 315
Toads in holes, vol. ii. 178
Tones, vol. i. 82
Torridge Moors, vol. i. 209
Tract 90, vol. i. 56, 69; vol. ii. 396
Tracts for priests and people, vol. ii. 131
Trèves, vol. i. 296
Trinidad, vol. ii. 307
Trinity, Holy, vol. i. 316, 396; vol. ii. 215
Trochees, vol. i. 343–4
Trout fishing, vol. i. 479
"Two Years Ago," vol. i. 463; vol. ii. 15, 29–31, 40–43

U.

UNDERGRADUATE life, vol. i. 43–62
Union strikes, vol. i. 474–78
Unity, longing for, vol. i. 101
Universities, vol. i. 265–6
University honours, vol. i. 62
———— sermons, vol. ii. 212

V.

VIRGIN MARY, vol. i. 259
Vitality, want of, vol. ii. 93

W.

WAGES of sin, vol. ii. 208
War, Crimean, vol. i. 432–40
——, French and German, vol. ii. 332–3.
Washing, vol. ii. 33
"Water Babies," vol. ii. 187
Water supply of London, vol. i. 216
Weather sermon, vol. ii. 109–14
Wellington College, vol. ii. 72, 156–168.

Wesley, vol. ii. 221.
"Westward Ho!" vol. i. 434-5
West Indies, vol. ii. 305-14
Whewell, Dr., vol. ii. 227
Whitchurch, vol. ii. 175
Whittier, John G., vol. ii. 424
———, letter from, vol. ii. 445
Wilberforce, Bishop, vol. ii. 408
Wind moaning, vol. i. 97
Windsor Castle, vol. ii. 71
Woman's work, vol. i. 453
——— rights, vol. ii. 326-30
Wood, Dean, vol. i. 134-6
———, Rev. Peter, vol. i. 94; vol. ii. 20, 415
Woolwich lecture, vol. ii. 371-4
"Words and Places," vol. ii. 247
Wordsworth's writings, vol. i. 120
Works of the flesh, Scriptural and Romish view, vol. i. 98
Worship in church and open air, vol. i. 99
——— cathedral, ii. 319

Y.

"YEAST," vol. i. 219, 282-6; vol. ii. 16
———, attack on, in the "Guardian," and reply, vol. i. 282
Yorkshire, vol. i. 135; vol. ii. 57-9
Yosemite Valley, vol. ii. 436

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